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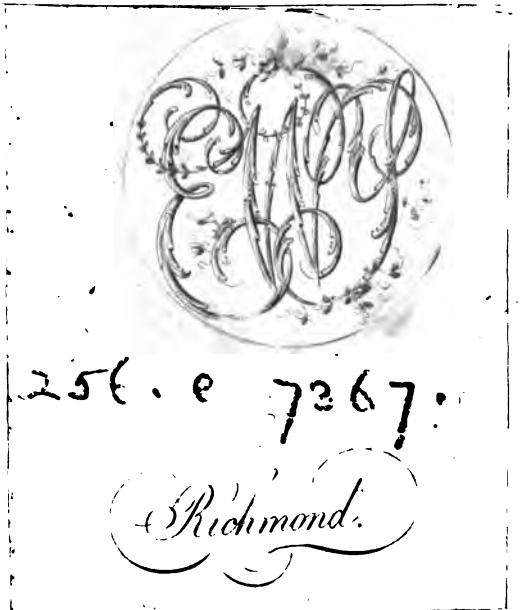

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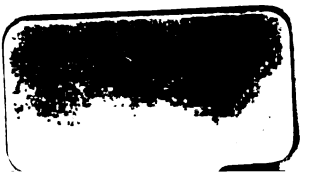
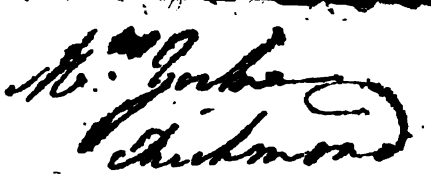
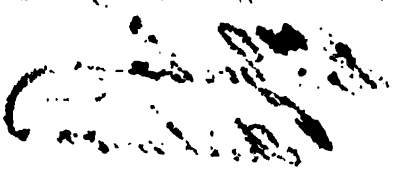
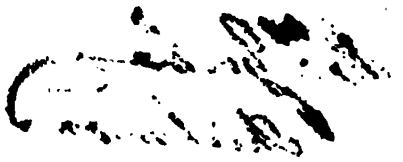






CANTERBURY TALES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



CANTERBURY TALES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CANTERBURY TALES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BY SOPHIA LEE.

And ſure there ſeem of human kind
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife?
Some for amuſive taſks deſigned
To ſoothe the certain ills of life?

SHENSTONE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
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MDCCXCVIII.

THE

YOUNG LADY's TALE.

THE TWO EMILYS.

Unaw'd by piety, who, led by will,
Dares boldly to retaliate ill for ill,
Too late, in bitterneſs of ſoul, ſhall own,
Judgment, and vengeance, are with God alone.

SIR EDWARD ARDEN was the chief ſurviving branch of an Iriſh family of that name, lineally diſtinguiſhed for birth, and for many generations very highly allied. He had early married a Scots lady, who

ranked kings among her anceſtors; and her prejudices had confirmed his own, in favour of the rights of the expelled houſe of Stuart. Perhaps in this opinion he only indirectly flattered the pride that told him his children might hope much, did a monarch reign to whom they could claim affinity. Pride has been juſtly ranked among the firſt of human foibles; but it has one advantage over the reſt—it is generally ſingle in the mind. A proud man demands ſo much of himſelf, that if his heart is not the ſeat of virtue, it muſt be from his reckoning among his wants, underſtanding. Sir Edward Arden had no other failing than pride: with bounded means he often contrived to be munificent; and with many immediate claims on his feelings, he had yet a ſtock of ſympathy ever ready for the unfortunate. Not doubting that he ſhould meet a counterpart in his ſiſter, Lady Lettingham, whom he had not ſeen for many

years,

years, he ſet out for England in the year 1744, with two children the preceding one had left motherleſs; reſolving to commit theſe treaſures to the care of his ſiſter, and follow the fortunes of Charles Stuart.

Lady Lettingham was not without her brother's failing: though pride in her took not the rich colouring of virtue. Diſtinguiſhed for beauty, ſhe had early married advantageouſly, and paſſed her whole life within the chilling circle of a court. The great ſatisfaction ſhe expreſſed at ſeeing her little nephew and niece were exquiſitely handſome, was ſoon loſt when ſhe found from their father they were to become her charge, and that he was going to embark in a deſperate ſcheme; the event of which the courtiers prognoſticated, while the proſpect filled them all with horror. The arguments uſed by Lady Lettingham to detain her brother, were ſo ill calculated to act on

a high and generous ſpirit, that he only lamented he had expoſed himſelf to hearing them; or ſought for his children a guardian ſo worldly and narrow-minded. The two ſo dear to him were yet, however, but children; and he thought he ſhould certainly return ſoon enough to prevent their being contaminated greatly, either by their aunt's precepts or example. Finding every effort to change Sir Edward's reſolution ineffectual, Lady Lettingham exacted one compliance, even her brother thought not unwiſe—to aſſume the family name of his wife, in taking up arms, that his own might be ſaved from diſgrace, if he failed. Having acceded to this, Sir Edward took a long leave of all dear to him,—for he was among the butchered priſoners, after the battle of Culloden.

Lady Lettingham conſoled herſelf with thinking the evil ended there. She wore

no

no mourning, paid her devoirs to the triumphant duke, and ere long got her young nephew recommended to his protection; whose innocent little hand took, from that stained with the blood of his father, a commission. Her beauty yet gave Lady Lettingham influence; and a nobleman, distinguished for his wit, politeness, and general acceptation, undertook to give the young Sir Edward Arden some of those diabolical worldly precepts, he perpetuated in his letters to his son, since published.

Lady Lettingham having thus, to her own admiration, acquitted herself of her promise to her brother, in taking care of his son, now turned her thoughts towards his daughter. Nature had been lavish to the young lady of the dangerous grace of beauty; and her aunt well knew if the mind could be turned in a certain manner, that might procure the possessor every other

advantage. She had once been near ſupplanting the Counteſs of Yarmouth herſelf; and there would be more kings, as well as more favourites. Anxiouſly did ſhe practiſe on a moſt delicate complexion, by delicate coſmetics; anxiouſly form to every fantaſtic twiſt of faſhion, Miſs Arden's rich profuſion of auburn hair: now would ſhe ſodden, by chicken gloves, to an inſipid whiteneſs, thoſe white hands teinted within, by the bounty of nature, with the hues of the roſe, and the hyacinth; and now check the agile grace of youth, that the drawing-room ſtep, and haughty bend, might early become habit, and a due conſideration of the rank of the perſon ſpoken to, be always taken into view in the civilities of ſalutation. All this was done to Lady Lettingham's great ſatisfaction; and Miſs Arden, at the age of fifteen, was as cold-hearted, ſupercilious, and ignorant, as even her aunt herſelf. But ſhe had beauty,

manner,

manner, faſhion; and, in the glow of intoxication univerſal admiration excites, ſunk on her admirers all her inward deficiencies.

Thus to have formed her niece could alone conſole Lady Lettingham for the miſery her nephew brought on her. He had, moſt unluckily, his father's failing, pride; therefore knew not how to accept a favour, far leſs to ſue for one. He had another failing, equally incompatible with ſucceſs in life,—ſincerity. He had been known to treat Lord C's opinion with contempt; and even to mention openly many other noblemen as knaves or fools. To add to his aunt's affliction, he had warm paſſions, and gave a boundleſs looſe to them. Hardly leſs lovely in perſon than his ſiſter, he was ſurrounded with rich young women, among whom he might have commanded his own fortune, had he not been for ever raving

over a dice-box, or maſquerading with ſome kept miſtreſs. Want of money, which makes ſo many men villains, alone made Sir Edward Arden rational, or good. The generous ſpirit of his father would then revive in him; and he diſdained to be laviſh at the expence of other people.

The beauty of Miſs Arden ſoon drew to her aunt's houſe the amorous, the gay, the diſſipated. Lady Lettingham played well, and high: nay, it was thought ſhe thus half ſupported her ſplendid eſtabliſhment. Thoſe who knew this, choſe to purchaſe the honour of flirting with the beautiful Miſs Arden, by a ſacrifice of their ſuperfluous caſh; while ſpendthrifts, new to life, imputed thoſe immenſe loſſes to love, they ſhould rather have aſcribed to ignorance.

The race of life, however, in the higher circles, is ſoon run: bounded minds, like ſickly

ſickly appetites, are ſubject to ſatiety; and it is not ſo neceſſary the object, or the diſh, ſhould be ſuperior to the former, as new. Miſs Arden with aſtoniſhment ſaw one train of lovers diſappear; but another ſucceeded, and her aſtoniſhment was forgotten. Lady Lettingham found ſuch a harveſt in the attraction of her niece, that ſhe was in no hurry to marry her; and it was not till Miſs Arden was a depoſed toaſt, that ſhe ever gueſſed her ſovereignty was doubted. Diſappointment embittered a mind not without pride, though without any power to turn that to a generous uſe. In this frightful conjuncture ſhe caſt her eyes upon the few admirers who had not yet deſerted, to ſee if among them ſhe could chuſe a huſband that might ſave her vanity — her heart ſhe had never thought it neceſſary to conſult. But now, her condeſcenſion was not leſs fatal to her views than her inſolence had been. The man who under-

ſtood

ſtood the proud beauty meant at laſt to marry him, found ſo many reaſons to avoid the chain, that Miſs Arden ſoon ſaw herſelf without a lover. To be a departed beauty at twenty-one, was beyond all endurance; — ſhe arraigned her aunt for bringing her out a mere child — the men for liking the mere children better that had come out ſince, and the whole world for not doing juſtice to her charms. Taſte ſtill was hers; and that, happily diſplayed, might have the effect of novelty. Milliners were worn out; mantua-makers' brains racked; but, however ſingular — however elegant — the Arden robe, the Arden bonnet, no more became the rage; and miſs Arden was obliged to be overlooked, or to follow the whim of ſome other miſs, who had no advantage over her but that of not having yet palled the public eye.

Her mother's prayer-book continually reminded

reminded Miſs Arden ſhe was only twenty-four, when, in the world of beauty and faſhion, ſhe ſaw too clearly ſhe was a dead letter. If a young country baronet preſumed at an aſſembly to uſe his own eyes, and cry out, there was not a woman ſo handſome as Miſs Arden preſent, the opera-glaſs of *ton* was inſtantly levelled—"Ah, Miſs Arden! poor Miſs Arden! yes, ſhe *has* been handſome;—I *remember* her a toaſt." The ſtranger ſtood corrected, and often was aſhamed to have given a judgment no man of his own age joined in.

Life is not life on terms like theſe to an acknowledged beauty; and Miſs Arden was conſidering how to change to advantage her ſphere of action, when the death of Lady Lettingham aſcertained her fate. The high ſtyle of that lady's eſtabliſhment made her debts exceed all ſhe left behind; and the beautiful Miſs Arden ſuddenly found herſelf

ſelf without a lover, a friend, a fortune, or a home.

Sir Edward Arden, on whom, in the helpleſsneſs of an unformed mind, his ſiſter threw herſelf, felt now, even to the extent, the evils of thoughtleſsneſs and ſelf-indulgence. The little fortune he had inherited was already gone — the beauty he eminently poſſeſſed already faded — the friends mere kindneſs might have ſecured to him, offended by his exceſſes, or chilled by his neglect, were all withdrawn; and he had now to ſupport and guard a young woman, ſpoiled by the idolatry of that world by which ſhe was already forgotten; and without one reſource in her own mind againſt its inſults, or its evils.

It is among the advantages men poſſeſs over women, that they may, if they will, know themſelves; and perhaps to that alone

alone may be aſcribed their ſuperiority of judgment in all the great contingencies of life. Women breathe, as it were, in an artificial atmoſphere; and what hot-houſe roſe can bear without ſhrinking even the genial gales that bring the garden plants to perfection? Yet, let not the men, therefore, impute to themſelves the power of eſcaping the univerſal charm of flattery: — on the contrary, from its very novelty, it has on them, in ſome inſtances, ſuch a wonderful effect, that a well-imagined, or well-timed compliment, from a fair lady, has, perhaps, ere now, depoſed a king, or made one.

During a country viſit to a lady Sir Edward Arden prevailed on to invite his ſiſter, while ſhe mourned for her aunt, it occurred to them all, that India was a ſoil rich in wealth, and as yet unpeopled with beauties: where a young woman, with merely a tolerable perſon and reputable introduction, ſeldom

dom failed to make her fortune. What might not the highly born, highly bred, beautiful Miſs Arden, promiſe herſelf? The Governor, who was ſoon to depart for that country, was among thoſe *bon vivants* Sir Edward termed his *friends*. He had already brought home an immenſe fortune from the Eaſt, and was now to return in a high ſtyle. Several ladies availed themſelves of his patronage and protection, and were to partake his accommodations; but to Miſs Arden all gave way: and Governor Selwyn always preſenting her his hand, and the firſt place, ſhe found, even in her humiliating voyage, a conſequence, that gratified a mind at once arrogant and weak.

Governor Selwyn was one not leſs favoured by fortune, than ſlighted by nature. He was more than ordinary,—diſguſting. Courage and cunning had, at his outſet in life, ſupplied the place of virtue and fortitude:

tude: he therefore had brought back to England rank, wealth, reputation. He lived for ſome years magnificently; not becauſe he was generous, but luxurious; and he ſpeculated in the Alley, only to multiply thoſe riches that already were more than he ought to have poſſeſſed, or knew how to enjoy. The conſequence is obvious. A ſingle error undid him. His ſubſtantial wealth vaniſhed, but the ſhadow ſtill remained; and, to impoſe on his own circle, he even increaſed that high ſtyle of living he had no juſt means of maintaining. But Governor Selwyn had already lived long enough to know, that the only way to get money is not to appear to want it. He now aſſured his circle, all things in the Eaſt were going to rack and ruin for want of him; and that he could no longer reſiſt the kind urgency, and ſplendid offers of his friends, to take once more upon him the irkſome office he thought he had given up

for

for life. A word was ſufficient to make the firſt tradeſmen in London wait on him for orders; and the Governor embarked in all the pomp of Eaſtern luxury, and ſurrounded with fair Europeans.

Miſs Arden was ſo naturally beautiful and elegant, and ſo anxious ever to appear to advantage, that the Governor, having trifled in ſecret with two or three pretty light coquets, who laughed at his ugly face, and his ſuperannuated gallantry, now reſolved to devote himſelf to this lofty charmer. He already knew ſhe had no other aim than the other miſſes; to make her fortune; and that ſhe would value him but as ſhe thought that might be aſcertained: yet ſtill he devoted himſelf to her. He was certain ſhe was ignorant of the change in his circumſtances; and he had cheated his own ſex ſo often, that it appeared a mere amuſement to cheat a woman.

Miſs

Miſs Arden liſtened to his gallantry like a well-bred lady, who knew exactly how to eſtimate it. He ſoon ſaw, a rich or handſome rival might ſtep in, and at leaſt puzzle her choice. He therefore became more paſſionate, more importunate: and that no doubt, on the ſcore of fortune, might make her heſitate, he offered to ſign a deed, obliging himſelf to ſettle the whole of his, on her and her heirs. Miſs Arden paused. This was the beſt offer ſhe had for a length of time had. The Governor might always interfere with her views, if rejected. She could have no more than *all* of any man's fortune. She forgot he was old and ugly, in the remembrance that he was rich: and having allowed him to make a will, as the moſt ſecure and ſimple method of enſuring to her his property, Miſs Arden yielded; and the ſhip's chaplain married her to Governor Selwyn. Each ſuppreſſing their motives in the match, love and reaſon could

hardly have given to matrimony more apparent happineſs: but, alas! all our enjoyments are uncertain, and this was fugitive. Governor Selwyn died almoſt immediately on landing. His diſconſolate relict forgot neither the forms of her ſituation, nor its rights: but judge of her mortification and amazement, when ſhe found herſelf little richer than at her embarkation. She however adroitly availed herſelf of the example by which ſhe had been duped. The fame of poſſeſſing a large fortune is almoſt equal to the poſſeſſion of it, if the feelings are not nice. Governor Selwyn was embalmed in great ſtate; and his lovely widow again ſet ſail for England, with all his train of black ſlaves, Indian canopies, gold ſervices, and magnificent china.

Sir Edward Arden had procured his widowed ſiſter a ſumptuous dwelling; and ſhe celebrated the obſequies of her "dear, dear generous

generous Governor" with a grandeur that drew all eyes upon her.—"Good God! how lovely is Mrs. Selwyn in her weeds!" cried thoſe who knew not Miſs Arden, in her ſimple mourning for Lady Lettingham. Her doors were beſieged, and when it became her to open them, lovely, lovely Mrs. Selwyn was again the *ton*. Again her name appeared in the newſpaper—again her face was at every print-ſhop: and all the world was at the feet of the rich widow.

But Mrs. Selwyn now knew the world in all its ways; and had no time to loſe in fixing ſome man of rank and fortune, yet unverſed in them. In her parties ſometimes was to be ſeen the young Duke of Aberdeen. Through the avarice and partiality of his father, he had lived till near eight-and-twenty with little more information or acceptation than his ſteward; when

a ſurfeit, taken at a public feaſt, carried both his father and elder brother out of the world, leaving him ſole maſter of a large fortune, and diſtinguiſhed by high rank. He rolled up to London immediately, with that prodigal ſplendour incidental to ſuddenly enriched perſons; and then had good ſenſe enough to perceive he wanted every thing but money to qualify him for ſuperior ſociety. The elegant manners of Sir Edward Arden ſtruck him. The beauty of his ſiſter ſeized on his heart. Hardly able from *mauvaiſe honte* to reply to her graceful addreſs to him, the Duke yet adored her for the very eaſe he wanted: and Mrs. Selwyn was in poſſeſſion of the Duke of Aberdeen's heart, ere the younger coquettes had woven the light chains by which they meant to enthrall it. Mrs. Selwyn ſoon ſaw in the conſtant viſits of the Duke, and the increaſing awkwardneſs of his addreſs,

her

her power: but in the great advantages of ſuch a match, ſhe was eaſily led to overlook the little defects of his mien.

Time, however, ſhewed her, that this unformed Duke had not only ſtrong paſſions, but ſtrong ſenſe; and, however eaſy it might be to bias the firſt to her purpoſe, to act on the laſt required moſt refined addreſs. She now grew more reſerved in her converſation, though more impaſſioned in her manner. Whenever marriage was hinted at, ſhe ſunk into a tender rêverie; and ſometimes, on her raiſing her eyes, the Duke ſaw thoſe fine eyes flooded with tears. The indiſtinct alarm ſuch a conduct cauſed, increaſed his affection. He importuned her to confide to him the care that preyed on her heart, and blighted the happineſs ſhe allowed him to hope for. Having wrung from her a promiſe of revealing the ſecret, ſhe appointed him to come to her houſe the

next evening, when the door ſhould be cloſed on all but himſelf. The Duke ſaw, in this flattering diſtinction, a full aſſurance of ſucceſs, and paſt the interval in revolving every poſſible cauſe for the diſtreſs of his beautiful widow, without once dreaming of the real one.

Mrs. Selwyn ſaw her fortune now at the point of a moment; and omitted no art of the toilette to improve her natural beauty. Her apartment was ſcented with the rich odours of the Eaſt; gauze ſhades ſoftened every light; a gold muſlin robe was girt to her graceful waiſt with a purple ſaſh, and fell in the luxurious drapery of a Circaſſian ſlave: while her heart, throbbing now with hope, and now with fear, gave to her character what it naturally moſt wanted—ſenſibility and intereſt. The Duke of Aberdeen, unuſed to the world, and to women, felt a ſtrange and exquiſite delight, when myſteri-

myſteriouſly conducted to ſuch a Mahometan paradiſe. No ſooner were they alone, than, falling at her feet, he implored her full, her promiſed confidence. She now entreated his pardon for having given him reaſon to expect it, but found herſelf ſo utterly unable to avow a circumſtance that might rob her for ever of him, that ſhe in vain reſolved to be ſincere. The anxious lover now found fear wrought up to agony: his conjectures over-did, as ſhe meant they ſhould, the reality: in fine, in learning that Mrs. Selwyn had nothing to give him but her heart and her hand, the Duke felt a tranſport ſo great, that all the factitious part of her conduct and character was at once forgotten. A ſpecial licence was obtained the next day; and Sir Edward Arden was called upon to give the hand of his ſiſter to the Duke of Aberdeen. She had influence enough over her huſband to prevail on him to keep her ſecret; and his

fortune was too ample to render the payment of her debts a matter of any conſequence.

Elevated almoſt beyond hope, the Ducheſs of Aberdeen had now only one wiſh to gratify; it was to mortify by her magnificence, overbear by her rank, and humble by her beauty, the whole circle with whom ſhe once mixed. But the Duke had no taſte for this kind of gratification; and to indulge the paſſion ſhe had inſpired, entreated her to retire to his ſeat in Scotland, in terms ſo ſtrong, that ſhe knew not how to avoid complying. Her brother took occaſion to point out to her the neceſſity of ſhewing her gratitude and affection to the Duke, by other means than a perpetual ſelf-indulgence. To rid herſelf of a Mentor, and weary her huſband of his own plan, the Ducheſs at length conſented to ſet out, with a magnificent ſuite, for her baniſhment.

That

That her ſpleen might have an object, when it overpowered her reſolutions, the Ducheſs, however, carried with her an humble couſin, of the name of Archer, who was thrown by family derangements on the bounty of Sir Edward and his ſiſter. Miſs Archer had had the ſingular advantage of engaging the regard of all who ever knew her; and for a very ſimple reaſon—neither nature, nor fortune, permitted her to rival any body. Her features had every diſadvantage of uglineſs, but that of being remarkable; her figure was ſmall, her articulation imperfect. Accompliſhments would have been unnoticed in Miſs Archer, and ſhe had good ſenſe enough to forbear diſplaying thoſe ſhe indulged herſelf in acquiring. She had, however, a mind ſtrong by nature, and improved by literature; a juſt and refined taſte, and a ſweetneſs of temper few women can boaſt. Theſe advantages are of ſo little eſtimation in poliſhed ſociety,

ſociety, that Miſs Archer had reached five and twenty without having it in her power to gratify any paſſion, in either accepting, or rejecting, a ſingle lover. She had the additional vexation of being always a ſelected perſon to aſſiſt at the nuptials of her young friends; and the univerſal confidante of other people's love affairs and griefs, becauſe ſhe had none of her own to burden them with in return, and patient ſweetneſs in hearing, as well as adviſing. Such a friend might have been the firſt of bleſſings to the Ducheſs of Aberdeen, had ſhe ſought by rational means rational happineſs: but no ſooner was that lady convinced that the Duke's magnificent domains contained not one perſon worth either charming or fretting, than ſhe ſunk into *ennui*. Even her beauty no longer was her care; and when the Duke inſinuated any diſpleaſure at her utter neglect of herſelf, and him, ſhe petulantly aſked him, if he would

would have her dreſs for the owls and the daws; and that if he meant to ſee her what ſhe uſed to be, he muſt let her mix again with thoſe ſhe was uſed to mix with. Miſs Archer's advice ſhe treated with ſuperlative contempt; and the Duke of Aberdeen felt his heart was already thrown back on his hands.

In the friendſhip of Sir Edward Arden, both yet found a ſolid good, and an equal ſatisfaction. The generous aſſiſtance of the Duke had enabled the Baronet to viſit his native country, and pay off a mortgage on his patrimony, without which it would have been added to the eſtates of the Bellarney family. The Earl being lately dead, his vaſt fortunes were juſt veſted in his only child and heireſs, Lady Emily Fitzallen; who was now firſt brought out at the Caſtle, and the beauty of the day. Sir Edward Arden ſaw her there, and was not himſelf unſeen.

unſeen. Beauty, ſymmetry, poliſhed manners, and a moſt winning addreſs, made him a univerſal favourite among the ladies; and the gentle Lady Emily amply repaid him for the admiration he gave her. The old Counteſs of Bellarney was unwilling to give up a mortgage ſo very advantageous, as that of Sir Edward's eſtate. Many conferences enſued, at which Lady Emily was ſometimes obliged to be preſent; at length the Counteſs, to her infinite ſurpriſe, far from keeping Sir Edward's eſtate, underſtood Lady Emily was ready to beſtow on him all thoſe ſhe inherited. The old lady's conſent was unwillingly wrung from her; and Sir Edward ſuddenly found himſelf poſſeſſed of a moſt lovely and tender bride, with half a principality as her fortune. Time had corrected his love of diſſipation, and every other foible, bounded fortunes, and boundleſs wiſhes, had produced in him, during the early period of youth: and his high

high ſpirit, glowing heart, and refined character, ſo completely endeared him in a few months to Lady Bellarney, as well as to her daughter, that his will became no leſs a law with one than the other. Sir Edward conſtantly correſponded with the Duke; and, in the deſcription of his domeſtic felicity, ſharpened the pang of diſappointment in his brother-in-law's heart. Yet in the hope of an heir the Duke found his affection revive; and as Lady Emily gave Sir Edward the ſame hope, it was gaily agreed between the huſbands, that the lady who was firſt enough recovered to travel, ſhould come to the other. The delicacy of Lady Emily's habit made her a ſevere ſufferer for ſome months, when ſhe became the mother of a ſweet little girl. Great was the delight of Lady Emily, but, alas! brief. A cold taken by quitting her room too early, to viſit her mother who was ſeriouſly indiſpoſed, brought on a fever, ſo delicate a

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ſubject could not ſtruggle through; and the diſtracted Sir Edward loſt at nineteen the idol of his ſoul. So acute was his grief, that his health ſeverely ſuffered. The ſcene of a happineſs ſo dear became odious to him; he aſſiſted with the old Counteſs at the baptiſm of his daughter, called her by the beloved name of Emily, and bathing her with tears, he committed her, with all her vaſt fortune (for by the will of Lord Bellarney it was ſo to deſcend) to the charge of her grandmother, and reſolved to ſeek, in the ſociety of his ſiſter and the Duke, for the peace he deſpaired even with them to find.

And well might he deſpair, for peace was already wholly baniſhed from the ſeat of the Duke of Aberdeen. Born to love and hate with vehemence, that nobleman no ſooner found his wife took no pleaſure in exciting the firſt paſſion, than ſhe expoſ-

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ed herſelf to become the object of the laſt. Yet the impaſſioned heart will have ſome object, and none was within reach of the Duke but Miſs Archer. She had no attraction ſave mind; yet, in the tyranny of a beauty, that was firſt brought to light. The Duke ſoon ſtudied her convenience, ſoothed her wounded pride, found her neceſſary to his happineſs, and well knew how to make himſelf ſo to hers. Exquiſitely ſuſceptible of gratitude, Miſs Archer perceived not the danger of indulging its emotions, nor how fine the fibre of the human heart is by which the paſſions communicate. Hers were all awakened by the Duke, who better knew how to calculate his own influence than ſhe did. Honour, feeling, every right principle, bade him ſpare the young woman who had no other good than that he might rob her of; but ſhe loved him, ſhe alone loved him; and, in giving her up, he deſtined himſelf to know only a chilling exiſtence.

iſtence. He ventured, in a moment of lonelineſs, a mark of partiality; and ſurpriſed at a novelty like that of being beloved, a fearful kind of pleaſure cauſed an exclamation from Miſs Archer, but ill calculated to check a lover: the Duke felt his power, and ſoon won her. The bitterneſs of her remorſe even in yielding, the exceſs of her tenderneſs, the reproaches ſhe laviſhed on herſelf, and the anxiety with which ſhe ſought to keep alive in his heart even the paſſion ſhe arraigned, all acted upon a ſtrong character like the Duke's, and bound him wholly to her.

Tired of the conſtraint both were under in the houſe with the Ducheſs, the Duke often importuned Miſs Archer to quit it, for a hunting lodge he had at a little diſtance, which was accordingly elegantly fitted up for her; but the boundleſs paſſion ſhe had for him, made her rather endure all the

the humours of his wife, than loſe that portion of his ſociety ſhe muſt, were ſhe to accept this diſgraceful, though ſafe, home. Yet the ſituation ſhe ſoon found herſelf in, ſhewed that was a meaſure ſhe muſt ere long yield to.

The pregnancy of the Ducheſs cauſed a public joy, and that of Miſs Archer a ſecret one, to her lover. He paſſionately deſired a ſon; and therefore, as far as poſſible, indulged the whims of the Ducheſs, while ſoothing more tenderly her guilty rival. A delicacy of mind Miſs Archer ſtill cheriſhed, made her anxiouſly conceal her ſituation; nor had the Ducheſs any ſuſpicion of it, when one day, the deſſert being on the table, both ladies caſt a longing look on a peach of ſingular beauty and ſize. Both at one moment reached out a hand to take it; but the Ducheſs, as the neareſt, ſucceeded. Miſs Archer ſtruggled for a little

while with her ſenſe of diſappointment, when, after changing colour many times, ſhe fainted away. The exclamation of the Duke, his ſuddenly ſtarting from his chair, his manner of careſſing the guilty inſenſible, together with her perſon, on which the Ducheſs fixed her eyes, in one moment unfolded to that weak and furious woman the whole truth. The frenzy of her paſſion could not be controuled; ſhe exhauſted herſelf in reproaching her huſband; and, ſeeing her wretched couſin beginning to revive, reviled her in the moſt opprobrious terms. The only effect of this ill-judged rage was to make the Duke throw aſide all regard to decorum: he avowed the guilt ſhe charged him with, but bade her find in herſelf his excuſe; and ſoothing the unfortunate and ſilent Miſs Archer, admoniſhed his wife to imitate at leaſt that part of her couſin's conduct. The Ducheſs, exaſperated beyond all ſpeech, threw herſelf into violent fits; and

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the Duke, ordering the ſervants to convey her to her own apartment, led Miſs Archer to hers himſelf; and leaving at the door ſeveral ſervants, he charged them, at their peril, neither to admit the Ducheſs beyond that threſhold, nor any of the domeſtics peculiarly hers. He now went to viſit his wife, who refuſed to ſee him; and having given orders to her attendants no leſs carefully to guard her, he withdrew.

The weak and guilty Miſs Archer, who had againſt her better judgment ſacrificed her virtue, recovered from inſenſibility only to ſink into deſpair. The Duke found her in its extremity, and ſpared no effort to reconcile her to herſelf, and thoſe indignities and ſufferings from which he could not ſave her. He ſolemnly vowed, as ſoon as the Ducheſs ſhould have given him an heir, he would ſeparate for ever from her; and that her own ſafety ſhould be aſſured by

her going immediately to the lodge, already prepared for her reception, whither he meant to retire, till his wife came to reaſon. The phyſician he had ſent for now arrived, and finding Miſs Archer had ſtrong ſymptoms of premature labour, ordered her not to be removed. The Duke having re-inforced his injunctions concerning her being unmoleſted, to the ſervants in charge, mounted his horſe, and rode to the lodge, to meditate more at leiſure.

The Ducheſs of Aberdeen, having no complaint of the heart, was not long a ſufferer. She no ſooner underſtood that the Duke had quitted the houſe, than, notwithſtanding her ſituation, ſhe flew to Miſs Archer's apartment, to thunder in her ears the flaming indignation ſhe was yet burſting with. The ſervants poſted at the door reſolutely oppoſed her entrance; and after threats and prayers, ſhe was obliged to retreat,

treat, and ſtudy a revenge proportioned to ſuch inſults. The ſuffering Miſs Archer ſent many humble letters, and meſſages, expreſſed in the moſt penitent and moving terms, to her couſin; but theſe only added fuel to the fire. The Ducheſs exhauſted language to compoſe her anſwers, without finding any words bitter enough to expreſs her feelings.

It was at this trying criſis the melancholy widower, Sir Edward Arden, landed from an Iriſh bark on the ſhores of Scotland, and rather choſe to be his own harbinger, than have notice given of his approach. Confuſed and aſtoniſhed at ſight of a gueſt ſo unexpected, the ſervants, by their eyes, referred Sir Edward from one to another, when he enquired for the Duke. Wholly occupied with his late loſs, and his own ſufferings, he now took up the idea that his ſiſter had ended her days in the ſame mife-

rable manner with his Emily, when he ſuddenly heard her voice in not a very harmonious key. He flew to her arms, and remained long there (for he fondly loved her) loſt in affliction and tears: thoſe ſhe ſhed, he for ſome time imputed only to ſympathy for his loſs; but obſerving, at length, that they redoubled when he named the Duke, and that her cheeks burnt with anger, he conſidered what had paſt more diſpaſſionately. He ſaw in her diſordered dreſs, indignant features, and, when he named her Lord, broken accents, ſome grief beyond a common occaſion; and he fondly entreated her to confide her ſoul's inmoſt care to a brother who adored her. The haughty imprudent Ducheſs gave way at once to all the frenzy of her jealouſy; ſhe related the paſt ſcene with every aggravation her fancy ſuggeſted; while all the faulty part of her own conduct was unmentioned.

Having

Having ſhewn Miſs Archer in a light ſufficiently odious to exaſperate even Sir Edward, the Ducheſs implored him to aſſert an authority ſhe had not; and firſt turning the Duke's ſervants from the door of Miſs Archer, then employ his own to expel her from the manſion, into which ſhe had firſt brought guilt and miſery; declaring this the only ſatisfaction he could give her. Sir Edward felt even to the utmoſt the unworthy conduct of the Duke, and the repreſentations of his ſiſter; but his generous nature revolted at the idea of thus diſmiſſing a wretched woman, who might be more unfortunate, than culpable; nor would he promiſe to be guilty of inhumanity, however worthleſs the object. After pauſing, he required of his ſiſter a little time to prepare his mind and regulate his conduct; then preſſing her hand, fondly aſſured her, ſhe might ſafely entruſt her cauſe to his

care, ſince he would either reſtore or revenge her.

Sir Edward walked out to ruminate on this ſtrange *éclairciſſement*, and form an eligible plan for removing Miſs Archer, as the primary ſtep to reconciling the married people. By the account of the Ducheſs he in fact believed his couſin the ſole aggreſſor, and of courſe the juſt object of puniſhment. —The bark that brought him over was yet moored in a little creek; it was manned by ſome Iriſh fiſhermen, whom an extraordinary payment would eaſily perſuade to go to France; and his valet might by the ſame means be won to take charge of Miſs Archer, and lodge her in a convent, where his intereſt, and liberality, he was ſure, would confine her.—This appeared a ſafe and eligible plan, if he could get the impriſoned lady to adopt it voluntarily. Yet he could hope to win her compliance only

only by one method — the idea that it was the wiſh of the Duke; who choſe this way, that he might avoid further exaſperating his wife, or endangering her own ſafety.

Sir Edward had received many letters from the Duke, and he paſt part of the night in counterfeiting his hand: at length he thought himſelf ſufficiently ſucceſsful to write a billet to Miſs Archer. — He informed her, that, learning Sir Edward Arden was arrived, he was doubly unhappy about her ſafety; he adviſed her to eſcape, ere his imperious ſiſter ſhould have enraged him by her ſtory, adding, that, to ſecure her from purſuit, he had ſent a ſmall veſſel with a woman to attend her. — She had only to ſteal in the duſk of the evening alone to the garden gate, neareſt the beach, where ſhe would find that woman and a mariner waiting to guard her to the bark. Early in the morning Sir Edward Arden confided his plan to his

his valet, who readily undertook to execute it; and having charged him to fix on ſome woman capable of aſſiſting Miſs Archer, ſhould the pains of child-birth ſeize her, and provided with every accommodation a perſon in expectation of them required, Sir Edward thought he had thus acquitted himſelf of the duties of humanity, as well as of his promiſe to his ſiſter.

The frail Miſs Archer had a little recovered from her pains, when the news of Sir Edward's arrival almoſt cauſed her to relapſe. The quiet that ſucceeded lulled her into a falſe ſecurity; and his letter, which was delivered to her in great ſecrecy, as from the Duke, ſeemed a comfort ſent her from heaven itſelf. Without once reflecting on the improbability of the Duke's being awed by the arrival of any one into a myſterious underhand proceeding in his own houſe, Miſs Archer waited impatiently for

for the appointed hour that was to enfranchiſe her. When that approached, ſhe deſired to paſs the ſervants directed to guard, but who had no authority to impriſon her; and ſtealing through the garden, bleſſed the moment that put her into the power of thoſe ſhe found waiting for her. Sir Edward's valet ſent him the glad news of her having voluntarily, and unobſerved, embarked, at the moment the veſſel ſet ſail. Sir Edward haſtened to inform his ſiſter, without ſpeaking of his arrangements, that ſhe had for ever got rid of her troubleſome and formidable rival: when the Ducheſs, ſubject to extremes, in a tranſport of gratified revenge, fell into labour, and ſoon gave birth to a fine boy. This event cauſed in the family a jubilee: the ſervants vied who ſhould fly firſt with the news to the Duke, and Miſs Archer was in a ſingle hour forgotten.

In the time he had been obliged to ſpend in ſolitude, the Duke had reviewed his paſt conduct; and, even giving all the weight ſelf-love could to the faults of his wife, he had not been able to acquit his own heart. Miſs Archer, however tender her claim to compaſſion, eſcaped not her ſhare of blame; and not all his underſtanding could reconcile intereſts ſo oppoſite, or fix on the point of morality, without ſacrificing feeling and honour. He had half reſolved to abide by his duty, even though he ſhould for ever renounce Miſs Archer, when he was informed of Sir Edward's unforeſeen and unwiſhed arrival. In the expectation of a challenge, the Duke relinquiſhed all idea of conceding to his wife; and he found, with aſtoniſhment, a whole day paſſed away, without either brother or ſiſter taking any ſtep in which he was a party. This moderation on the part of Sir Edward the Duke conſidered as a favourable omen;

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when the amazing news that Miſs Archer had by her own choice quitted his houſe, and that the Ducheſs had brought him an heir, at one moment reached him. Convinced that no force could have removed Miſs Archer, the Duke imputed her withdrawing only to the good offices of his brother-in-law, and called for his horſes, impatient to return home. He was, however, met on the way by Sir Edward, whoſe face conveyed to the Duke the tenor of the converſation he wiſhed to hold with him. The ſervants retiring, Sir Edward haughtily enquired if the Duke was returning to atone for the wrongs he had done his helpleſs wife. The Duke replied, he conſidered the queſtion as a challenge, and demanded his piſtol. A word muſt have made them friends or foes, and to be the latter was thus their choice. They paſſed behind a thicket, and diſmounting, the Duke ſtood the fire of Sir Edward; then gallantly and firmly returned

turned it. Sir Edward's ſecond ball grazed the ſhoulder of his antagoniſt, who, throwing down the remaining piſtol undiſcharged, cried out, "You have had your revenge, Sir Edward; and now, without attaching to myſelf an odious imputation, I may own I have erred. Forget that error, and let this embrace renew a friendſhip, that will, I hope, end only with our lives."

Who could reſiſt ſo generous an enemy? — Sir Edward embraced the Duke, and felt his ſiſter muſt have been wrong, though he knew not how. The ſervants ſaw them return unhurt, and arm in arm, with a joy they dared not expreſs, and knew not how to diſſemble. Sir Edward deſired permiſſion to haſten on, and prepare his ſiſter to receive her huſband. With infinite tenderneſs he imparted to her the whole proceeding; aſſuring her, if he had the leaſt knowledge of the human heart, gentleneſs and affection

affection would for ever bind the Duke's. If, therefore, ſhe prized her preſent or future happineſs, ſhe would never recall the idea of Miſs Archer for one moment to his mind; but, by cheriſhing his tenderneſs towards herſelf and child, ſtrive to make that unfortunate woman forgotten.

The Ducheſs's preſent ſituation had ſubdued ſome of her turbulent paſſions. She thanked her brother affectionately for his counſel, which ſhe promiſed to follow. Sir Edward now conducted the Duke to her bed-ſide, and left them together. The Ducheſs never looked more lovely than in the maternal character, and ſhe was quite the mother. She held out one hand to her huſband, and, with the other, pointed to the fine babe who lay ſleeping beſide her. A thouſand tender and hitherto unknown ſenſations ruſhed through the frame of the Duke. He ſunk on his knees, and now kiſſing

kiſſing the hand of his wife, and now the infant, entreated her to pardon, and rely on him. Tears were the general conciliators; and, from this time, the Duke and Ducheſs of Aberdeen began mutually to concede, and live well together. Sir Edward enjoyed the happineſs he had made, and gave his own name to the young Marquis of Lenox, whoſe baptiſm was celebrated with princely magnificence.

The Duke, from time to time, vainly hoped Sir Edward would unfold to him the fate of Miſs Archer; but, as her name never eſcaped his brother's lips, the Duke determined to rely on his honour, in having properly provided for her, and to ſhew his ſenſe of the generoſity by ſilence. Sir Edward himſelf was not ſo eaſy. The time that had elapſed ought to have brought back his valet, yet he came not. He wrote to France — Miſs Archer had not been heard of;

of: — he then enquired for the fiſhermen, and their bark, at Bellarney; but, alas! they had never returned: and Sir Edward, after many vain enquiries, was obliged to conclude that the unfortunate woman, whoſe fate he had ventured to decide, had found in the ocean a premature grave, together with the infant ſhe was on the point of bringing into the world. Melancholy was ſo much the habit of his life ſince the death of Lady Emily, that even this gloomy impreſſion added little to it. Time — the good conſequences reſulting from the ſending away Miſs Archer — and other contingencies, at length wore from Sir Edward's mind the painful recollection of her ſad, and untimely fate.

The limited underſtanding, and advanced age of Lady Bellarney, together with the infancy of his daughter, made Ireland a melancholy, and unpleaſant reſidence to Sir

Edward. Both the Duke and his ſiſter delighted in his ſociety; and, ſave thoſe periodical viſits to his little Emily, the tender remembrance of her mother exacted from Sir Edward, he paſſed many years with relatives ſo beloved. The little Marquis, growing thus under the eye of his uncle, became his deareſt care, and almoſt the ſole object of his affection. Delighting to inſtruct the lovely boy, Sir Edward made the office of preceptor almoſt a ſinecure to the gentleman entruſted with it. Nor was his fondneſs for his nephew to be termed partiality. The Marquis of Lenox joined to a beauty not leſs ſtriking than his mother's, a manly grace and mental energy, together with inſinuating addreſs, and poliſhed manners. When Sir Edward left this beloved youth, to viſit the bloſſom blowing in the wilds of Ireland, how would his ſoul melt over the gentle image of his heart's dear Emily. Miſs Arden already blended enchanting

chanting ſoftneſs of manners with a frankneſs in which her father delighted. It was much, though vainly, his wiſh to educate her in England, and inſenſibly lead her heart towards that of the youth he fondly thought he could at any time lead towards her. This project by degrees took poſſeſſion of his whole ſoul. He ſuggeſted it to the Duke and Ducheſs, who, ſeeing in Miſs Arden the ſole heireſs of two great families, and an immenſe property, adopted the idea with all the facility her father could deſire. The gentle Emily heard ſo much of her accompliſhed, her beautiful couſin, that all the vague indiſtinct attachment her early feelings allowed, followed the bent of her father's; who, triumphing in the ſoft bluſh the name of the Marquis now always called into her cheek, ſaw, in the ardour of his ſoul, its darling project already realized. Sir Edward had not calculated all the prejudices he might have to contend with.

The Marquis of Lenox, born to a title of the firſt rank, an immenſe eſtate, great natural, and, in time, acquired advantages, felt a haughty independence of mind neither of his parents ventured to over-rule. He had from his birth been ſuch a general concern—ſo inexpreſſibly dear—that to find himſelf irremediably beſtowed in the moſt important of all points, ſhocked and offended him. That conſtraint at which all young minds revolt, appeared to him a peculiar hardſhip, and the little ruſtic in the wilds of Ireland a moſt unſuitable wife for a nobleman, who, all the family flatterers declared, might chuſe, and reject, in any houſe in England. His miſtaken parents, and fond uncle, increaſed his diſguſt, by reckoning on his prepoſſeſſion; and the health of his little wife was at length a matter of ridicule to himſelf and his young companions. As time ripened his judgment, he recollected this *little wife*, this early

early betrothed, was the daughter of Sir Edward—that uncle, whoſe indulgence for him knew no bounds:—ſtill ſhe was a mere ruſtic, and a bride impoſed on him. Therefore, to avoid ſeeing her, and break this tie, involuntary on his part, was the ſole object of all his plans. Miſs Arden and her couſin now were eighteen, and Sir Edward made many unſucceſsful attempts to carry him over to Ireland. Now he was ſick—now engaged in a ſhooting party—now obliged to appear at court—or, when all other excuſes failed, the Marquis had but to aſſert his influence over his weak mother, and ſhe would declare, her death muſt be the certain conſequence of his leaving her a ſingle month. A little piqued at delays he could no longer miſunderſtand, Sir Edward departed, at length, without even aſking his nephew; having been much preſſed to viſit Ireland by an anxious, alarming letter from his daughter. On arriving

there, he found, a very common effect of dotage, that a young woman, who had been reared and educated by the bounty of Lady Bellarney, and many years the humble companion of Miſs Arden, had, through the indulgence of her aged benefactreſs, aſſumed to herſelf an authority and conſequence very mortifying to a creature too gentle to check the inſolence ſhe ſuffered by. Emily Fitzallen, for this upſtart was Lady Bellarney's god-daughter, had, by perpetual attention, and mean adulation, almoſt ſhut out Miſs Arden from the confidence and ſociety of her grandmother, who was perſuaded by this cringing aſſiduous friend, that Miſs Arden was wanting in both affection and duty. The conceſſions Sir Edward recommended to his daughter, as the moſt likely way to recover her influence, and diſplace the encroaching favourite, were, by her means, treated as mean and ſervile in Miſs Arden, whoſe life would have been with-

without hope or happineſs, had ſhe not imbibed the fond impreſſion her father had ſo often ſought to give her, of the young Marquis. She languiſhed to viſit England, that ſhe might improve the partiality ſhe had been taught to believe mutual, and judge how true the repreſentation made of his charms and graces had been. She had aſked for his picture, and her father had brought it to her: but, though the Marquis never demanded hers in return, ſhe was too new to life to ſee the ſlight, and contemplated *his* every hour with increaſing partiality. Finding how little the old Countess valued her ſociety, Miſs Arden ſometimes obtained leave of abſence to viſit her mother's relations; but, even for that, was obliged to humble herſelf to her former companion.

Miſs Emily Fitzallen was not leſs diſtinguiſhed for either natural or acquired

advantages than Miſs Arden. Though of too low a birth to bear to have her origin inveſtigated, ſhe had a graceful and majeſtic mien, that often made her miſtaken for the heireſs of Bellarney. Miſs Arden had blue eyes, long fair hair, and an air of the moſt exquiſite feminine delicacy: the eyes of Miſs Fitzallen were dark, penetrating, and impreſſive. Her complexion was of the white roſe teint; and ſhe ſtrove to blend with a haughtineſs of countenance, that ſweetneſs which was foreign to her nature, though the genuine expreſſion of her fair companion's.

In a little excurſion Miſs Arden was permitted to make, with a neighbouring young lady newly married, it was propoſed the party ſhould croſs the channel in a pleaſure-bark on the eſtate, and ſurprize the ſiſter of this lady by an unexpected viſit. Miſs Arden alone prevented the execution of this plan:

plan: yet who ſo much deſired it? To breathe the ſame air with this irreſiſtible couſin—to have but a chance of coming acroſs him unknown—romantic thought! what girl of eighteen could reject it? Deſpairing to obtain Lady Bellarney's permiſſion, which her father had often vainly ſolicited, Miſs Arden ſuggeſted, that, by taking another name, it might never be known ſhe was one of the party. The idea charmed them all: they vowed profound ſecreſy, and the anxious Miſs Arden thus came at once upon her fate.

This ſcheme was not quite ſo unſtudied as it appeared. The two ſiſters had agreed to convene a large party of the young, the gay, and the agreeable; and thoſe who headed it, well knew the two betrothed lovers would come acroſs each other, though the Marquis would not be aware of his own predicament.

In

In a large party an individual excites little attention; but the conſummate, though ſimple, grace of Miſs Arden attracted univerſal obſervation. Her young heart beat without ceaſing, when ſhe found ſhe was really going to ſee at laſt this couſin, on whoſe perfections ſhe had been taught to dwell; but he, unappriſed of the anxious expectation he excited, loitered by the way; and the maſquerade, which was to be the laſt fête, came without the Marquis of Lenox: yet ſtill he was hourly expected. Never had the lovely Emily found it ſo hard to arrange her dreſs. In this ſolitary ſituation ſhe had little variety, and no reſources; but true beauty never appears more conſpicuous than when thus thrown upon itſelf. In the habit of an Italian peaſant, her neck and ſhoulders half covered with her rich profuſion of fair hair, a mandoline in her hand, and the light air of a Grace in every ſtep, Miſs Arden appeared

peared more captivating than if arrayed in all her mother's jewels. A buzz in the pavilion when ſhe entered, informed her a knot ſhe now firſt ſaw were the perſons newly arrived, and a glance, that one of the dominos muſt be the Marquis. Her heart inſtantaneouſly made its election, and "Oh if that ſhould not be my couſin!" ſighed Miſs Arden. Yet with the anxiety of the moment no mortification was blended. Accuſtomed to conſider the huſband elected for her as the being on earth ſhe would have choſen for herſelf, the gentle Emily knew not the revolting ſpirit that man often thinks virtue. Surrounded by a crowd of unintereſting admirers, Miſs Arden ſtudied in vain how to attract the notice of the elegant ſtranger her heart had turned to; and whom ſhe learnt, by the flying whiſper of her friend, to be the right perſon. That very notoriety ſhe ſhunned, proved in reality the allurement by which the Marquis was drawn.

drawn. "Who is that graceful Italian peaſant, with the redundant locks of fine fair hair?" was his enquiry often repeated, and always in vain. "The fair ſtranger," was the general reply. *Fair*, indeed, thought he, if her face anſwers to that light and delicate figure. He hovered near awhile. Emily forgot the crowd that ſurrounded her. He ſpoke, and ſhe heard in the whole buſy circle only the voice of the Marquis. He lamented his loſs in not ſeeing her face, or rather, he added, he ought to congratulate himſelf, as his fate would then have been for ever fixed. The timid air with which this intereſting ſtranger anſwered gallantry ſo general, ſomething ſurprized him; but he imputed her embarraſſment to being unuſed to theſe meetings, and ſtill followed, ſtill flattered her. An irreſiſtible ſomething in the tone of her voice faſcinated him: yet all it uttered beſpoke a mind ſo ſweetly formed — a ſoul of ſuch ſenſibility — that he felt

felt afraid to treat her as a common character. She is no maſquerader, cried he to himſelf; now let me addreſs her more reſpectfully: and, to convince her no impertinence is meant, I will ſhew my own face. That beautiful face, ſo highly expreſſive of ſenſe and ſweetneſs, caught the eyes of Miſs Arden, and impreſſed itſelf for ever on her imagination. The fine fluſh of agitation, hope, and a full room, heightened every glowing charm. His gay and pleaſant air, the variety of his manner, in anſwering ſuch numerous addreſſes as the freedom of the place authorized, and the delicate way in which he interpoſed between this unknown charmer, and every light ſpeech made to her, more than delighted, fixed Miſs Arden. But dare I hope to gain ſuch a creature? ſighed ſhe: or even if I do, dare I think it poſſible to keep him? They were now in an illuminated walk, leading from the pavilion to the houſe. The Marquis

had

had diſtanced her maſqued admirers, and the ſaving her from falling, when ſhe accidentally ſlipt, left him in poſſeſſion of the ſofteſt whiteſt hand in the world. He now addreſſed her at once with more tenderneſs, and more rationality. The delicacy and juſtneſs of her replies enchanted him. This is indeed a creature to ſhare one's life with, thought he; and Miſs Arden felt he more paſſionately graſped the hand ſhe was not prude enough to draw from him. Love inſenſibly became the ſubject of their diſcourſe; he found the little white hand tremble: good! thought our young man, I would have it do ſo—but before he had ſufficiently recollected himſelf, Miſs Arden was miſtreſs of her mind: "No my Lord," ſaid ſhe, with a gay raillery, in return to ſome fond avowal of his partiality, "I will never be a receiver of ſtolen goods; and when I tell you it has been whiſpered to me your heart was allotted ere you knew you had one to

give,

give, you will not be ſurprized at my doubts of my own power over you."—Emily now drew her hand from him, and was loſt in a brilliant crowd. And who are you, cried the Marquis, purſuing her with his eyes, who know ſo well the fooliſh bargain made for me? I muſt follow and render the knowledge mutual.—In a moment the Marquis was at the ſide of Emily, with whom he again gaily trifled, till the crowd diſſipated.—Never will I part with my fair Italian, cried he, graſping her hand as if he then felt it his own for life, till ſhe does more juſtice to my ſenſibility than to ſuppoſe I ſhall ever deign to take a wife choſen by others, and to my taſte than to conclude a little unpoliſhed ruſtic bred in the wilds of Ireland, and my perpetual ridicule, would be that wife.—The Marquis ceaſed to ſpeak; but how was Miſs Arden to reply?—To raiſe the curtain between human nature and eternity, could

could hardly aſtoniſh a doubting anxious wretch, more than theſe words did the thunderſtruck Emily. "He hates, he deſpiſes me!" exclaimed ſhe mentally: "the Marquis of Lenox, my betrothed huſband, the man whom of all men I alone can love, loathes the wife impoſed on him; and have *I* been ſo impoſed? Oh unfortunate Emily! undone by too much kindneſs."—Finding the charmer replied not, the Marquis purſued his diſcourſe: "You, whoever you are, who know me ſo well, need not perhaps be told I have never ſeen this redoubtable, troubleſome, uncouth couſin of mine; need I add that I never intend ſo to mortify my eyes?"—"Never, never, ſhall you," ſighed to herſelf the afflicted, yet incenſed, Emily. To him ſhe ſpoke no more; but replying to the indiſcriminate compliments of the many who hovered near her, took the firſt opportunity to quit the maſquerade, and haſten to her own apart-

apartment. Alone, tearful, mortified, dejected, ſhe threw aſide her mandoline, and haſtily tearing off the gay paraphernalia aſſumed for conqueſt, ſat down to quarrel with the lovely face her glaſs reflected. "Yes, no doubt I have always been flattered: if my father is blinded by my fortune, and his own partiality, well may the mean, and the intereſted, deceive me. I am, I dare ſay, the uncouth wild Iriſh ruſtic, this inſolent irreſiſtible Lenox ſo frankly calls me; and, but for him, I had never known it. Yet ah! why came I in purſuit of affliction? Why invited I the odious ſincerity? Why did I ever ſee, or, in ſeeing, why did I not hate in turn, my capricious, charming couſin — the allotted of my early days?—Oh! why, in the erroneous choice of my father, did this weak heart find, or fancy, the moſt perfect of human beings? I will not, however, be as unjuſt as himſelf. *He* is cer-

tainly all he would be; and I can only lament the wanting that ſuperiority over my own ſex, he ſo eminently poſſeſſes over his."

Emily now caſt her eyes on the elegant diſhabille, her maid had laid ready for the morning. "What! to appear again before this couſin—repeat the ſame mortifying ſcene under the ſcrutinizing eyes of a large company, many of whom knew both the relationſhip, and the engagement? No, that I can never, never ſubmit to," ſighed Miſs Arden:—"to fly home is yet in my power. The Marquis knows not the inſult he has offered me; and if he knows, may hate her he now only ſcorns. The bark is at my command, and I may ſail for Ireland with the next tide. There, unnoticed and unknown, let the little ruſtic wither. Yes, dear Lenox, this way I may ſhew a generous regard, which will one day enſure me thy eſteem. Be from this hour

hour maſter of thy own reſolves; find the happy woman who may give thee happineſs; nor ever learn thou haſt thus humbled, and afflicted a creature whoſe deareſt hope has long been that of becoming thy choice."

Emily flew to the apartment of her hoſteſs, to impart the ſtrange incident of the evening,—to implore a general ſecreſy as to her name,—and then declared the magnanimous reſolution ſhe had formed of quitting the party. But this had no ſooner the ſanction of her friend's approbation, than a ſtrange kind of regret, a ſecret ill-humour, made poor Miſs Arden know, ſhe had hoped to be entreated to ſtay. Alas! ſhe might never more ſee the Marquis, and how was ſhe ſure that when he knew, he would diſdain her? But *if* he ſhould, that tremendous *if*, ever ſo concluſive in a delicate and virtuous mind, at once made

Emily ſatisfied to be gone. Orders were ſent to the mariners to be ready at ſunriſe, and Miſs Arden retired; to walk about her chamber, meditate, wonder, wiſh,

——————— "reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain, do all things but forget."

The Marquis of Lenox, in the interim, wholly unconſcious of the malice of his ſtars, was ſomething ſurpriſed, and perplexed, at ſuddenly miſſing the fair Italian, but naturally imputed her retiring to heat, fatigue, and the lateneſs of the hour; and having enquired her name, and being told the one ſhe aſſumed, threw his head on his pillow, to dream of the face that to-morrow morning would preſent to him in all its beauty.

The ſun aroſe too ſoon for Miſs Arden's wiſhes; and the ſailors had ſent notice the tide ſerved at that hour. Impatient to be

at

at home, they came for the trunks, and urged her to haſten to the beach: it was only two hundred yards below the gate of the garden. All was dead ſilence — the variegated lamps in the walks, late ſo crowded, were yet burning; but

"'Gan to pale their ineffectual fires."

So general had been the fatigue, as well as enjoyment, that hardly could the ſervants of the family open their eyes to unbar the gates for the fair, the early traveller: thoſe gates that were perhaps for ever to ſhut her from the object of her tendereſt contemplations: even at the moment of renouncing him, the ſad pleaſure of her life—by the moſt grievous occurrence become ſo dear, at the very point of time that aſſured her of his loſs. Emily lingered — ſhe ſighed—nay, ſhe wept—It is true, ſhe inſiſted to her maid, that her feet were wounded by the pebbles; for not to herſelf would ſhe

own the wound to be in her heart. Seated, at length, on the deck of the bark, Miſs Arden once more wiſtfully ſurveyed the hoſpitable manſion ſhe had perhaps too haſtily quitted. The beams of the riſing ſun burniſhed all the windows, but the ſhutters were univerſally cloſed; and Emily ſaw the idol ſhe ſought there, only in her heart. "Thank heaven, he knows me not, however," repeated ſhe to herſelf; and though this grateful exclamation recurred every moment, her own ſoul told her all it knew of comfort was the recollection, that, if he was *very* inquiſitive, many of the company could inform him who it was had excited his curioſity.

The cauſe of the perpetual delays made by the Marquis, as to viſiting Bellarney, was now too clearly explained — too fully underſtood. "Why, why, my father, would you then dupe me?" ſighed Miſs Arden: "why

"why ſtudiouſly bias my heart towards a young man, by whom you knew it ſlighted — ſcorned? Yet, alas! my father might, like myſelf, be deceived, and the dupe of his own wiſhes. To complete her mortification, ſhe then diſcovered it would be her hard fate to explain to Sir Edward the inſult to which he had involuntarily expoſed her.

Such were the continual contemplations of the melancholy heireſs of Bellarney, as ſhe wandered, ſpiritleſs, heartleſs, through that ſplendid manſion, the increaſing infirmities of her grandmother would ſoon make entirely her own. The chilling air of Miſs Fitzallen, now the choſen and perpetual companion of the old Counteſs, and the fretful queſtions of the invalid, made the gentle timid Emily retreat often, as if ſhe felt herſelf an intruder. In the ſolitude of the woods of Bellarney ſhe, however, found

nothing repelling, though the ſound of the "wilds of Ireland" yet rang in her ears; nor could ſhe ſurvey the fair face her glaſs reflected, without recalling the idea of the "little unpoliſhed ruſtic." Yet, by one means or another, it is certain ſhe paſſed almoſt the whole of her time in thinking of a man, who, it was plain, thought too little of her, either under her own name, or that ſhe had aſſumed, to croſs a ſafe, and very ſhort paſſage in purſuit of her.

In this ſhe was, however, miſtaken. The Marquis had riſen, on the morning of her departure, at an earlier hour than uſual. He had been more ſtudiouſly elegant in his undreſs than his valet ever knew him, and was pacing in a ſaloon, where a magnificent breakfaſt was prepared for the whole party, ere a creature appeared. Convinced his Italian could neither hide her luxuriant fair hair, nor loſe her graceful mien, he watched the

the entry of each lady, till the ſignal was given for breakfaſt, without being able to diſcover, in the gay group, one he could miſtake for the charmer. He now ventured a faint enquiry for her. "She ſailed for Ireland at break of day," half a dozen ready voices anſwered.—"Sailed for Ireland!" returned the lover, in a tone of diſmay, "while I was ſtupidly dreaming of her I ſhould have attended! But are you ſure ſhe is gone?" The beaux, as in malice, conducted him to a teleſcope, which ſhewed him the veſſel, though it was hardly viſible to the naked eye. Ardour of heart, and impetuoſity of temper, characterized our young man; and it was happy for thoſe allied to him, that he had hitherto been too rational greatly to deſire many things, for thoſe he did deſire he never knew how to deny himſelf: and, to prevent even his wiſhes, had been from his infancy the ſtudy not only of his parents, but

but of every one around him. The breakfaſt, the party, the modes of life, vaniſhed at once from his mind, and he haſtened through the garden to the beach, where a group of fiſhermen ſat warming themſelves in the ſun, and leiſurely mending their nets, while their ready boats, now plucked from, and now thrown towards the ſhore, invited them to try the fortune of the day. The Marquis haſtily demanded, if it was poſſible to reach the veſſel which ſailed with the tide of the morning. "What, with the pretty young lady?" cried one of the men, with an arch ſmile, and ſcratching his head. "You ſaw her, then?" returned the eager lover. "Saw her! aye, to be ſure, we ſaw her, ſure enough; and ſo might you, if you had opened but half an eye; for ſhe did look back many 's the time and often, and examine all the windows of the great houſe. I warrant ſhe thought ſomebody would have been ſtirring with the lark this morn-

morning."—"Ah! could it be for me ſhe looked?" thought the Marquis, while a faint bluſh reproved the vanity—"no—for then ſhe would have ſtaid—at leaſt, a few hours. Hoiſt your ſails, however, my honeſt fellows, and follow; here is gold to encourage you."

Already was the boat prepared—already the Marquis had leaped into it, and his ſervants were haſtening to embark with his trunks, when a ſignal was made which ſtopped the fiſhermen; and a man on horſeback appeared, the domeſtics of the Marquis knew to be one of the Duke's. He waved to them to ſtop, and preſented to the young Lord letters from his father and uncle, informing him that the Ducheſs had had a paralytic ſeizure, ſo alarming, as to leave her half motionleſs, and quite without ſpeech. Even in this ſtate, ſhe by ſigns continually demanded her ſon, who muſt haſten to her with-

without delay, or loſe the conſolation of ſoftening her laſt moments.

Never was ſon more fondly, though to weakneſs, beloved:—never was mother regarded with more affectionate devotion. The power of nature overwhelmed that of paſſion, and the fair Italian was no longer remembered. Actuated by the ſame impetuoſity, however diſtinct the occaſion, the Marquis mounted the horſe which had brought the ſervant, and flew towards home, leaving his ſuite to follow, for to overtake him was not poſſible. The Ducheſs had ſtill ſome remains of recollection, when her ſon took her in his arms; but it ſeemed as if ſhe had ſtruggled to retain her laſt ſigh only to breathe it on his boſom.

For a conſiderable time the generous, affectionate heart of the Marquis mourned a loſs he felt the more ſenſibly, from ſeeing how

how little impreſſion it made on his father; in whom he ſoon diſcovered a coldneſs never till that period apparent. In truth he had been the firſt bond of union between his parents, and he had long been the only one. The indulgence of the Duke to him had been merely habit, and diminiſhed daily, as it interfered with that he thought it right to grant to himſelf. Neither apathy nor ſenſuality withdrew however from the Marquis the ſympathy or indulgence of Sir Edward Arden, who had, though he often greatly blamed, always fondly loved his ſiſter, and now joined with her ſon in deeply lamenting her. The youth ſhe had a thouſand times recommended to his parental care and attention, became doubly dear as her repreſentative; and the Marquis felt his attachment to this generous uncle ſo augmented by the tears they daily ſhed together, that when the cheriſhed remembrance of the fair Italian preſented itſelf, he rejoiced he had

had been prevented from following her; ſince to have been known to viſit Ireland without paying his devoirs to Miſs Arden, would have wounded Sir Edward to the ſoul; nor could the little trip have been concealed, had the boat his father's groom ſtopt, once put from the ſhore with him. The Marquis was of an age when the impreſſions of one week efface thoſe of the laſt; and he found it a much eaſier taſk to give up all thoughts of the fair ſtranger, than to encounter the formidable heireſs to whom he had been ſo long affianced.

To avoid ſealing by word, or deed, the compact, till increaſe of years, or other circumſtances, ſhould make him maſter of his own reſolutions, was now the object with the Marquis; and this he thought might beſt be effected by making the grand tour. He daily found it adviſable to diſcover deficiencies in himſelf, not obvious to any

any other perſon; and declared nothing but a more general knowledge of men and manners could qualify him to fill the rank he was born to. The Duke had been too ſenſible, in his own perſon through life, of the diſadvantage of a contracted mode of education; and nothing but the ill-judged fondneſs of the Ducheſs had kept her ſon ſo long in his own country. Since her death, the Duke had likewiſe made another diſcovery;—that his ſon was grown a man, while he found himſelf in ſome reſpects yet a boy; and that both the Marquis, and his rational, correct uncle, were terrible drawbacks on the uſe of that liberty he now began again to enjoy to licentiouſneſs. The choice of the Marquis being applauded by his father, Sir Edward found his oppoſition would be vain. Yet mortal was the chagrin he felt at ſeeing this darling nephew, with a heart glowing and unfixed, formed by nature

nature to charm, and diſpoſed to be charmed, ready to plunge into the world, where he might ſo ſoon be loſt, ere yet his Emily had been allowed the chance of attaching him to whom ſhe was betrothed. Perfectly aware of all the ſeductions to which an ingenuous open nature expoſes a young man, Sir Edward could not, to the one in queſtion, inſiſt on what, by implying weakneſs of character, often mortally offends ſelf-love. Nor did Sir Edward Arden fail to value duly the advantages of his daughter, although he forbore to urge them. He well knew the Marquis, ſeeing him live within the narrow bounds of a ſcanty patrimony, could form no judgment of the high ſtyle of life his daughter's birth demanded, and her fortune accuſtomed her to; yet how, in the calculation of her rights and her merits, could a proud ſpirit bring forward advantages merely accidental, though often deciſive

ciſive in their effects in the grand computation of human happineſs. On mature reflection, the fluctuating father gave up the project of bringing the young people together for the preſent, and reſolved to accompany the Marquis in his tour. The enthuſiaſtic joy of the young man, when informed of his uncle's kindneſs, well rewarded that uncle.

Due preparations having been made, the Marquis, and Sir Edward, were ready to ſet out for the Continent, when a courier from Ireland ſtopped the latter. Miſs Arden conjured her father to haſten over, as Lady Bellarney was pronounced beyond all hope, and ſhe had reaſon to fear ſhe ſhould be unprotected, in caſe of her death; perhaps inſulted by the overbearing Miſs Fitzallen; who now aſſumed rights, which the loſs of her patroneſs would either wholly aſſure to her, or rob her of. Sir Edward requeſted

the Marquis to delay the tour, till he could fulfil a duty ſo important; and having vainly waited to hear his nephew offer to accompany him, ſuppreſſed as much as poſſible the bitter chagrin ſo mortifying a coldneſs could not but occaſion; and, leaving the Marquis in London, haſtened to Bellarney, attended only by his valet, and a groom.

It was not without reaſon that Miſs Arden dreaded being in the power of Lady Bellarney's upſtart favourite; by whoſe means ſhe had long been excluded from the fortune, as well as favour, of the Counteſs. Miſs Fitzallen had infinite addreſs: ſhe had in childhood obtained an aſcendency over a weak mind, ſince ſubdued by infirmity and age, to imbecility, and by fondneſs to dotage. The patrimony of Miſs Arden was, in right of her mother, ſecure, and immenſe; but the old lady had great fortunes ſhe could

could beſtow by will, together with the manſion of Bellarney,—a family honour it ought not to have been in her power to alienate: this, and all in the old Counteſſes own gift, ſhe had often declared ſhe would bequeath to her *dear girl*, her *tender nurſe*, her *young friend*, her *God-daughter*, and *nameſake*, Emily Fitzallen. It is true there were ſome among her neighbours, who would inſinuate this young perſon had a claim beyond thoſe alleged;—that the old lady had been a *gay widow*, and this girl, chriſtened after her, *reſembled her very much*. It is certain the Counteſs never would allow the origin of her protégée to be known; and the haughty Miſs Fitzallen latterly always threw at a diſtance thoſe who preſumed to treat her with leſs diſtinction than the heireſs.

How uncertain are ever the reſolutions of a weak mind, and tenacious temper! Lady

Bellarney had indeed made a will wholly in Miſs Fitzallen's favour, and was in ſo infirm a ſtate as to make her exiſtence very precarious; when, in a luckleſs hour, this favourite, againſt the choice of her benefactreſs, joined a party going to ſome races, and who only invited her from knowing the conſequence ſhe would ſhortly have a right to. The peeviſhneſs of age, increaſed by lonelineſs, aggravated this little ſelfiſh indulgence into a heinous fault. The old Counteſs began bewailing the loſs of her own dear Emily, her darling daughter, long laid in the grave. The poor orphan ſhe had left, now came acroſs her mind; but ſhe was cold, inattentive—no matter, ſhe was better than nobody; and Miſs Arden, to her great ſurpriſe, was ſummoned to keep her grandmother company. Long the viſitor of a moment only, to pay her duty, and ſuperſeded in every right of affection, Miſs Arden had felt, and appeared a ci-

a cipher. It was otherwiſe now. She found no inſolent competitor, and ſoon ſaw how ſhe could conduce to the perſonal eaſe, and mental amuſement of Lady Bellarney. Aſtoniſhed to find ſuch tenderneſs, ſkill, and readineſs, in a young creature ſhe had been taught to think wholly occupied with herſelf, the old Counteſs relaxed at once. During the evening, ſhe confeſſed to Miſs Arden her having given all her poſſeſſions to Miſs Fitzallen; and, finally, ſhewed her a copy of the will. Miſs Arden returned it reſpectfully, and only ſaid, Lady Bellarney could never give her favourite any thing ſhe grudged her like her affection; nor could ſhe live on terms with herſelf, if ſhe had loſt the diſtinction by any voluntary failure in duty, gratitude, or tenderneſs. So mild and ſweet a reproof had full weight with the capricious Counteſs; and when Emily knelt, as ſhe nightly did, for her bleſſing, the invalid, throwing her arms

round her, haſtily committed to the flames the unjuſt will, made in a moment of miſtaken fondneſs: vowing, that if ſhe lived to the morning, ſhe would dictate one in favour of her grand-daughter; and if ſhe did not, all would by law devolve to her. This important change in her reſolution kept Lady Bellarney awake almoſt the whole night; and finding herſelf, of courſe, weaker and worſe, her lawyer was ſent for. He, in a ſummary, but regular manner, aſſured to Miſs Arden all the poſſeſſions of her grandmother; who, with an almoſt equal injuſtice, left unnamed, and unprovided for, the young woman ſhe had raiſed ſo far above her condition; and who had, from childhood, been ſubjected to all her whims. Till this unlucky hour, ſhe had, indeed, ſacrificed every pleaſure of youth, and principle of honour, to ſoothing and working on the weak woman, who had repeatedly aſſured her of an ample fortune.

Miſs

Miſs Arden knew it reſted with herſelf to ſecure the diſcarded favourite a competence; but vainly tried to have it done in the propereſt manner,—as the act of the obliged.—So inflexible are the reſentments of age, ſo fluctuating the determinations of dotage.

The whole family loved Miſs Arden too well, to notice to Miſs Fitzallen, when ſhe returned, what had been done in her abſence; while, to the aſtoniſhment of Miſs Arden, her grandmother once more yielded to habitual ſubjection; and in the ſervile ſolicitude, and fulſome flattery of her favourite, forgot her ſudden ſenſe of affinity, feeling, and regard to herſelf. It was impoſſible to gueſs what might be the *laſt* will of a woman, who hardly ſeemed to have any; and when Lady Bellarney expired, poor Emily Arden knew not, but ſhe might be an intruder in the manſion of her fathers.

Miſs Fitzallen, who was ignorant of any will, but that in her own favour, aſſumed to herſelf the neceſſary powers of directing; and lamented with all the dignity of the heireſs of Bellarney. Her mourning was made exactly ſimilar to Miſs Arden's, and as for a mother. With civil enquiries for that young lady's health, ſhe requeſted to know when Sir Edward would arrive, to attend the opening of the will, and the funeral, *if he choſe it*; as well as to remove his daughter from *her* houſe. In the mean while, ſhe had given orders to the ſervants, to ſhow every *proper attention* to Miſs Arden. Hearing that Sir Edward was hourly expected, ſhe convened not the family circle, exulting in the thought, that by having the will read in his preſence, ſhe ſhould effectually mortify a high-ſpirited man, whoſe keen eye had often rebuked hers.

To be the object of impertinent politeneſs,

neſs, from one born in a manner to wait on her, was a great trial of Miſs Arden's temper. Yet, as it was poſſible ſhe might have the power of retribution too amply in her own hands, Emily deigned not to appear offended. On the day appointed for the reading of the will, the two ladies accidentally met in a narrow gallery; and Miſs Fitzallen taking Sir Edward's daughter by the hand, aſſured her, ſhe took her *behaviour very kindly*; then with a haughty conſcious air added, that ſhe ſhould *find her account in it*; for though the library, with every thing elſe, was willed to *her*, *that* ſhould be her *preſent* to Miſs Arden.

At this extraordinary juncture Sir Edward arrived; and hardly knew whether he ſhould take the horſes from his carriage, or deign to ſet foot in a houſe he could doubt to be his daughter's. Miſs Arden ſent to entreat he would ſhew her grandmother the laſt reſpect of following her to the

the grave. It was the grave of his angelic wife, and Sir Edward yielded. But Miſs Arden had a greater difficulty to prevail on him to liſten to the reading of the will. The high and peremptory air with which Miſs Fitzallen had announced herſelf to be ſole executrix, and heireſs, of the old Counteſs, left no doubt among the remote relations of her being indeed ſo; and though Sir Edward thought it poſſible a will was extant in favour of his daughter, he thought it merely poſſible: ſo bad was his opinion of the artful Miſs Fitzallen. The relations and friends of the family who had attended the funeral were invited to the reading of the will; and the ſelf-named heireſs, overwhelmed with modeſty, gratitude, and tears, ſwept her long mourning robes through the whole train of ſycophants, to an upper ſeat in the room. — Miſs Arden, diſtinguiſhed by ſimplicity, and ſweetneſs, took the place ſhe had always filled in her grandmother's life-

lifetime: and Sir Edward, not deigning to mingle with the ſet, leaned on his daughter's chair, as ready to lead her out, the very moment any word that offended his ears reached them.—Imagine the confuſion of the mean train who had bowed to Miſs Fitzallen, when they heard Emily Arden pronounced, both by nature, and choice, ſole heireſs, and executrix of Emily, Counteſs of Bellarney.—Miſs Fitzallen remained for a few moments ſpeechleſs—convulſed—in a manner diſtorted.—She then outrageouſly diſcredited the will; called it a forgery—a baſe fabrication of Sir Edward Arden, who had ever, ſhe ſaid, hated, and inſulted her.—But the reign of arrogance ends with the means.—This wretched creature found hers was already over.—No eye now paid her homage.—No ear now heard a word ſhe uttered.—All parties united to overwhelm Miſs Arden with gratulations, which, knowing their true cauſe,

ſhe

ſhe deſpiſed: and feeling even for the inſolent by whom ſhe had ſuffered, ſhe alone ſpoke to Miſs Fitzallen.—The latter, in bitter agitation, implored, entreated, to be ſuffered to look at the will.—"What makes this young woman ſo troubleſome?" was the chilling exclamation of thoſe perſons who had an hour ago thought her born to grace her fortune.—Again agitated beyond utterance, Miſs Fitzallen ſunk into a ſeat, to which Sir Edward's generous daughter kindly advanced.—"Recollect, my dear Emily," ſaid ſhe, mildly, "how patiently I have borne, during my whole life, my grandmother's partiality for you; nor thus repine that ſhe has at her death duly conſidered an affectionate, unoffending child.—Let me lighten your affliction, not add to it—I am not yet by law impowered to ſay *how* I will provide for you; but be aſſured the proportion of fortune I ſhall offer you, if I live to be

miſtreſs

miſtreſs here, ſhall not diſgrace your education, or my own; nor ſhall you ever have reaſon to think yourſelf forgotten by Lady Bellarney, while Emily Arden repreſents her."—Daſhing with ſuperlative inſolence the hand of Miſs Arden from hers, the diſappointed Miſs Fitzallen aroſe from her ſeat—the natural majeſty of her form dilated by paſſion to an almoſt fiendlike grandeur—her large dark eyes flaſhing with ſupernatural brightneſs, and all the rage of her heart burning in ſcarlet teints on her cheeks.—"Who could miſlead you ſo far Miſs Arden," cried ſhe, when words came to her aſſiſtance, "as to make you believe *I* would ever owe any thing to Sir Edward Arden's daughter? Since he has taught you how to ſtep between me, and the proviſion long mine by promiſe, keep it all—dear to you may one day be the acquiſition—your whole fortune could not buy off my hatred, nor could the empire of the world

world buy off my revenge."—Ruſhing through the aſtoniſhed train of gaping relatives, Miſs Fitzallen paſſed the gates of Bellarney, nor once recollected, till they were cloſed on her, that ſhe had not whereon to lay her head; or one friend in the world anxious to ſoothe, ſerve, or receive her. In a neighbouring cabin, gold procured her a temporary home, till her maid could pack up her cloaths, ſome jewels, and other valuable preſents of the old Counteſs.

On the mind of Sir Edward, the unmatched inſolence of Miſs Fitzallen had made ſuch an impreſſion, as doubly endeared to him the daughter he found ſo unlike her. That amiable young lady, at the age of nineteen, miſtreſs of herſelf, the magnificent ſeat of her maternal anceſtors, and immenſe wealth, thought ſo generouſly, and acted ſo wiſely, that Sir Edward groaned under the ſecret ſenſe of her couſin's injuſtice:

juſtice: that couſin ſhe ſeemed born to make happy! New hopes and plans took poſſeſſion of his mind. No duty now bound Miſs Arden to move in the narrow circle of her maternal connexions; and her father thought it right to carry her to England, with a ſuite and eſtabliſhment proper for her birth and fortune: reſolving himſelf to preſent her at Court; he fondly hoped the Marquis could not know his Emily, without bluſhing at his own coldneſs and injuſtice; and, being led by the lovers ſhe muſt neceſſarily attract, to avow his prior claims, and endeavour to win her heart. As it was not poſſible at once to arrange all Miſs Arden's newly devolved fortunes, Sir Edward was obliged to paſs ſome time in acting the guardian, as well as the parent; and often adverted to the brilliant *entrée* ſhe would make under his auſpices, in the gay world. Coldneſs, ſilence, dejection, always followed, on the part of Emily.

Emily. "No—ſhe had not the leaſt taſte for the world; and would rather, if her father pleaſed, paſs the time of his abſence at Bellarney." The vexed father now ſighed to himſelf, "*Both*—*both* infatuated alike!—what can be done with them?"

In renewing the leaſes, and other negotiations with the tenants and dwellers round Bellarney, Sir Edward learned a hundred tales of the ſelfiſhneſs, meanneſs, and overbearing diſpoſition of Emily Fitzallen, who ſtill remained at the cabin ſhe had at firſt retired to, languiſhing in a fit of ſickneſs. To Miſs Arden's propoſal, of giving her a handſome fortune, Sir Edward refuſed his concurrence; nor could Emily diſpoſe of aught conſiderable without his knowledge, after having made him her guardian, as he ever had been truſtee. An annuity juſt ſufficient to ſave this wretched young woman from want and ignominy, Sir Edward thought as much

much as she merited. To this Miss Arden could only add her own jewels, which were indeed a fortune. With these she sent a kind letter, assuring her former companion, that nothing but her inability to act for herself could have made her appear deficient in generosity or feeling. The jewels sent, she would redeem, when of age, at the price of a proper provision for Lady Bellarney's favourite friend; and, if she died in the interim, she entreated Miss Fitzallen to consider them as her own.

Unaltered in mind, though humbled in fortune, Miss Fitzallen returned the bond of annuity, jewels, and letter, with sovereign contempt, and without a line, into the hands of Sir Edward Arden: who considered his daughter's generosity as mere weakness of temper. He soon converted it into an argument in favour of his own plan of carrying her to England. From arguments he came to injunctions; and finally hinted, that,

if ſhe remained without a male protector in her own country, ſhe would be carried off by the firſt fortune-hunter who had half the courage, or aſſurance, of Emily Fitzallen. This concluſion appeared ſo unfair and humiliating to Miſs Arden, that ſhe burſt into tears, and declared her fate very hard. Sir Edward would know, in what it appeared ſo. "I ſhall offend — nay, I ſhall, I fear, pain you," ſighed the gentle Emily, "if I am candid." Sill Sir Edward inſiſted on the truth.—"Pardon me, then, my father," reſumed ſhe, "if, weak of character, lowly of mind, as you think your daughter, ſhe ſhould have pride and ſpirit enough to ſhun for ever the Marquis of Lenox." Sir Edward ſtarted angrily, and gazed intently. "Why ſhun him, Emily?" was all he could utter. "He hates me, my dear father—he ridicules, he deſpiſes me." "And who dared tell you this?" returned Sir Edward, in a tone that admitted the truth

truth of what ſhe ſaid, though his eyes ſtruck fire at the indignity. "Alas! I could not doubt, Sir:—it was from his own lips this mortification reached me.—Controul your paſſion, and learn the whole ſtory. I do not ſuppoſe, had he known, my couſin would have inſulted me:—we met in maſks, nor does the Marquis gueſs, to this hour, the wound he gave to a heart he might have won. Alas! it has been my misfortune to be impoſed on him: had he thought himſelf unfettered, I might have had a chance of winning him. He is now loſt. Under theſe circumſtances, to *force* myſelf on his notice—inſiſt on the poor advantages I ſhould in turn deſpiſe him if he valued me for—would for ever diſguſt a mind it would be my pride to convince, my pleaſure to win. The little merit I poſſeſs would be loſt, under the pomp and ſplendor of my rights in life; which he no doubt concludes the family reaſon for mak-

ing him wretched. And could a cold compliance with his engagement fail to make me ſo? No—rather would I waſte the reſt of my life in this ſeclusion, bewailing the want of his heart, for whom," faltered the ſweet girl with encreaſing confuſion, "I had wholly, I will confeſs to my father, reſerved my own." Sir Edward hid her ingenuous bluſhes in his arms, and fondly prayed to Heaven "yet to unite thoſe hearts ſo equally dear to him."—"I have not told you," reſumed Miſs Arden, in the ſame timid tone, "that I even now deſpair, if you will leave me to execute a plan I have meditated ever ſince I found myſelf at liberty to quit my native country. My wayward couſin is, I muſt firſt inform you, a ſtranger to my features; nor knows he that it was Emily Arden he cruelly humbled in the deſcription of herſelf. Unleſs you betray me, I may yet appear before him in any character I chuſe to aſſume;

and

and I have a romantic fancy afloat in my brain, that I cannot execute without your concurrence. Return, my dear father, to England, alone: urge, perſecute the Marquis, to viſit me in Ireland: and, while he, of all human beings, deteſts this troubleſome overbearing heireſs, might he not, on ſome obſcure ſpot of his father's eſtates, ſtumble on a ſimple ruſtic, with juſt ſuch a face as mine, and perhaps love her with his whole heart? Dennis, my ſilver-headed foſter-father, may not unaptly perſonate my real one; and be a protector. Think of the delight we ſhould both feel, if the poor Marian, in a plaid jacket, ſhould ſtep before your rich Emily, covered with diamonds.—If, on the contrary, I make this effort in vain, let it be a laſt one. To Bellarney let me fly undiſcovered: nor ever allow the Marquis to know he has perſonally ſlighted the daughter of a man to

whom he has been long endeared by a parental affection."

Age had not yet ſo chilled the heart of Sir Edward, but that he caught in a degree the glow of his daughter's. The romance was ſimple — was ſafe; — if he diſcharged his groom (for he could truſt his valet) — practicable. — While Emily had been thus ſweetly inſinuating wiſhes and views ſo conſonant with his own, Sir Edward had conſidered the ſoft and unaſſuming grace of her figure, the delicate turn of her beauty, and the artleſs eloquence of her voice. He now fancied her in a ſtraw hat, with her fair locks playing round her face, and now adorned for a birth-night; and he plainly perceived that ſhe might loſe, but could not gain, a charm, by ſplendor or faſhion. Her plan every moment grew upon his imagination. He ſaw his prudent Emily, even in her romance,

mance, had guarded both his pride, and her own. He well knew, he could not brook the having his daughter, as herſelf, refuſed, even by this darling nephew; yet he never recollected the mortal coldneſs, and probably eternal alienation, ſuch a procedure might cauſe, without a feeling almoſt amounting to horror.

After a long ſilence, Sir Edward embraced his apprehenſive daughter, and told her, this experiment had not only his ſanction, but warmeſt approbation; nor would he omit calling upon the Duke, to aid the malicious perſecution meditated againſt her lingering lover, the more fully to prepare his heart, by the agitation of diſlike, for the reception of a more pleaſing paſſion. The tranſport expreſſed by Emily called forth the power of her ſoul, and the more dignified graces of her mien, till Sir Edward half rejected the ſcheme, in the firm perſuaſion

that ſhe could not fail to charm, as herſelf: but having won his conſent, Emily bound him to his word.

How pleaſing was her employment, while preparing all things for her obſcure departure, and inſtructing Dennis, and her nurſe, in the parts they were to act. When the Scottiſh cot ſhould be ready, Sir Edward was to inform his daughter; who could then embark from her own eſtate.

Nor was Sir Edward without his ſhare of delightful hopes and recollections. To know the fate of the two moſt dear to him on earth, ſo near a criſis that promiſed to be happy, gave his heart thoſe ſweet pulſations, which have all the charm and ſoftneſs of paſſion, without its danger.

And now, what became of the Marquis? Why, he devoutly wiſhed the old Counteſs

Countess "an earthly immortality." But, finding her soul had made its escape without his permission, he heartily prayed he could make his, ere Sir Edward returned to London: for that he would bring with him this odious Irish heiress, was, he thought, too certain. At the moment Sir Edward's carriage drove to his father's door, he was coming out of it: and, what a relief was visible in his features, when he saw it contained not a female. How cordial were now their greetings! The Duke, however, not having the least objection to Miss Arden's company, enquired why her father had not, at last, brought her. Sir Edward very naturally answered, that he had fully meant to do so; had not some of Miss Arden's romantic female friends in the interim insinuated to her, that it would be a high indecorum in her to seek the Marquis of Lenox; and, from the moment that whim had taken root in her mind, it was impossible to remove it. Fixed as

every

every thing had long been for the tour abroad, he added, that he imagined it would have been irkſome to his nephew, had he then propoſed the viſit to Ireland. A female, of advanced years, and due conſideration, had therefore been found to give propriety to Miſs Arden's remaining at her own ſeat, till the tour, which they muſt now neceſſarily ſhorten, ſhould be made; when he hoped the Marquis would be as ready as himſelf to attend on his bride elect.

The Marquis, finding the evil day of inſipid courtſhip once again deferred, was no longer in ſuch haſte to commence his tour; and heard that law affairs muſt detain his uncle for ſome time in town, with great ſatisfaction. This conduct made Sir Edward enjoy, almoſt to malice, the meditated attack on him, which he meant ſhould ſhortly come from his father.

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In hours of loneliness, Sir Edward recounted to the Duke his daughter's little history of the slight she had borne, and the effort she now meant to make to engage the affections of the Marquis: but the natural delicacy of his mind made him represent the plan as his own, and one to which she had with some difficulty consented;—resolving, if this failed, no longer to sacrifice her claims in society, to an ungrateful relation who despised her. The Duke was a matter-of-fact man, and easily followed the idea presented to him; nor failed to lecture his son on the disrespect shewn to Miss Arden; which was not only calculated to rob him of all hopes of her heart, but to induce her to carry into another family the immense fortune she inherited; while that he was born one day to call his own, was already insufficient for two men, neither of whom was old enough to give up his tastes, or young enough to be controul-

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ed in them. It is true, the love, reſpect, and confidence, the Marquis once had for his father, had declined from the day of his mother's death; but he had not yet learned to act in oppoſition to his will. Indeed, till this moment, he had not felt it. The important cauſe was argued, and re-argued; and Sir Edward, by turns, appealed to, as the judge. He had always the addreſs to avoid ſo odious an office; yet his nephew thought he could perceive it would be eaſier to work on his mind, than the cold, worldly, ſelfiſh one of his father. How grievous to find he had ſuch a father, and to recollect that his mother brought no fortune into the family, and that he had not a claim to a guinea during the life of the Duke!

The arrangements in Scotland were now made for the eſtabliſhing of Emily; and the feelings of the Marquis wrought up to a high pitch, when the two fathers found

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out that his ſignature, ere he went abroad, would be eſſentially neceſſary to ſome family deeds, which muſt be executed in Scotland. The recollection of the vicinity of the caſtle to Port Patrick, made the Marquis very unwilling to go, leſt his father ſhould drag him to the feet of Miſs Arden; yet he ventured not to hint the idea, as that might lead to the determination.

Sir Edward having no need of an Engliſh groom on the Continent, eaſily parted with the one who had attended him in Ireland: nor was there a ſingle domeſtic in the ſuite of the family party, who had ever ſeen Miſs Arden. Arrived within a bow-ſhot of the cot where ſhe had taken up her abode, whole days paſſed away without Sir Edward's daring to ſet foot in it, or ſee his daughter, leſt ſuſpicion ſhould follow. He could not perſuade himſelf it was poſſible ſhe ſhould conceal her birth, of which her

her deportment was ſo expreſſive; or avoid, on ſeeing the Marquis, the deep confuſion that implies deſign. On full deliberation, Sir Edward reſolved to break in upon her by accident; and in taking a morning's ride with his nephew and the Duke, affected to be ſeized with a vertigo, and almoſt fell from his horſe. The Marquis and grooms lifted him off, and aſſiſtance was haſtily demanded from the adjacent cot, whence came the ſilver-headed Dennis; ſoon outſtript by a wood nymph ſo exquiſitely animated and lovely, that, to the aſtoniſhed Marquis, the Graces ſeemed all embodied in a ruſtic of Scotland. The diſguiſed Marian, alarmed with the ſudden attack of Sir Edward, forgot the Duke would be a ſpectator, remembered not the Marquis, even when their looks met; but ſenſible only to filial anxiety and affection, fixed her dark blue eyes on Sir Edward, and gave to herſelf the firſt, and deareſt charm

charm in humanity,—the having forgotten ſhe had one. A wicker chair was now brought, and Sir Edward placed in it; the white hands of Marian aſſiduouſly ſprinkled his forehead with cold water, while drops, more vivifying than art, or nature ever otherwiſe prepared, fell from her cheek to his. How ſweet was this moment to a father ſo tender; to find love itſelf was loſt in the ſenſe of his imaginary danger. Placed on the humble bed of Dennis, a valet opened a vein in his arm. Marian, the ready Marian, prepared, and fixed the bandage, adminiſtered the cordial, nor was it till all that could be done, was done, that ſhe ſuddenly found herſelf ſtanding before thoſe who were to decide her fate; the ſingle object of their attention. In the looks of the Duke ſhe diſcovered that he knew, and, knowing, approved her. In thoſe of his ſon ſhe diſcerned a reſtrained, but boundleſs admiration; a ſomething,

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that paſſing from his heart to hers, ſeemed to bind them ſweetly together, by an unſeen, but indiſſoluble ligament. Sir Edward caſt his eyes from one to the other, and had his full ſhare in a feeling, that made the humble hut of Dennis appear a paradiſe to every being it contained.

The Duke had ſent for his coach to convey the invalid home. The Marquis deſired to accompany him; and the carriage was no ſooner in motion, than each fell into a rêverie, though in both the ſame object cauſed it. The Marquis at length broke ſilence; and not having yet had experience enough to obſerve that the thing a perſon firſt ſpeaks of, after a long meditation, has generally been its ſubject, exclaimed, "how beautiful, how redundant, her fair hair! once only"—Sir Edward, not more cautious, cried, "and the ſofteſt hand in the world—would it were now bathing theſe burning

burning temples."—"I can fetch her in a moment, uncle"—ſaid the impetuous youth, attempting to open the coach door, and glad of an excuſe for returning. "Not for the world, my dear boy—ſhe is young—not ordinary—I would neither truſt your father, nor his diſſipated ſervants:—were I to cauſe her innocence a riſque, I ſhould never forgive myſelf." The Marquis put up his lip in ſilence: could Sir Edward think ſo ſuperior a creature could liſten to the ſervants—or be bought by his father? Sir Edward read this in his face, and ſaw, in the contempt the Marquis ventured not to avow, the intereſt Marian had already gained in his heart.

The Marquis now again was in no hurry to commence his tour:—he, therefore, leſs lamented his uncle's illneſs, though it kept him almoſt wholly in his apartment—where he often revolved the means of eſtabliſhing

an intereſt in the heart of this lovely creature, who alone, of all he had ever ſeen, reminded him of the fair-haired Grace, who, as an Italian peaſant, appeared, as it were, to enchant, and vaniſhed to bewilder him.—After many contemplations on the ſubject, he put twenty guineas in a purſe, and having wandered doubtfully for ſome hours round the cot of Dennis, faintly rapped at the the door.—Marian herſelf opened it: but Sir Edward being no longer near, to mark, or to divide her attention, ſo rich a bluſh mantled on her fair cheek, as might give the moſt modeſt of men a hope he had not been unnoticed by her. The Marquis, with a varying complexion, and timid air, enquired for her mother.—The aged dame roſe from her ſpinning wheel, and the ſilver-headed Dennis from reading the Bible: each depoſiting a pair of ſpectacles in the caſe, remained ſtanding to receive the commands of the young Lord.—To behold thus

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in the light of ſubjection his charmer, and the venerable old people, ſtrangely diſtreſſed the Marquis.—Had Marian not been there, his rank would have been leſs oppreſſive.—With much heſitation, he gave them to underſtand, that Sir Edward Arden had made him the bearer of his acknowledgments for their benevolence. He then put into the mother's hand the purſe, and its glittering contents.—"No, no, my Lord," cried the reſpectable Dennis, "that can never be.—Wife, give his honour back the purſe. Sir Edward ſent his own valet yeſterday evening with a preſent of two new guineas, freſh from the mint, for our Marian." The Marquis was dumb at what he thought the meanneſs of his uncle.—To affront the charmer of his ſoul, with the paltry gift of two guineas!—ſent by his valet too!—He turned to apologize to Marian, but ſhe had diſappeared: no wonder, when ſhe heard herſelf, and two guineas, ſpoken of

together. "Well, my good old friend," ſaid the Marquis, "my uncle might do the odd, mean thing you ſay, for he has been delirious, and raving often of your aſſiduous Marian.—But he is now in his ſenſes, and better knows how to reſpect himſelf, and your daughter. I have no mind to drive him into a frenzy again, by taking back the little mark of his gratitude." Having thus ſaid, he laid down the purſe, and ran out of the cot. Having perceived in a field very near, the plaid dreſs of Marian, he was at her ſide in a moment;—ſpoke of her generous ſympathy—the illneſs of his uncle—the wild beauty of the ſcenery around,—any thing, every thing, that might prolong the exquiſite pleaſure he found in being one minute the ſingle object of her attention, the engroſſer of her thoughts, and converſation; yet Marian ſeldom ſpoke, and always ſaid the leaſt ſhe could; nor did ſhe often raiſe her dark

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blue eyes to meet the impaſſioned glances of the Marquis. Still a ſympathetic charm never to be defined told him ſhe was not inſenſible to his preſence—not willing to bid him farewell.

Neither in the ſick chamber of Sir Edward, nor in the ſaloon with the Duke, did this Grace of the woods ever become the ſubject of diſcourſe; yet both the fathers were well informed, that the Marquis hovered anxiouſly, early and late, near the cot of Dennis, well rewarded if he obtained but a word, a glance from Marian.—Sir Edward did not find it convenient for him to recover very ſoon; and never did his nephew think it poſſible till now, that he ſhould dread ſeeing him leave his chamber: but to be dragged out of the kingdom ere he had time to win on the affections of her he adored, or to bind her to him by mutual vows, almoſt diſtracted him. The Duke eaſily perceived his diſtreſs, and agi-

tation; but as the two fathers had agreed that the fear of loſing her would beſt ſecure the attachment of the Marquis, by rendering her the perpetual object of his thoughts, they would not conſent to her avowing herſelf.

Nothing but the dread of ſeparation, and the neceſſity of employing the ſhort time the lovers were able to paſs together in converſations reſpecting the future, could have kept the Marquis in ignorance of the paſt; for his mind was often filled with a vague idea of ſomething myſterious in the ſituation of Marian; as well as elevated in her language, and manners.—But who, thinking every look he gives to her he loves may be the laſt, can preſs for details of remote occurrences?

Sir Edward was now ready to depart: the happieſt of fathers to know his Emily had conquered;—that ſhe reigned in the ardent

ardent heart of the young nobleman, who had in ſecret ſolemnly affianced himſelf to the choice of his parents,—the once dreaded, hated Emily Arden.—Often, when ſhe ſaw him at her feet, the glowing exultation of ſecret triumph ſo heightened her beauty, that the delighted lover wondered in vain at its ſuddenly acquiring ſo celeſtial a charm.—It was now the preciſe moment for tearing him from her; and both fathers again propoſing the tour to the Continent, any delay, on the part of the Marquis, would, he eaſily ſaw, have led to a diſcovery of his motive. Every leiſure moment he flew to Marian, to lament his untoward fate, and execrate the cold nature of thoſe who thought it poſſible he ſhould find in the overbearing Iriſh heireſs, a creature who could diſpute his heart with Marian.—That name, ſo humble, ſo ruſtic, now was muſic to the ear of Sir Edward's daughter; for under that ſhe had given,

and received, vows, which no time, no circumſtance, could ever annul.

Sir Edward now ſuddenly ſeemed to recollect how proper it would be for him to make his perſonal acknowledgments to the daughter of Dennis, and choſe to have the company of his nephew. The cottagers received the viſit with joy and gratitude. Sir Edward very gravely exhorted them to guard ſo lovely a creature as Marian from the attacks of the Duke, or the humiliation of marrying one of his ſervants. The Marquis, and his charming miſtreſs, exchanged ſouls in a glance, not unſeen by the watchful Sir Edward. He concluded this exhortation with informing the old people, that whenever they found a ſuitable match for their daughter, they might apprize him, and he would portion and patronize her. Ah! uncle, will you really do this when

a *ſuit-*

a *ſuitable* match occurs? ſaid the intelligent eyes of the Marquis.

Sir Edward allowed the cottagers an annuity of twenty pounds a year, and departed overwhelmed with bleſſings: unable himſelf to utter one of the many his heart poured on his Emily. The Marquis no ſooner ſaw his uncle again in his own apartment, than he flew back, to reiterate, under a more flattering and tender form, the ſame cautions to Marian. He made her again promiſe, vow, ſolemnly ſwear, to live for him, and him alone. What laws in return did he not impoſe on himſelf! how impoſſible did it appear to him that he ſhould ever find a charm in another woman; or ever breathe to a ſecond object a vow like that he now blended with his parting kiſs, his long farewell. The intereſting Marian left on his cheek, the ſeal of true love, in a tear; and had the reſolution

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to ſee him depart in the full conviction he ſpoke only as he thought, and that all their preſent pains would eventually complete their mutual wiſh.

" Ah! happy error in the good and juſt,
" Whoſe upright natures never know diſtruſt:
" Diſtruſt, which is itſelf almoſt a ſin,
" And often marks the villain wrote within.

With the embarkation of the Marquis, Miſs Arden's diſguiſe ended. She accompanied the Duke of Aberdeen to London, where a lady was already waiting to ſanction her living in his houſe. When preſented at court, the admiration ſhe excited, procured her high offers of marriage, though many lovers retreated, her engagement with the Marquis being univerſally underſtood. Surrounded with her own friends, and ſuite of attendants, Miſs Arden had no motive for anxiety but the abſence of the Marquis; yet

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as that only could prove the truth and ſtrength of his attachment, which the moſt impaſſioned letters daily confirmed, ſhe had very little cauſe to complain of her fate.

And now the Marquis and his uncle were for the firſt time in Paris; plunged into that buſy vortex, the world, where the virtues are often at once ingulphed; and if they ever riſe again, it is in fragments, hardly reſembling their firſt ſtate. Yet ſuch a guard, on a noble nature, is a true and tender paſſion, that the Marquis found not the love of pleaſure lead to licentiouſneſs, nor that of diſtinction, to corruption of ſoul. The ſtrongeſt emotion of vanity he felt, when the object of univerſal attention, was a faint wiſh that the charmer of his heart could know the value of it, by ſeeing how many were willing to diſpute it with her. But what an enviable fate was Sir Edward Arden's! enabled, unſuſpected, to trace to

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its inmoſt receſſes the emotions of the heart he beſt loved; to ſee all that was generous and amiable in nature point to one object, and that one object his own dear Emily! Not a letter did the trembling hand of the Marquis open from her, that the glow of his cheek, the triumph of his ſoul, did not announce to his watchful guardian; who, thus ſatisfied that he was relieved from his charge, gave the young man up to his own purſuits, and followed thoſe himſelf that were more adapted to his period of life. And if the father thus exulted, how muſt the lover, who found in thoſe letters of his fair ruſtic, a delicacy, ſoftneſs, and refinement, he in vain ſought in the reſt of her ſex: for, however cautiouſly Miſs Arden veiled, in her correſpondence, the high poliſh of her education, the feelings of her heart alone gave them a charm peculiar to herſelf; while the confiding tenderneſs they breathed,

breathed, was the deareſt of all claims on the faith of her lover.

Sir Edward, who had ever a turn for ſtudy, and the fine arts, introduced his nephew, with himſelf, into the ſociety of all perſons eminent in literature and ſcience.—The Marquis had a taſte for drawing, in which Sir Edward excelled. As both propoſed taking views of the ſcenes that moſt ſhould pleaſe them, the young nobleman engaged an eminent maſter, under whoſe inſtruction he made a rapid progreſs; and, ere long, had almoſt as much knowledge as might perpetuate to his ſoul the pleaſure that otherwiſe fades on the eye. The ſeaſon now was at hand, when Sir Edward and his nephew propoſed following the courſe of the Loire in their travels. The drawing-maſter, one day, while they were enlarging on the labours they ſhould embark in, ſuggeſted how irkſome it ever is to fill

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up the outline we delight to throw off the fancy; and that he had, among his leſs fortunate pupils, a youth it would be an act of benevolence to employ: that he was an orphan, in narrow circumſtances, but of very ſuperior talents; who, having no hope of future proviſion, but by improving and exerting them, would think himſelf well rewarded in the protection and patronage of two men of taſte, who would allow him to employ part of his time in ſtudying the immortal models they muſt neceſſarily viſit in Florence and Rome. The Marquis, it is true, loved drawing, but he was of an age to love his eaſe; and this propoſal united things as diſtinct. He appointed a time to ſee the youth; whom, in the interval, he propoſed to his uncle as an addition to their little ſuite. Sir Edward agreed, that if his talents equalled the account of them, to take him, would be an act of kindneſs to themſelves, as well as the boy.

When

When the drawing-master presented the young man by the name of Hypolito (for he was the son of an Italian painter so called), his extreme youth and pallid looks (for he seemed hardly sixteen, and consumptive) struck Sir Edward, who, with unusual abruptness, urged that objection. The modest lad shrunk back. Tears rushed into his eyes, and the wild air of distress was blended, on his languid countenance, with unmerited humiliation. The Marquis took an interest ever in the unfortunate; and, having cheared Hypolito, sat down with him to draw. The youth took the piece the Marquis was finishing; and at once proceeding with rapidity, while he touched all parts with elegance, shewed he was indeed a treasure to travellers, and a master in his art. Sir Edward was now no less charmed than his nephew. "Nor is drawing his only talent," said his introducer, handing to the youth the flute the Marquis played in a capital manner.

manner. Hypolito breathed on it, and it ſeemed to have the charm of the lute of Orpheus, on all but the perſon who held it; and he, ſinking back in a chair, almoſt fainted. On reviving, the poor lad with bluſhes accounted for the illneſs, by confeſſing he had not taſted food that day. Immediate ſuccour was given him. The Marquis careſſed him like a brother. From that hour he caſt off the mean garments of poverty, for ſome of his younger patron's own cloaths—by care, and good living, recovered his looks, and was the conſtant companion, in all elegant and ſcientific purſuits, of the Marquis of Lenox. The world had given him every good but a friend, and that he found in Hypolito.—While Sir Edward ſaw with delight his nephew filling up his life with ſo rational a pleaſure, many a time did he ſhiver on the water, or broil on the land, without complaining, when he found their ardent natures bent on perpetuating

ating the ſcene before them. Sir Edward himſelf played on the violincello; and ſeldom did they reſt at a town, or village, where they could not add a performer, or two, to the concert, and thus inſpirit the evening.

Enchanted with the gay ſcenery, the romantic pleaſures of Italy, the Marquis wanted only his Marian to ſhare the delight; and well could he have been pleaſed to paſs his whole life there. But it had not this charm for Hypolito. From the moment they quitted France, urbanity of manners vaniſhed. In the petty ſtates of Italy, the little ſouls of the nobles contract into a very narrow circle what they are pleaſed to call ſociety. Not all the advantages Nature can laviſh—not all the acquirements Genius can attain, give acceptation, among that arrogant body, to a man born without a poſitive rank in life, or at leaſt that affluence

ence which beſtows on him the appearance of rank. How, then, can he who ſupports himſelf by the exertion of talents hope to be received by thoſe who make it their pride to be without any? Sir Edward and his nephew mixed, as they were every way entitled to do, in the firſt circles; but a deep ſenſe of the ſolitary ſituation of poor Hypolito, who was in that middle ſtate which made it as impoſſible he ſhould aſſociate with the domeſtics, as be countenanced by their lords, often drew towards home the heart, and not unfrequently the feet, of the Marquis; for ſeldom found he a companion he liked ſo well.—The gratitude and affection of Hypolito induced him to exert every talent and grace, to endear himſelf to ſo generous a patron; and, as there is no charm ſo faſcinating to the young mind as that of giving at once diſtinction and pleaſure, the Marquis grew daily more attached to the humble Hypo-

lito.

lito. So marked a friendſhip drew the obſervation of the young noblemen, who wiſhed not to know more of the merit that cauſed it; yet every day produced a new banter among the ſet, who, by rudely ſtaring at the youth, marked a ſtrange doubt of his ſex.

Sir Edward began, after paſſing a year in Italy, to bend his thoughts towards home; and propoſed returning to his nephew. The unpleaſant recollection of Miſs Arden damped the tender one of Marian; and the Marquis found it eaſier to live without the latter, than to ſee the former; for to marry her came not within his calculation of things. Till the heireſs ſhould have diſpoſed of herſelf, he knew it would be vain to hope he ſhould prevail on either his father or uncle to approve his humble bride; and he reſolved to travel to the Antipodes, if Miſs Arden perſiſted in waiting his return.

Sicily, the land of fable, was yet unviſited by the travellers. The Count Montalvo, a nobleman of that iſland, with whom Sir Edward, and his nephew, were in habits of intimacy, offered to enſure their ſafety, and become their Cicerone in viſiting the many monuments of art and hiſtory that celebrated ſpot abounds in. Hypolito was urgent for the tour, as well to eſcape the obſervation of a circle he had no pretenſion to mix with, as to indulge his natural taſte. The Count had a bark of his own, which, ſhortly after, conveyed him, with a large party of friends, to Meſſina. During this little voyage, it was impoſſible for Hypolito to be wholly inviſible; yet the Marquis was hardly leſs diſguſted with his Italian friends, than his *protégé* declared himſelf. The rude inquiſitive eyes, and broken obſervations, of the ill-bred grandees, made both youths happy to be once more on land. The Marquis had another reaſon for avoiding the

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ſea; he was always a ſevere ſufferer by the indiſpoſition it very commonly occaſions. When, therefore, the party propoſed viſiting the Lipari iſles, the Marquis excuſed himſelf, and remained with Hypolito at the palace of Count Montalvo, who accompanied Sir Edward. The Prince, then Governor of Meſſina, ordered a ſplendid entertainment, to which the Engliſh ſtrangers were univerſally invited; nor could the Marquis decline going, though not accuſtomed to attend theſe parties, and very unwilling to leave his Hypolito, for whom his attachment had been daily increaſing in a manner very ſurprizing even to himſelf. They had ridden together in the morning, which proved ſo ſultry, as to have heated the blood of the Marquis, before he went to the palace of the Prince. A very little exceſs in wine acted powerfully on a conſtitution already feveriſh with violent exerciſe; and he quitted the Governor's party ere the

maſqued ball, with which the entertainment was to conclude. The day was not cloſed when he came home; but Hypolito, who was drawing, had already called for lights. As the Marquis entered the magnificent ſuite of rooms allotted to himſelf and friends, his eye was led through them all, to the laſt, where he ſaw Hypolito deeply engaged with his ſubject. Shades over the wax-lights ſoftened the glare, and gave the moſt feminine delicacy to the youth's naturally delicate complexion. His dark locks broke in redundant curls over the faireſt forehead in the world, and played upon his throat and neck, the heat having obliged him to throw open his ſhirt collar. Suddenly he took the piece he was drawing, and, holding it behind the light, to ſurvey it, the Marquis could not avoid obſerving the whiteneſs and ſmallneſs of his hands. "For your own credit and mine," cried the Marquis, gaily ſeizing his young favourite

vourite by the ſhoulder, "row, ride, drive, dig—do ſomething to get rid of this white ſkin, and thoſe delicate hands; for I cannot long ſtand the raillery I have encountered for this month paſt; and you muſt make up your mind to be conſidered as a woman in future, unleſs you contrive to get ſomething more the look of a man." It was only by chance the Marquis removed his eye from the landſcape he had taken from Hypolito, to raiſe it to his face; but, dropping the drawing from his hands, it there became in a manner rivetted. That beauty, always too delicate for a man, had now the ſofteſt charm of woman, a mantling ſuffuſion, a downcaſt grace.—The dangerous ſilence that followed, was at length, in a faltering voice, broken by Sir Edward's nephew. "And what embodied angel, then, are you," cried he, "dropt from the ſkies only to guide and guard me?"—The Marquis ſpoke in the moſt winning voice; yet the charmer replied

not; but, ſinking on his ſhoulder, as he knelt at her feet, hid there her bluſhes, and communicated her tremblings.—Let no one vaunt fidelity, who avoids not danger.—The Marquis, already fevered by wine, found the intoxication now paſſing into his ſoul. The fair, the pure image of the diſtant Marian vaniſhed from his memory; and he ſaw, heard, thought of, only this nameleſs, trembling, charmer. That ſhe had followed him by choice, was very obvious;—for his ſake had endured inconvenience, indignity, fatigue, and even ſervile degradation. The entreaties he redoubled to extort her ſecret, bewildered more and more, every moment, a head and heart already confuſed and impaſſioned; nor were the tears ſhe now profuſely poured forth, wanting to confirm her influence over the ſurprized, delighted lover. How, then, were his feelings awakened, when ſhe at length avowed herſelf the ſlighted, deteſted

daughter

daughter of Sir Edward Arden!—that, hopeleſs of ever conquering in her own character the inveterate prejudice he had conceived againſt her, and reſolved he ſhould never be maſter of her hand from any motive but choice, ſhe had quitted Ireland ere her father and the Marquis left England; had aſſumed this diſguiſe, and ſought them at Paris, hardly hoping to eſcape the keen eye of her father: but convinced, if he ſhould recognize her, his pride would make him conceal what he would never have authorized. Happily, however, he had not lived enough with her to have the ſame quick recollections other parents have of their children. And, far from being diſcovered by him, ſhe had found herſelf ſo long overlooked by the Marquis, though beſet by moſt of his Italian friends, that it was her full intention, the firſt ſafe opportunity, to quit Meſſina, and give up all thoughts of a man, who, whether as Miſs Arden

Arden ſhe ſought a lover in him, or as Hypolito a friend, knew not how to diſtinguiſh or to value her.

But this was a charge ſhe knew her own injuſtice in making; the eyes of the Marquis now dwelt enamoured on her beauty; his eager ear carried to his heart the comprehenſive, though implied tenderneſs, her words conveyed. Too well he recollected the ſlights he had ſhewn Miſs Arden; to atone for them, he knelt, implored, repented, vowed; *would* be forgiven: in fine, he was ſo. In the impaſſioned converſation that enſued, nothing occurred to enlighten the Marquis: he found this impoſtor as familiar with his family,—its relations, feelings, ſecret occurrences, and future proſpects, as Miſs Arden herſelf; and, wholly unſuſpicious of the poſſibility of any deception, indulged the ardour of his nature, and urged her to give him, as the pledge

pledge of her forgiveneſs, that very moment, the hand which alone could enſure it to him. To ſurprize Sir Edward on his return, appeared to his nephew a moſt happy device: the glowing cheek of the fair one contradicted her words, when ſhe inſiſted on waiting the conſent of her father. "Why, why ſhould we?" cried the eager Marquis; "has he not, from the hour of your birth, beſtowed you on the favoured Lenox? Ah! wherefore ſacrifice happineſs to form? Now, this very moment, give yourſelf, my Emily, to a huſband, who will add the remembrance of this generous condeſcenſion to all your virtues and your charms." She urged the indelicacy of being married in her diſguiſe.—It was the only way they could be married at all, the lover inſiſted; and they were in a place where love wore many a diſguiſe. Once let the prieſt join their hands, and he pledged his honour to leave her full liberty

to

to give decorum to her ſituation, by allowing her to aſſume the habit of her ſex. Her denials became every moment fainter; and the Marquis, half inebriated with pleaſure, as well as wine, more importunate. In fine, they ſtole from the palace to the great church, where Emily informed him her confeſſor officiated; and as he already knew her ſecret and its motives, from him no painful objection would be made reſpecting her diſguiſe. The prieſt was found; two more joined in the ſecret as witneſſes, and the miſtaken, impaſſioned Marquis was ſolemnly, regularly, married to Emily.—The name of Arden was not mentioned neceſſarily in the ceremony; and the bridegroom read not the certificate he ſigned, or he would have ſeen that of Fitzallen ſubjoined; for it was, indeed, that fiend in human ſhape, who had thus accompliſhed the deep revenge ſhe had ſo bitterly vowed on Sir Edward and his daughter.

Never,

Never, for one moment, had Emily Fitz-allen loſt ſight of the perſons ſhe was determined to perſecute. She followed and diſcovered the little delicate artifice by which Miſs Arden ſought to win the affections of her betrothed huſband. That name, that conſequence, the gentle Emily thought it wiſdom to give up, the vindictive Emily ſaw ſhe had the power of aſſuming: and finding, when his conſtant companion, that in her own perſon ſhe might not have influence enough to decide the fate of the Marquis, ſhe reſolved to avail herſelf of the rare advantage of Sir Edward's abſence, to borrow his daughter's name: and the unfortunate youth, as if willing to ſecond her views, and deſtroy his own, had that day allowed his judgment to be weakened, and his conſtitution inflamed with wine. The prieſt who performed the marriage ceremony, had been previouſly prepared to attend at a moment's notice, as well

well as forewarned to be cautious in rendering it full, authentic, and duly witneſſed.

The new-married pair found, on returning to the Count's palace, ſome of his domeſtics already arrived, to notify the intended landing of the voyagers that evening. The Marquis felt it a reſpect due to his bride, to allow her leiſure to reſume her own dreſs, as he had promiſed; and the increaſed agitation of mind in which ſhe appeared, claimed this conſideration from him.

It would have been much more agreeable to the Marquis, as well as the bride, had the return of their friends been a little deferred. However, as that muſt happen when it would, the lover was anxious to find Sir Edward, ere he reached the palace of the Count Montalvo; as well to apprize him of the

the recent ceremony, as to prepare him to avow a previous knowledge of his daughter's diſguiſe. Wandering, with this view, through thoſe beautiful groves that on all ſides border the ſhores of Meſſina, the pure air inſenſibly calmed the ſpirits, and ſobered the brain, of the Marquis. He half wiſhed he had waited the return of Sir Edward, ere he wreſted from him his daughter; and turned towards the walk on the quay; where he anxiouſly looked out for the bark of the Count. The grandeur and beauty of the view never ſtruck the Marquis ſo ſenſibly: behind him aroſe the magnificent natural ſemicircle, with the lofty columns of the Palazzata; before him appeared the celebrated ſtrait, once ſung by all the Muſes; and the elegant fictions were yet preſent to his mind. Blending, in an hour and ſituation ſo ſingular, the romance of poetry with that of love, he threw himſelf on a marble ſeat by the fountain of Neptune,

Neptune, and repeated, as he gazed, the verſes of Homer. The blue ſtrait, hardly dimpled by a breeze, was half covered with gaudy galleys, and the boats of fiſhermen; the fires of the light-houſe were reflected in glowing undulations on the waves; heavy black clouds, tinged with a dun red, ſeemed to ſeek ſupport on the rocky mountains of Calabria; and the winds, after a wild concuſſion, ſubſided at once into a horrible kind of ſtillneſs. The rowers, whoſe laborious and lively exertions animate the ſea they people, now made vain, though more vigorous efforts, to take ſhelter in the harbour. Suddenly the atmoſphere became murky and oppreſſive; the clouds, yet more ſwoln and denſe, ſunk ſo low, they almoſt blended with the waters. Not a bird ventured to wing the heavy and unwholeſome air; and the exhauſted rowers could not catch breath enough to expreſs, by a ſingle cry, the

agoniz-

agonizing fear that cauſed cold dews to burſt from every pore. A tremendous ſenſe of impending evil ſeemed to ſuſpend all vital motion in the crowd late ſo buſy around the Marquis; who impulſively partook that ſick terror of ſoul, to which no name has ever yet been given. This awful intuitive ſenſe of the approaching convulſion of nature was, however, only momentary. A tremendous ſhock followed; the Marquis felt all the danger, and tried to ariſe: the earth rocked beneath his feet. The marble fountain, near which he reſted, was cloven in twain inſtantaneouſly; and hardly could he eſcape the abyſs he ſaw cloſe over the miſerable wretches, who, but a moment before, were ſtanding beſide him. Columns of the Palazzata, and other ſurrounding buildings, fell with a craſh, as if the univerſe were annihilated. The horror yet raged in all its force, when the ſudden riſe of the earth he ſtood on, threw the Mar-

quis, and a crowd around him, towards a wall, which muſt have daſhed their brains out, but that, weak as they were, the wall was yet weaker, and fell before them in a cloud of duſt. Oh! God, what it was to hear the agonizing ſhrieks of ſuffering humanity, blended with the thunders of deſolation, and the deep internal groans of disjointed nature! when, to complete the calamities of Meſſina, the ſea, in one moment, burſt its bounds; and boiling, as it were, with ſubterraneous fires, rolled forward, with horrible roarings, a mountainous deluge. As quickly returning, it bore away a train of bruiſed and helpleſs wretches; and among them, him who was ſo lately the gayeſt of the gay, the happieſt of the happy,—the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox.

Recollection was too fleeting, life too dubious, too fluctuating in the Marquis,

when

when firſt he found he was yet in the land of the living, for him to connect his ideas, or utter any ſound but ſighs and groans. He ſoon perceived that he was in a ſmall, but miſerable place, encompaſſed with faces he had never beheld till that moment, while hoarſe voices reſounded in his ear, equally unknown to him. Alas! the only eye he could have ſeen with pleaſure, dared not meet his; the only voice he could have found comfort in hearing, uttered not a word, leſt the agitation, even of pleaſure, ſhould, in ſo weak a ſtate, be death to him. Yet watching every breath the unfortunate youth drew, ready to echo every groan that burſt from him, ſat, hid by a curtain, his anxious, his affectionate uncle, Sir Edward Arden: and that the Duke of Aberdeen had yet a ſon, was rather owing to his natural ſenſibility, than his immediate affection.

On the memorable evening of the earthquake at Meſſina, Sir Edward, the Count Montalvo, and two other Sicilian noblemen, were making the harbour; the ſailors having predicted foul weather, though no one ſuſpected the immediate and awful danger impending. In one moment the mariners, by expreſſive cries and geſtures, made the noblemen comprehend that a ſingular and frightful motion of the veſſel was not natural. Now, as gravitation were, by a ſtrange inverſion, removed to heaven, it was drawn at once back and upward, then thrown impetuouſly down into the dark abyſs of the waters, and again in one moment caught upward, with a reeling, convulſive trembling, as if the timber had a vital ſenſe, and felt the fears of thoſe who would have worked it, had human art availed againſt the ſtruggles of disjointed nature. Yet, tremendous as was the ſtate of thoſe on the ſea, it was ſafety, compared to the ſituation of the ſufferers

ferers on land; which the veſſel was often ſo near, that the horror-ſtruck paſſengers could ſee the victims on the beach lift up their hands one moment to heaven for pity, and the next ſink into the burning abyſs that yawned at their feet. As no power could ſteady the veſſel, or direct its courſe, the Count and his friends knew not whether they, with the helpleſs mariners who yet contended hard for life, were to have a watery, or a flaming grave. Nor was the conçuſſion and entanglement, with other veſſels in the ſame tremendous predicament, the leaſt of their danger; though, when thrown out to ſolitary ſuffering, that danger appeared yet more horrible. At this fearful moment every evil was increaſed, by one of the prime ſailors falling from the maſt he was climbing, into the ſea. His comrades, with the bold humanity incident to their profeſſion, made the moſt ſtrenuous efforts to recover him: and one of the ſail-

ors fancying, imperfect as the unnatural light was, that he ſaw the body, leaped overboard with a rope tied under his arms, and was drawn up, claſping a half-drowned wretch, who, it was ſoon diſcovered, was not his loſt comrade. Having diſengaged this man from the plank he convulſively embraced, and which had, in reality, ſaved his life, on finding him a mere ſtranger, they would perhaps have abandoned him to his fate; but that the fineneſs of his linen, and a rich watch chain, attracted their notice; in a moment they ſtript and plundered the inſenſible ſufferer; and the ſurgeon of the veſſel alone ſaved him from periſhing by neglect, who had thus wonderfully eſcaped the wreck of nature. It is true his humanity was quickened by the recollection, that a man of ſo delicate an appearance, and who had been as delicately dreſt, might one day well recompenſe thoſe who preſerved his life. Thus,

by

by a ſtrange ordination of things, unknown and unnoticed, in the poor cabin of the ſurgeon, lay, with hardly a ſymptom of exiſtence, the Marquis of Lenox; and there, ſo precarious was his ſituation, he might perhaps have expired, but that the ſailors, who had poſſeſſed themſelves of his valuables, burnt to convert them into money. Intereſt is often the laſt, as well as firſt principle, in vulgar minds. Hardly had the veſſel got out enough to ſea to promiſe ſafety, or the elements ſubſided enough for the compaſs to guide, before a calculation of the plunder was made; and the watch-ſeals, and other ornaments of the Marquis, handed among the domeſtics of the noblemen for ſale. What was the aſtoniſhment and horror of Sir Edward's valet, when he ſaw to whom they had ſo lately belonged! Far from gueſſing the fact, he only concluded the man on whom they were found, to be the murderer of the Marquis, thus

overtaken by the juſtice of heaven. Inſtantly he ruſhed into the cabin where Sir Edward, and the noblemen, yet remained, ſtunned as it were with fear and horror. The earthquake was however forgotten by Sir Edward in his agony for his nephew; and not forming the harſh concluſion of his valet as to the ſtranger, he demanded to ſee him, that ſuch care might be taken as would preſerve his life, and enable him to give all the account in his power of the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox. — Ah! what tender anguiſh overwhelmed Sir Edward, when, wounded, wan, inſenſible, wrapt in coarſe and dirty linen, he found the deareſt object of all his cares, the ſole delight of his remaining life — the darling ſon of his darling ſiſter!

From the ſurgeon Sir Edward underſtood, that, beſide a great number of bruiſes, the Marquis had a contuſion on the head, attended

tended with a high fever, nor, if it once flew to his brain, could human art ſave him. The ſenſe of his own danger yet not over — the dreadful images of the horrors he had witneſſed — all, all, was loſt in the impreſſion made by the beloved object before Sir Edward. — The Marquis was immediately removed to the beſt bed the ſmall veſſel afforded; every comfort, as well as medicine, anxiouſly adminiſtered: yet many, many, miſerable days, and ſleepleſs nights, did Sir Edward paſs, before he was ſure his own life would be prolonged, much leſs that of an invalid, in ſo weak a ſtate.

The fever of the Marquis was at length enough ſubdued, for Sir Edward to appear by his bedſide — faint ideas of affinity, and tenderneſs; were indiſtinctly afloat in the aching head of the youth, when his eyes wandered over the features of his uncle,

uncle, and in a weak inward voice he murmured out "Hypolito."—Sir Edward ſpoke not, but raiſing his eyes to heaven, and letting his hand fall, implied by this action, that the youth was no more.—Intenſe faintings, and convulſions, ſeized the Marquis. The relapſe was ſo alarming, that he had been many days in a palace at Naples, and attended by the Embaſſador's phyſician, before he was allowed again to behold a face, that might once more confuſe thoſe faculties on which it was plain his exiſtence depended.—Yet no ſooner did the intereſting affectionate eyes of his uncle meet his, than he again ſighed out, "Oh! Sir, Hypolito!"—"That we have life ourſelves, my dear Lenox," returned Sir Edward, "is little leſs than a miracle:—to preſerve yours, you muſt be patient, ſilent, ſubmiſſive—need I ſay, you have not a wiſh I would not anticipate—a feeling I would not ſpare?

Ima-

Imagine every thing ſaid you would have ſaid—every thing done you would have done."

Alas! of the moſt generous aſſiduity the Marquis was well aſſured, and this it was ſtruck ſo deep a deſpair through his heart. The ſad hiſtory of the affinity the loſt Hypolito bore to Sir Edward, was yet in the boſom of her lover; and no other being knew at what an intereſting moment the diſguiſed fair one was ſo awfully inhumed.—In the delirium which attended his fever, Sir Edward had, with great ſurprize, heard his nephew now call for Hypolito, now for Emily—now for Marian—now urge the diſguiſed fair one to an immediate marriage; and ſmile at the ſcruples ſhe made to decide her fate without her father's being preſent, when "it would make Sir Edward ſo happy to find her a bride." Theſe vague rhapſodies applied ſo exactly to the diſguiſe, the

the paſſion, and the ſecret ſituation of the Marquis with Sir Edward's daughter, that the only concluſion that tender father drew from theſe complicated wanderings and feelings was, that Emily had, in ſpite of all her promiſes, betrayed her own ſecret to her lover. How ſad and dear was the delight of thinking then, that even in delirium ſhe was the only object who exiſted to that lover.

Time, however, ſtrengthened the intellects, and improved the health, of the Marquis; who ſoon learnt the melancholy tale of the almoſt deſtroyed Meſſina, by that earthquake, which, throwing him into the ſea, had in fact preſerved his life. He dared not flatter himſelf that his bride had alike eſcaped; for, alas! it was too ſure ſhe would have eagerly ſought her father and her huſband; and how ſhould he be able to diſcloſe the tremendous ſecret? Should *he* afflict

afflict the generous uncle who lived but in his looks, by telling him, that the very moment which accompliſhed his wiſhes had ſnatched away the dearer object of them? Ah! no; better was it that Sir Edward ſhould ſtill ſuppoſe Miſs Arden living in Ireland, and waiting their return.

The Marquis was at an age, when the ſpirits make great efforts to riſe above the calamities of life. However ſtrong the impreſſion made by the lovely diſguiſed fair one, however tender and ſacred the tie that bound her to her lover, the impreſſion was ſudden, the tie incomplete. Sir Edward judged it wiſe to aſſume a general chearfulneſs, that might renovate his nephew's ſpirits; and the attempt inſenſibly wore off the gloom and horror that for ſome time hung about the young man. The ſoft, the ſoothing remembrance, of the fair, the gentle Marian, aided in reviving him.

Marian

Marian yet lived—lived too for him: nor would ever know his generous infidelity—an infidelity the grateful affection he felt for his uncle almoſt ſanctified; and which, having ſwayed him to fulfil a dear and ſacred duty (for thus frail mortals daily extenuate to themſelves their lapſes), no longer obliged him to forego the cheriſhed choice of his heart. During the term of his nephew's ſickneſs and convaleſcence, Sir Edward had kept back the letters of Marian, which now were delivered to her lover in a packet; and the Marquis drew thence a renovating power, not even the pure air of Naples could afford.

In the long leiſure of a ſick chamber, the Marquis had often pondered over the extraordinary ſituation from which he had ſo miraculouſly eſcaped with life; and though there remained not a hope that Hypolito ſurvived (for why, in that caſe, did he not

ap-

appear?), an ardent wiſh lived in the mind of the widower bridegroom once more to re-viſit the memorable ſcene of his marriage—to learn if poſſible the manner and moment of the death of the diſguiſed fair one—to ſee at leaſt the prieſt that had, in an hour teeming with horror and evil, united their hands—to ſhed with him ſome tears of generous anguiſh—and, in the great church of Meſſina, to conſecrate the memory of the unfortunate Emily, by a magnificent monument.

The danger of re-viſiting Sicily had now for ſome time been over; and when Sir Edward found his nephew ſtrenuous in the wiſh, he no longer oppoſed, though he choſe not to accompany him. A bark was engaged by the melancholy Marquis; who, paſſing many a ſcene of deſolation, at length ſailed into the almoſt choaked up harbour of Meſſina; an awful memento of the vain

labours

labours of man, and all the little pride of human magnificence.—The half-fallen pier —the tottering Palazzata — the ſolitary ſtrand, and the indiſtinct ſtreets, through which crawled a few mangled wretches who lived only to envy thoſe the earth had wholly ſwallowed up, made the very ſoul of the Marquis recoil within him, before he reached the great church, and convent adjoining. An enormous maſs of ruins alone marked the ſpot where they had ſtood. Of the prieſt he ſought, not a trace remained. The whole brotherhood had vaniſhed, either into a premature grave, or in ſearch of a remote, but ſafe home. The bare walls of the palace of Count Montalvo, though injured, had not fallen, but it was plundered of the magnificent furniture, nor inhabited by a ſingle domeſtic. In fine, no being remained in Meſſina the Marquis had ever ſeen there, nor was the unhappy ſtranger he enquired for known, either by deſcription or

name:

name. How could an individual be remembered in a place where ſociety was become an echo, and the grandeur of ages annihilated by a ſingle convulſion in nature? The Marquis again ſlowly, and ſadly, aſcended his bark, and, caſting his eyes over the ravaged glories of Meſſina, "Ah! why, my Emily," ſighed he, "when I have ſo awful a proof how vain is the buſy pride of mortality, ſhould I attempt to raiſe a monument to thee? The God who at ſuch a moment, and in ſuch a manner, claimed thee, has made Meſſina thine!" Then turning appalled from the enormous maſs of ſplendid ruins, he haſtily cut through the green waves, on which the evening ſun ſtill played with undiminiſhed, unaltered beauty.

Again in Naples, the Marquis, though ſilent and melancholy, was not inconſolable. During his convaleſcence, he had

rather felt, than ſeen, his boundleſs influence over his uncle; which it was now his firſt wiſh to increaſe; that, when the day came when he ſhould acknowledge the humble choice his heart had made, he might act on a nature ſo generous, in favour of his lovely, his intereſting Marian. It was the ſubject of great ſurprize to him, that Miſs Arden's fate was yet a ſecret to her father: but, as Sir Edward had long forborne to mention her from prudence, and the Marquis always avoided it from choice, this was not a moment to lead to ſo painful an enquiry, by a ſingle queſtion. Too ſoon would it be, whenever a father ſo tender learnt her melancholy fate. It would then become *his* duty and choice alike to ſooth and to conſole his uncle. Perhaps, when the bitterneſs of grief was aſſuaged, and Sir Edward learnt the ſacred rite which brought them ſtill nearer in affinity than nature had, that generous man might in turn be brought to

adopt,

adopt, and ſecond, the only feeling that could induce him to take another bride.—And why ſhould he prolong his baniſhment? His own country now contained not the once-dreaded Miſs Arden, while in that country lived for him, and him alone, his Marian.

After an apparent wearineſs, and conſtraint, the Marquis one day abruptly propoſed to his uncle, returning home. The keen, but delighted eye of Sir Edward, ſeemed to pierce his very ſoul, yet vainly ſought to account for the cloud that immediately ſucceeded on the brow of the Marquis, or a kind of ſtifled compaſſion for himſelf that followed the propoſition. No poſſible objection to it, however, occurred on the part of the uncle: on the contrary, a gay flow of ſpirits, extremely embarraſſing and diſtreſſing to his nephew. He found himſelf almoſt unable to keep

the dreadful ſecret; and ſeeing, in all the gay ſcenes of Italy, only the grave of Sir Edward's lovely and affectionate daughter, he could not controul his increaſing impatience to depart, and urged his weak health, as rendering it neceſſary he ſhould travel very leiſurely, a mode he knew his uncle deteſted. Having ſettled his route, and appointed to wait in Switzerland, he left Sir Edward to fulfil ſome excurſive engagements, and ſet out, attended by only his ſervants.

Gentle exerciſe, pure air, the variety of ſimple ſcenes, and objects, around him, gradually invigorated, as he went, the health of the Marquis, and made him delight to linger in Switzerland. Ah! who would not delight to linger in Switzerland? Who would not wiſh the ſoul now to dilate into grandeur, and now, with ſweet compreſſion, to contract into content, as ſimple or majeſtic

nature

nature takes its turn to act upon it?—In that wild region our traveller found all the fervour of romantic paſſion rekindled in his ſoul. He walked till he could walk no longer;—he reſted only to gain ſtrength to walk again:—and, if fatigue cauſed him to ſleep, he carried into the torpor neceſſary to repair exhauſted nature, rich and fanciful viſions, not leſs delightful than thoſe he cheriſhed when awake. Nevertheleſs, a carriage and led horſe accompanied our pedeſtrian; for ſuch had been the orders of his father.—The carriage he was often pleaſed to fill with tired and roſy vintagers, on whoſe gratitude he made no demand. His horſe often lightened the way to the ſun-burnt veteran, who ſought,

"When all his toils were paſt,
"Still to return, and die at home at laſt."

The Marquis, thus generouſly employing his ſuperfluous advantages, would delight

to linger behind; reſting under the ſhadow of ſome groteſque mountain, and liſtening to the daſhing of ſome diſtant waterfall, while his mind now ſolemnly pauſed upon the paſt, now fondly muſed, on the uncertain future.

After a day paſſed in this luxurious manner, night ſo ſuddenly ſurprized the Marquis, at a ſolitary but beautiful valley, a few miles from Lauſanne, that, had not his ſervants, apprehending him to be too ill, or too much exhauſted, to come on, returned with the carriage, he muſt have ſlept on the graſs. Once ſeated in the chaiſe, he indulged the ſlumber fatigue occaſioned, and had been well ſhaken by his valet, ere he could be ſufficiently rouſed, to underſtand that his chaiſe was ſtopt by another, overturned, and ſo broken, that the lady and her maid were hopeleſs of reaching Lauſanne, unleſs ſome benevolent traveller would either

either aſſiſt to repair the mutilated equipage, or accommodate them with his own. The poor Marquis, ſtill a little croſs at having ſo comfortable a nap interrupted, did not find himſelf in the humour to alight. Nevertheleſs, he ſent in his own name a polite offer of his carriage, and did not think the ſtranger too complaiſant in immediately accepting it. However, he had no choice but to ſpring out, and ſhew his involuntary knight-errantry. The hills on each ſide were covered with wood; which, meeting over the road, added darkneſs to the night. Having got his chaiſe ſafely paſt the broken one, the Marquis with great gallantry handed in two trembling females, who ſeemed hardly able to thank him; and having given the poſtillions ſtrict charge of them, returned to ſurvey the ſhattered chaiſe: his valet being provided with phoſphoric matches, by which he had now lit a taper. After various propoſals to tie it together, the Mar-

quis thought its appearance ſo unſafe, that, tired as he was, he choſe to mount a horſe, and follow his own carriage, which was not yet out of hearing. He was near enough to the inn when the ſtrangers got out, to have offered his aſſiſtance; but, a little diſguſted with the want of conſideration on their parts; and perceiving, by the lights held at the door, that his hands and cloaths were covered with duſt, he thought it a reſpect due to himſelf, rather than the ſtranger, to rectify his appearance. To dreſs never took the Marquis much time; and to his requeſt to enquire after the lady's health, an immediate permiſſion was accorded. As he had ſent in his name, the landlord ſtood ready with lights to precede "*Milor Anglois*" into the apartment of the ſtranger. As the Marquis glanced his quick eye forward, he ſaw, leaning one arm gracefully on a low old-faſhioned chimney-piece, and with the other careſſing a beautiful

tiful Italian greyhound, a female, at once ſo ſlight, graceful, and dignified, as to rivet his attention, and give a ſtrange, wild, prophetic pulſation to his heart. This elegant traveller had the air of high rank, affluence, and faſhion. She was wrapt in a riding robe of black velvet, lined with white ſatin, and girt to her waiſt by a cord of ſilver. A pale blue velvet hat, with a plume of white feathers, was thrown careleſsly on one ſide, yet tied under her chin by a white and ſilver handkerchief. Over the black velvet robe fell, in vaſt profuſion, rich curls of fair hair, from which the Marquis, by a kind of intuitive knowledge, ſeemed to recognize his fair Italian; while the whole graceful figure announced to him his Marian. Nor did he err in either inſtance; the charmer turned towards him, and he ſaw,—not the humble daughter of Dennis, though every feature of Marian. Ah! no, this was, and was not, Marian;—an elegant, conſcious, high-

high-bred beauty, now ſtood before him: yet, in the chaſtened delight her eye ſurveyed him with, he read the triumph of his own. How new—how tumultuous were his emotions! how exquiſite, yet agonizing, the embrace ſhe denied not! That Marian was diſtinguiſhed, her lover plainly ſaw—that ſhe might be infamous, he ſeverely felt. Yet, ſuch is the contrariety of human emotions, that the tears his eyes ſwam in, ſprang more from perceiving ſhe was independant of himſelf, than a juſter cauſe. The air of this irreſiſtible charmer, however, was not more tender, than it was innocent. She bluſhed, it is true; but it ſeemed to be only for the diſtreſs ſhe occaſioned; for ſhe hardly knew how to interpret the agitation the Marquis attempted not to controul. "I have ſurprized you, my Lord," faltered ſhe; then, ſweetly ſmiling, added, "and I too have been in turn ſurprized."—"The meeting with my Marian," replied her lover,

again

again fondly clafping her, "would be a pleaſure paſt all ſpeaking; *but*"—"But what, my Lord?"—"To find her *thus!*"—the Marquis caſt his eye over her dreſs, "Oh! is that all your diſtreſs?" cried ſhe, with a glow of triumphant pleaſure; "I will not be my own hiſtorian, poſitively, when there is a better at hand: let Sir Edward Arden be ſummoned to expound the myſtery."—"Sir Edward Arden, my angel, is far from hence; and my Marian muſt, in pity of the heart wholly her own, expound this myſtery herſelf."—"Nay, my Lord," playfully and in exultation returned the charmer, "I may hazard much with *you* in the avowal of my name; but nothing with Sir Edward Arden, by demanding in his arms a welcome for his wandering daughter."

The concuſſion of nature that ſwallowed up

up the impoſtor Hypolito, could alone equal that which now ſhook the mental ſyſtem of the Marquis. Yet a ſingle thought was concluſive; a ſingle impulſe conviction. Yes, the gracious, the graceful creature, now bending benignly to raiſe him from the earth where his miſery had laid him, was, could be, only the angel daughter of Sir Edward; the being, formed and finiſhed, "the cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature:" who, whether as a maſqued Italian Grace, a ruſtic maid, or a high-bred beauty, was intuitively adored by him, and claimed in his heart, whatever ſhape ſhe wore, a rightful ſovereignty. But whence then came the arch-fiend he had at Meſſina plighted his hand to? No doubt, from the hell that opened to ſwallow her, ere yet the ſin was conſummated.—How, how, unleſs endued with ſupernatural knowledge, could ſhe have diſcuſſed with him the many

ſecret

ſecret domeſtic occurrences, not more familiar, as it appeared, to his mind, than hers?

And well might this bewilder the ideas of the unhappy Marquis; who had never been enough a party in the little hiſtory of Miſs Arden, to learn that a creature, like Emily Fitzallen, even exiſted;—ſtill leſs that this companion of her youth had ungratefully ſupplanted her; and then vowed a bitter revenge, ſhe had, alas, too ſucceſsfully executed.

That delicate pride nature makes one of the firſt charms of woman, was a little wounded in Emily Arden, on obſerving a revulſion of ſoul ſo ſtrange in the Marquis. Yet it was plain he ſuffered much; ſo deadly a paleneſs lived on his cheek, ſo melting a ſadneſs marked his voice, that, unintelligible as the cauſe remained (for he anſwered not to her fondeſt entreaties), ſo tender

tender was her heart, and the lover at her feet ſo entirely the object of its tenderneſs, as to make her loſe every other care in that of conſoling him. Too true was the ſympathy for her to attempt it in vain; their hearts were formed for each other, and, without a ſingle vow, united. Hypolito, in a moment ſo dear, as completely vaniſhed from the thoughts of the Marquis, as if the impoſtor had never exiſted. Sir Edward Arden was no longer miſſed by his daughter; and two whole happy hours paſt in endearment and proteſtation, ere Miſs Arden remembered ſhe was faint for want of food, or the Marquis that he was dying with fatigue, when they met. But was ever repaſt more delicious than the humble one they ſat down to, when mutual love thus graced, and bleſt, the board? How playfully did the Marquis arraign the inflexibility of the fair one, who commanded him to recover his good looks by the morning,

morning, when from the table ſhe paſt to a chamber; where the ſweet conſciouſneſs of rewarded virtue, hallowed the ſlumbers of the amiable Emily.

Ah! not alike pure and unbroken was the reſt of the Marquis; ſo ſtrange, ſo ſingular, was his ſituation, ſo inexplicable his recollections, that he found it impoſſible to calm his ſpirits. To his diſtempered fancy the chamber rocked with the earthquake of Sicily one moment, and the next was illuminated with the viſible preſence of a guardian angel, in the form of his adored Emily: nor were his ſlumbers more peaceful; marriage and death, by turns, ſeemed to demand a victim; and glad was he to ſee that day break, which reſtored to his eyes and heart the beloved object, who alone could chaſe away each painful thought.

But what a day of delight aroſe to Miſs Arden!

Arden! At laſt to be worſhipped! at laſt to ſee herſelf the ſole hope of the man who ruled her very fate! Now no longer ſhunned, dreaded, abhorred, the remembrance that ſhe once had been ſo, only gave her ſweet confirmation of her power, and exalted happineſs into triumph. She was told her father was coming to meet her; and though well ſhe knew the ſhare he would take in the tranſport, ſhe felt it moſt perfect without him. Safe in her lover's protection, ſhe enjoyed the fond pleaſure of ſolely depending on him.

The Marquis, on the contrary, counted the hours till his uncle ſhould arrive; for from his hand alone could he hope to receive that of Miſs Arden: and dear as the heart ſhe gave him was, he felt it to be only part of an invaluable treaſure, wholly deſtined for himſelf.

A moſt

A moſt ſimple train of circumſtances had produced this romantic meeting of the lovers. The awful eſcape of the Marquis at Meſſina, left him in a ſtate of ſuch danger, that Sir Edward could not conceal it entirely from the Duke; though he forbore, as long as poſſible, the communication, in hopes of ſome favourable turn. The Duke, impetuous as his ſon in all his feelings, forgot how acutely Miſs Arden would ſympathize, and almoſt killed her with the dreadful recital of her father. To fly to the beloved of her heart, to watch over, cheriſh, ſoothe, recover, or periſh with him, was Emily's firſt thought, and indeed her only one. The alarm of the Duke left her without a doubt of his ſetting out on the arrival of the next letter; and hardly could the afflicted Emily breathe till it came. That letter brought better accounts of the Marquis; and the Duke coolly left him to the care of his uncle,

and thought, from that moment, once more only of himſelf and his libertine indulgences. Plunged in grief, ſhut up from company, yet diſguſted with her home, Emily ſoon was ſhocked with diſcovering it to be an improper one. The Duke was either leſs attentive than uſual to the reſpect due to Miſs Arden, or ſhe found her perception quickened by the deſire ſhe felt to be gone; but it was impoſſible for her to miſunderſtand the terms on which the Duke, and the widow lady engaged to give propriety to Miſs Arden's reſidence in his houſe, now lived. The diſguſt and ſhame of ſuch an affront, however, was ſoon loſt in the recollection, that it authorized Emily to follow her own inclinations, and ſeek her father. She hinted her diſſatisfaction at the conduct of the *lady*, without ſeeming to include the Duke in the cenſure; and announced her intention of availing herſelf of the return of Sir Edward's valet, who might

might guide herſelf, and ſervants, to Italy. The Duke took no pains to inveſtigate, much more over-rule, a reſolution which left him peaceful poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs, and his own manſion, but allowed Miſs Arden to ſtay or go as ſhe ſhould think moſt eligible. On the moſt mature deliberation, ſhe found (ſo fallacious are our reaſonings where the heart is impreſſed) that to run over the Continent in ſearch of her father,—for ſhe never allowed her lover to appear a part of her conſideration,—was abſolutely an act of diſcretion, and accordingly took leave of the Duke.

When once on the road, the impatience Miſs Arden could not reſtrain, ſhewed too plainly the tender motive of her journey. Having agreed to reſt in Switzerland, merely till Sir Edward's valet ſhould notify her approach, ſhe had ſent him forward only one day, when the breaking down of

her chaiſe prevented her paſſing, in the dark, the very perſon ſhe ſought.

The delightful rambles of two lovers through that delightful country, may eaſily be imagined. Sir Edward loſt no time, from the moment his valet reached him, in ſeeking his daughter; wondering much at every town that he ſaw her not.—But where could it be ſuch happineſs to ſee her, as leaning, with frank affection, on the arm of his nephew, while the glad eyes of both hailed him as the author, the partaker of their felicity? This was, indeed, all of joy a father can know:—to ſee his Emily, at laſt, ſweetly conſcious of abſolute power, yet uſing it only to give delight:—to hear the nephew, he had ever loved with parental fondneſs, implore abſolution from him, for the ſins of ingratitude and perverſeneſs, while both, with tender anxious eyes, demanded from his hand each other. Ah! where

where could three beings be found ſo much to be envied? Yet, of theſe three, the father knew, perhaps, the moſt exquiſite happineſs; for he had known the moſt cruel doubts.

The Marquis, impatient in all things, was for being married immediately; but this, Sir Edward urged, was, from a variety of cauſes, impoſſible. Miſs Arden's fortune would then be too much in the Duke's power; who, perhaps, loved himſelf well enough, poorly to leave his ſon, during a life that promiſed continuance, dependent on his wife. So mortifying an idea ſilenced the Marquis, but made him alike urgent to ſet out for England, where all theſe arrangements could moſt expeditiouſly be made. And now the gentle Emily became the objector; ſhe could not, truly, leave unſeen the beauties of Italy, nor was troubled with the leaſt fear for her for-

tune. All neceſſary points might, ſhe obſerved, be ſettled without their preſence: in ſhort, her father comprehended that Miſs Arden feared, in returning unmarried, ſhe ſhould be expoſed to the ridicule of having come abroad to ſeek a tardy lover; or rather, that ſhe veiled, under this idea, the ſame determination with the Marquis; and both were alike ready to be united. Sir Edward, therefore, once more diſpatched his valet to England, with ſuch propoſals to the Duke as he thought eligible; and only required of the lovers to accompany him to Naples, where, on the arrival of the ſettlements, they could be publicly married in the chapel of the Engliſh Embaſſador; after which Emily might, without impropriety, viſit Rome. The Marquis was perfectly eaſy on every point, but the tedious time which muſt neceſſarily elapſe: as Sir Edward, however, during the journey, almoſt always choſe to ride his nephew's

phew's horſe, and give up his ſeat in the chaiſe to him, the lovers contrived to paſs the interval pleaſantly enough.

The reaſon Sir Edward gave for delaying the marriage was ſo prudent, that it eaſily impoſed on the Marquis, but not Miſs Arden. She had penetrated too deeply into her father's character, not to perceive that pride was his foible; and, by the refinement of his nature, ſhe was become his pride. Senſible he was born to give way to his nephew himſelf, it was only by holding Miſs Arden high, he could render it obvious that ſhe was not elevated by marrying her couſin. In the ſplendour of the union, the fond father ſought to give an addition to happineſs;—the hearts of the lovers told them it was not to be given.

The valet, diſpatched to England to await the drawing up due ſettlements under

the auſpices of the Duke, could not ſo ſoon return, but that the party had ample leiſure to viſit the claſſical ſcenes around Naples, in all the intoxication of youth, love, curioſity, and pleaſure. Yet fits of abſence and gloom, wholly unintelligible to his fair miſtreſs, frequently came over the Marquis; and the name of Hypolito often trembled on his lips, but never paſſed them. Ah! how ſhould he reſolve to debaſe himſelf ſo far, as to tell his adored Emily, that an impoſtor, infamous for aught he knew, had ſo ſucceſsfully aſſumed her name and character, as to ſeize on his heart, and decide his fate? or even, if he might venture to rely on her forgiveneſs, was it poſſible he ſhould admit to Sir Edward that he had been made ſo egregious a dupe?

Sir Edward underſtanding too well one cauſe of his nephew's melancholy and abſtracted air, now apprized his daughter of the

the hiſtory and deplorable fate of Hypolito: whom he ſpoke of ſo partially, that Emily wept for the loſs the Marquis muſt long feel of an accompliſhed, attached aſſociate. Warned by her father, that to appear to know the ſorrow of her lover, would be to cheriſh it, ſhe employed all the charms ſhe well knew how to render ſucceſsful, to inſpirit the Marquis; nor would ever ſuffer the converſation to turn toward Sicily, or an earthquake. Yet, in the exquiſite ſenſe of power and paſſion, ſhe ſometimes envied the loſt Hypolito, even in the grave, his influence in the heart where ſhe would excluſively have reigned.

A palace and eſtabliſhment, ſuitable to her fortune, having been provided in Naples for Miſs Arden, her father, and the Marquis, contented themſelves with their former home. The lady of the Engliſh Embaſſador was diſtantly allied to the Bellarney

ney family, and ſoon circulated the reaſon of the obvious difference in Sir Edward's mode of living and his daughter's. She introduced Miſs Arden at court, who was thought ſo irreſiſtible, that hardly had the Marquis a friend, who was not ſecretly his rival. Sir Edward exulted in the admiration his daughter excited; but ſhe loved too truly not to bluſh at pleaſing any man, except him it was her duty, as well as choice, to pleaſe. Often did ſhe ſigh at the vain parade of her almoſt empty palace, when ſhe ſaw its gates cloſe every evening on her father and her lover; nor had ſhe any conſolation for the tedious etiquette ſhe was enſlaved by, but that of knowing the arrival of the courier from England would end it.

Sir Edward's valet at length returned, and the Marquis had the gratification of finding his uncle had not been juſt in the idea he formed of his father. The Duke of Aber-

deen

deen very liberally aſſigned to his ſon, during his own life, a third of the eſtates he would wholly inherit; and to Miſs Arden made over, with the concurrence of the Marquis, for the term of hers, all her own poſſeſſions, ſettling them on the younger children of the marriage, to be allotted at the joint pleaſure of the father and mother. To this the Duke added letters equally kind and polite, with the promiſe of a ſplendid ſet of jewels to the bride, which were now preparing.

There was no longer a cauſe for delay, and the evening of the next day was fixed for the nuptials, which the Engliſh Embaſſador claimed the honour of witneſſing, with his lady, in his own chapel; nor would he excuſe the party from ſupping *al freſco* in his gardens.

The happy day at length arrived; and the

the Marquis, having ordered a gay *divertiſſement*, came to the hotel of Miſs Arden to breakfaſt. The performers were all ſtopt in the hall, and the lover only admitted to the garden; where, as by magic, had ariſen a ſtraw-roofed cottage, in which appeared, in the ſimple garb of Scotland, the affianced bride; while, by her, in a habit humble as that of Dennis, ſtood her real father. The repaſt was in the ſame plain ſtyle; and had not the gaudy tuberoſe, and flowering orange, ſcented the air, the delighted Marquis would have thought himſelf ſtill in his native ſhades,—thoſe ſweet ſolitudes, where firſt his heart expanded to love and happineſs.

The more brilliant entertainment of muſic, the lover had prepared, was given afterwards; but, to the maſquers, was added the fair-haired Italian peaſant, whoſe light fingers once more ſwept the mandoline with inimitable

inimitable grace: that pleaſure paſt, Emily again vaniſhed, but ſoon to appear in the chaſte elegance of her bridal dreſs. Long robes of white muſlin, ſpangled with ſilver, were girt to her waiſt by a zone of purple, claſped with rich diamonds. The redundance of her fair locks was a little confined, by part of them being braided with glowing purple, and ſtrings of pearl, without any other ornament. Several bracelets of Roman pearl encircled her poliſhed and ſnowy arms, the beauty of which never was ſo obvious, as while her father holding one hand, and her lover the other, conducted her up through the portico of the Embaſſador's palace. At the gate, the party were met by the noble owner and his lady, who uſhered them through a magnificent gallery to the chapel. It was ſplendidly illuminated, and ſo gaily decorated with feſtoons of roſes, as to appear, indeed, the temple

of

of Hymen. Sir Edward Arden, in the fullneſs of delight, now fixed his eyes on thoſe of his beloved nephew, and now on the downcaſt lids of his daughter, and ſaw, in the arrival of this moment, every wiſh he ever formed, accompliſhed. The chaplain began the ſolemn ſervice; and Sir Edward, taking the two hands ſo dear to him, in the preſence of God and man, joined the pair he once thought no time, no chance, would ever unite. In the gardens of the palace, a ſplendid collation was ſoon after ſerved, and an inviſible concert prolonged the tedious time to the Marquis, who watched the glance of Sir Edward's eye, to lead home his Emily,—his own dear Emily. During the interval, the palace had been univerſally illuminated, and a great crowd had aſſembled on the ſteps of the portico. Emily, diſtreſſed at becoming in ſuch a moment the object of attention, ſtumbled; the bridegroom thought ſome one had trod

on

on her robe, and turning haſtily round to diſengage it, fixed his eyes on thoſe of Hypolito.—Yes, the ghaſtly phantom appeared in the very ſame boyiſh habiliments he wore when the Marquis laſt beheld him: and, oh! fatal memento of their tremendous meeting, and yet more tremendous parting, held up in full view the ring, the fatal ring, with which the Marquis had wedded the fair, the faſcinating impoſtor. It had been one of his mother's, haſtily applied, however unſuitable, to this purpoſe; but it was too remarkable to be miſtaken; nor could the wretched gazer doubt its identity. The exquiſite viſion of love, hope, and happineſs, faded at once from the ſoul of the agonized bridegroom; and he ſunk, a corpſe in appearance, at the feet of the trembling daughter of Sir Edward Arden.

The portico reſounded with the cries of the ſorrowful and aſtoniſhed ſpectators. The

The miſerable Marquis was carried into the neareſt apartment, and a medical gentleman immediately lanced a vein in his arm.—Wan as though ariſing from the grave, the lover at length opened his eyes, and wildly glancing them around, no longer allowed them to dwell on her ſo lately their ſole object; but, hardly permitting the ſurgeon time to bind up the orifice, ſprang with the ſtrength of a lunatic from thoſe who encircled him, to fly through the arcade—traverſe the chapel—the illuminated galleries—from thence, in the deſperation of ſudden frenzy, he ruſhed down the ſteps of the portico—but too certain, at length, that the object of his ſearch was no longer to be ſeen, he ſtruck his head againſt a marble pillar with ſuch force, as to ſtun himſelf. Sir Edward Arden, hardly leſs frantic at a miſery ſo wholly unintelligible, directed his ſervants to lift, while yet inſenſible, his nephew into his coach, and carry him back to the

the hotel they both inhabited. A trembling white hand ſeized the arm of Sir Edward; and the pale face of his Emily anxiouſly explored his, while repeating, "The Marquis, my father, has now a houſe of his own—it is your Emily who muſt henceforward entreat for a home with him."—Conſcious of ſhe knew not what violation of decorum in this, ſhe ſweetly ſhrunk from his glance, and bluſhed: yet in a moment

"A thouſand innocent ſhames
"In angel whiteneſs bore away thoſe bluſhes."

Preſſing his tender Emily to his boſom, Sir Edward dropt on hers, tears of infantine ſoftneſs and affection. "Sweeteſt of creatures," cried he, "hardly can this unhappy young man be termed thy huſband."—"Have I not even now called on heaven and man, my father, to witneſs the vow that long, long ſince, wedded my ſoul to his? Yes, Edward, beloved Edward," cried

ſhe, turning with a guſh of tears to the ſtill inſenſible bridegroom, "I am thine — for ever thine. Sick or well, happy or miſerable, thy Emily feels it the dear, ſad duty of her life, to watch over, ſoothe, ſuſtain thee. The grave alone, perhaps not even that, can ſever from thine the ſoul now repeating the fond, unalienable vow, to him who is, alas! no longer able to return it."

Sir Edward made no further oppoſition to the wiſh of his daughter; and the bridal hours were paſt by the tender, agitated Emily in anxious watchings. A raging fever followed the horrible convulſion of mind the Marquis had undergone: in its paroxyſms the affrighted bride a thouſand times heard him renounce, abhor, the vow of marriage, "by which he had allied himſelf to perdition." Starting up with fearful glaring eyes, he would command her to quit his ſight — never, never more, to appear before

before him. The frenzy, then, would be illumined with a ray of reaſon; he ſuddenly ſaw in her a benignant angel, deſcended to ſave him from the horrors of his own ſoul.—He then would, with that tenderneſs which was ever ſo ſucceſsful, implore her *never* to quit his bed-ſide—*never* once to take from his eyes thoſe charming ones which alone could ſoften his ſufferings; and now preſſing her hand to his throbbing temples, and now to his burning boſom, ſeem to think it quieted each dangerous pulſation, and thus, at intervals, lulled himſelf into the ſtupefaction which gave him ſtrength again to ſtruggle. From the imperfect ſlumbers her fondneſs ſometimes ſoothed him into, he would again ſtart with convulſive ſhudderings—inſiſt that the room rocked with an earthquake; that the ſun was turned into blood—heap dreadful curſes on an Emily, "loathſome to his eyes, and fatal to his

honour"—demand in wild tranſports "the ring, the fatal ring, with which *the fiend had enchained his very ſoul*"—and, when the agonized daughter of Sir Edward Arden haſtily drew her wedding ring off, to preſent it to him, he would gaze mournfully on that, and myſteriouſly on her—then cry, "No, no"—wander through faint recollections, and, gently replacing the bond of dear affiance, draw fondly towards him the heart-broken Emily, and deluge her boſom with his tears.

Sacred is the bond of calamity, when thus the viſitation comes from heaven. Could Emily in the arms of the Marquis have known ſo dear a tenderneſs as that ſhe felt when hovering near his ſick-bed, conſcious that he exiſted but by the love that would have made him immortal? Ah! when did any pleaſure of ſenſe equal that with which the

almoſt

almoſt expiring lover took from her eyes, and her hand, the daily portion of prolonged exiſtence?

Sir Edward ſhared in the aſſiduities of his daughter, as ſoon as the Marquis began to recover. Yet a ſtrange apprehenſion, in ſpite of his better reaſon, aroſe in his mind, that Emily knew not: he ſaw, or fancied he ſaw, that as the ſtrength and ſpirits of the Marquis returned, he found their company an oppreſſion. Alas! the tender father was not miſtaken. What tortures of mind ſucceeded the ſufferings of body, from which the miſerable Lenox at laſt eſcaped! He knew the only good on earth his ſoul deſired, to be his own, yet found himſelf not the richer. Could he, in the fatal circumſtance he ſtood in, dare to ſully the purity of his angel Emily? Too well he knew the ring ſhe wore gave him no claim to her endearing tenderneſs—would convey no inheritance

to her children—nay might, by the malice of a fiend, be taken from her finger. To the fury of fever, and frenzy, now ſucceeded a ſullen, ſettled, deep deſpair. If he appeared at all, his eyes were haggard, his hair diſhevelled; he hardly ſat a moment at the table—forgot he was deſired to eat—and, ſtrangely departing from all the civilities of life, no leſs than its ſocial feelings, would ruſh from the room, to ſhut himſelf up again in his own apartment. Nor was that apartment now acceſſible to the miſerable Emily. Yet hours and hours ſhe waited anxiouſly in the ante-chamber, while he paced irregularly in the one within. Alas! the ſighs and groans that at intervals eſcaped him, pierced her very ſoul.

Sir Edward Arden now too ſenſibly felt, how incompetent we are to judge of that we ſo boldly demand of heaven as happineſs. A thouſand times the Marquis had, with

with the energetic delight of a lover, told him he adored his daughter: he could not but ſee that ſhe lived in the looks of his néphew. It had been the pride, the pleaſure of his life, to give them to each other, yet not one of the three found, in the accompliſhment of this only wiſh, felicity.

Not from his daughter, however, could Sir Edward draw a breath of complaint. It was her wan cheek, when ſhe was no longer permitted to watch over her huſband,—it was the faint flutter, and delicate glow, that teinted her complexion, when he appeared,—it was the tears ſhe ſtifled in his preſence, but that flooded her eyes whenever he vaniſhed, that told to her fond father the painful ſenſe ſhe had of ſo deep an unkindneſs. A thouſand times Sir Edward reſolved to enquire into the motives of his nephew's total eſtrangement — as often the apprehenſive Emily left him nothing to complain of,

by taking on herſelf the fault; and inſiſting that time, and time only, would enable her to recover the ſhock and fatigue of ſo long an attendance on ſo alarming a malady — confeſs an obligation to the Marquis for returning her kindneſs, in allowing her to do as ſhe pleaſed; and finally, with a delicate addreſs conveyed through her father this to her huſband. What was her grief and aſtoniſhment, to find this information contribute more to tranquillize his mind, than all her cares! The fatal idea, that ſhe had been from the firſt deceived, and he had married her only for her fortune, then ſuddenly ſunk into her ſoul: no ſooner did the Marquis begin to ride abroad, and reſume his uſual habits of life, than the deſerted Emily ſhut herſelf up in her own apartment, and almoſt died at ſo marked, ſo cruel a neglect.

Ah! could ſhe have known the employment — the ſole employment of the man

ſhe

ſhe diſtruſted,—every moment of his abſence was ſpent in ſearching for that fiend, whom once found, he hoped to ſoothe, or bribe, to allow of the annulling of a marriage certainly incomplete, but which only her acknowledgment could prove ſo. That once obtained, he meant to throw himſelf at the feet of Sir Edward's lovely daughter; and, by confeſſing the truth, prove, what appeared to be his fault, was in reality his virtue—the daring to ſhun the bride whoſe tenderneſs he returned with adoration.

The ſearch, the enquiries of the hapleſs huſband, availed not: this fearful phantom, at whoſe preſence virtue and happineſs at once vaniſhed, having completed that object, ſeemed ever to ſink into the hell that alone could have engendered her. After a thouſand ſtruggles to reconcile his feelings with his conſcience, the Marquis found, he muſt ſtill ſhun his Emily, and, by returning immediately

mediately to London have the advice of the civilians there on the poſſibility of annulling the firſt marriage, and making the ſecond valid.

But the latter object, it ſoon ſeemed probable, the Marquis need not ſtrive ſo aſſiduouſly to attain: it appeared to himſelf, as well as to the diſtracted father, a dreadful doubt, whether Emily would live to ſee England again. A grief, too acute for medicine to cure, had already made deep ravages on the delicate conſtitution of the Marchioneſs. Her heart, thrown back upon her hands, chilled the pure boſom it returned to. The hours uſually devoted to reſt were ſpent by her in vain conjectures concerning her huſband, to whom ſhe naturally imputed ſome other attachment. Yet ſtill, in company, his eyes were ever fixed on her with a dying fondneſs, though he ſought her not at any other time. Determined to fulfil her duty,

even in the extreme, Emily yet exhauſted herſelf to pleaſe, or to amuſe him. She played, ſhe drew enchantingly. She charmed all who came within her circle, and often ſaw, in the pride the Marquis felt when ſhe was admired, that fond appropriation of herſelf, wholly irreconcileable with his painful neglect.

The phyſician having declared the Marchioneſs in too delicate a ſtate of health to venture a long journey, propoſed her leaving Naples, for a more retired ſituation. A villa was eaſily procured; and the afflicted father, unable to endure the inexplicable vexation, made an excurſion to Rome, to endeavour to beguile, in the ſociety of the wiſe and lettered men of that city, the deep chagrin of which he ſaw no probable end.

He had the little relief of ſhortly after hearing, from Emily, that the ſweet ſpot ſhe

ſhe lived in, revived her ſpirits, and amended her health. Each letter gave him more chearful accounts. Not only his daughter, but the Marquis, at length implored him to return, and both joined in aſſuring him that his preſence, his paternal preſence, alone was wanting to their happineſs. This aſſurance had too often reached Sir Edward's ears, while only miſery was before his eyes, for him to give much credit to it; but the anxious deſire he had, to know whether his daughter's health was really amended, made him at length riſque viſiting the infatuated pair, whom wedlock, as it ſeemed, alone could alienate. But they were alienated no longer; every trace of vexation and ſickneſs was ſo entirely vaniſhed, that it was only by his memory Sir Edward could aſſure himſelf either had exiſted. In perfect harmony with each other, the married lovers diffuſed over the beautiful ſpot they inhabited the charms of paradiſe itſelf: for

what

what were they but innocence, and love?—Ah! was the Marquis then innocent? fain, fain, would he believe ſo. The angel Emily, that lived *for*, lived *with* him, and was perhaps too charming always to be withſtood. Her image ſo wholly occupied his ſoul, that the horrible one of Hypolito became at length faint, indiſtinct, aërial — it was the intereſt of the hapleſs lover to convince himſelf, that the heart-harrowing form, holding the ring on the ſteps of the Embaſſador's palace, was ſhaped by his fancy merely: and the variety of frightful viſions which impreſſed his brain in the progreſs of his fever, aſſumed figures ſo various and diſtorted, that well might he doubt, whether fear had not conjured up the formidable phantom which thus ſhook his nature. So fruitleſs too had been his after-ſearch, that he fondly flattered himſelf the object of it no longer exiſted; and it was not the dead, but the living, the unhappy Marquis was born to dread.

Yet

Yet nothing but a favourable judgment from the civilians in England could ultimately relieve the mind of the adoring huſband; for while one doubt remained in it, that he might yet bring affliction on his Emily, the dear delight of living with her was imperfect pleaſure. Their return home was once again in contemplation, when a new cauſe of delay occurred to the tender father, bringing with it the deareſt hope in human nature.—Sir Edward was ſuddenly ſtruck with the ſame delicacy of complexion, and uncertainty of appetite, that had fore-run the birth of his Emily, in herſelf; and by recalling the beloved remembrance of her mother, the Marchioneſs was doubly endeared to him.—How exquiſite was the pleaſure he gave her huſband in the hint! Both agreed to leave to the timid Emily the time for diſcloſing a ſecret ſo pleaſing to all three; and both with tender

ſtudious

ſtudious care promoted her every wiſh, nay ſought in ſilence to anticipate them all.

Retirement was no longer neceſſary to the reſtoration of the Marchioneſs; but from the delicacy of her nature it now became her choice; and ſhe formed too entirely the happineſs of her huſband, and father, for them to wiſh to change the ſcene. —How indeed, when three informed, and united hearts devoted every power to pleaſing each other, could the enlargement of the party improve it? — Sir Edward among his ſtudies purſued that of botany, and Emily delighted in drawing plants, in which ſhe excelled. — It was the favourite employment of her father, and huſband, to diſcover in their rides, and walks, new ſubjects to amuſe her mind, and engroſs her delicate pencil. — She was engaged one evening in perpetuating a very periſhable flower, while the Marquis was walking

backwards, and forwards in the ſaloon, trying on his flute, from whence he drew moſt melting muſic, a thouſand deſultory ſtrains, as they floated through his memory.—One ſtruck Emily; but buſied with her pencil, ſhe haſtily aſked him, without raiſing her eye, where he had learnt that paſſage.—The Marquis pauſed, and, in the fluttered tone that to worldly obſervers would have announced inſincerity, replied, he could not recollect; though too well he remembered it was from Hypolito he learnt—it was with Hypolito he had often played it.—After a period of heſitation, the Marquis ventured in turn to enquire if ſhe had ever heard it before.—"Certainly, my Lord," replied Emily, gaily ſmiling, and half raiſing her eyes—"it is a ſtray of my own; compoſed when I was a little ruſtic, wandering in the woods, and wilds of Ireland, and thinking of my obſtinate charming couſin:—it ſeemed ſomething odd thus to hear the echo of my heart

from

from your lips, eſpecially as I never gave the air to more than one human being, and that one was not likely to fall in your way."

A ſtrange cold tremor ſeized the frame of the Marquis—Ah! God, thought he, who then was that *one human being?*—Yet to diſcover even the object of our fear, is among the invariable, though painful propenſities of human nature.—Almoſt breathleſs, he faltered out, at laſt, an enquiry.—The Marchioneſs replied, in the ſame gay, careleſs tone, "I deteſt Ireland ſo thoroughly from its having given you an unfavourable impreſſion of your poor little wife, and Emily Fitzallen ſo much for having made my paternal manſion a miſerable home to me, that I never willingly think of, much leſs mention, either one or the other."—"And who," ſaid the Marquis in an impreſſive manner, "is this

Emily Fitzallen?"—"Nay," cried his lady, "it is your own fault you do not know; for ſhe has made no ſmall figure in my little hiſtory. I wonder my father never told you the extraordinary ſcene we had, when my grandmother's will was opened, with her upſtart, inſolent favourite. The proud, paſſionate wretch, no ſooner found herſelf thrown on my mercy,—though well ſhe knew ſhe might have truſted it,—than the fury appeared at once through the veil of her conſummate beauty. I think even now I ſee, and hear her, ſolemnly vowing a revenge on me, which happily it will never be in her power to execute; or hardly heaven could ſave me;—ſo vindictive do I know her."

The Marquis raiſed his hands and eyes, in an agony too mighty for expreſſion; and ruſhed out of the ſaloon, ere his groans ſhould lead to the myſterious

ſorrow

ſorrow ſtruggling at his heart, the yet happy Emily. Thrown at his length in the garden, he tore his hair, and gave way to the frenzy of inſtantaneous, horrible conviction. "Oh! Emily," exclaimed he, "adored, unfortunate Emily, didſt thou know how ſucceſsful this fiend has already been, what but death could follow? —Alas! that is, perhaps, only for a little while delayed, and we ſhall both become victims. The minute, inexplicable informations of that deliberate deſtroyer, that ſmiling Hypolito, are now accounted for: too well do I perceive, the fiend yet walks this earth, and vaniſhes at intervals, only to ſeduce me into that exquiſite guilt, that ſhall give her, when ſhe again appears, a yet more exquiſite power of torturing. That I ſhould, till the moment I fell into the ſnare, have been ignorant of the exiſtence of this ſerpent,—and that I ſhould *now*—*now* firſt learn it! Oh!

juſt, yet killing puniſhment!—blind, arrogant, wilful, I would not obey the voice of duty, or of gratitude. Alas! my heart's dear Emily, had I ſought thee, as any other man would have been proud to do, in the houſe of thy anceſtors; had I ſhewn thee but the common reſpect due to Sir Edward Arden's daughter, this miniſter of iniquity would have been known to me; and, never, never could ſhe thus fatally have accompliſhed the vengeance, which hardly yet has a place in the apprehenſion of my beloved."

From the moment of this accidental explanation, which made no impreſſion on the mind of the Marchioneſs, peace and reſt fled from her unhappy huſband. The ſad ſenſe of impending evil, no human care could guard againſt, the painful conſciouſneſs of error, poiſoned the dear delight of calling

calling Emily his own, and wore him down to a ſkeleton.

" He withers at his heart; and looks as wan,
" As the pale ſpectre of a murder'd man:
" Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleaſure
" ſhares,
" But ſighs when ſongs and inſtruments he hears.
" Uncomb'd his locks, and careleſs his attire,
" Unlike the trim of love, or gay deſire:
" But full of muſeful mopings, which preſage
" The loſs of reaſon, and conclude in rage."

Yet impelled by I know not what reſtleſsneſs, continually to add to the knowledge that killed him, when the Marquis entered into converſation at all, it was to win, indirectly, from either Sir Edward or Emily, more minute informations and recitals, concerning this deteſted impoſtor.—The ſtrange ſingularity of her excelling on the flute was at once accounted for by Emily, who informed him that it had been the

peculiar inſtrument of the maſter who taught both the ladies at Bellarney; and the bolder genius of Miſs Fitzallen, ſhe added, ever purſued what pleaſed her, without a thought of the proper or improper. Thus had ſhe been accuſtomed, in playing, always to accompany Emily Arden; and in every accompliſhment kept pace with her.

The more the Marquis ruminated on the fatal ceremonial, which was the perpetual ſubject of his thoughts, the more he ſaw that, though a ſudden reſolve on his part, it was not ſo on that of the ſeducing Hypolito; nor had been imperfectly ſolemnized. The witneſſing prieſts, no leſs than the one who married him, were all men high in conſideration; and too well he knew the impoſtor had ſecured documents of the fatal rite, which he now plainly perceived no wealth could purchaſe, no agonies win her to give up.

up. Never did he lift his eyes to the ſtill unſuſpicious Marchioneſs, that they were not ready to overflow upon the lovely wretch, who knew not yet ſhe was ſo.

The wan cheeks, the wild and haggard looks of the Marquis, could not, however, be equally guarded from the obſervation of Sir Edward Arden, who ſaw too plainly ſome deep-ſeated ſorrow in his ſoul, that it was his only employment to hide from his Emily,—the beloved of both. In hours of kindneſs and confidence, when they were alone, Sir Edward often ſought to lead his nephew to a diſcloſure of his grief; but the effort generally produced vague tranſports, threatening either deſpair or madneſs; and glad was the afflicted father to retreat again into ignorance, ſo that he could ſoothe to peace pangs wholly unintelligible.

A love thus ſteeped in tears, is, how-

ever, too trying a ſight for a father. Sir Edward, now again unable to endure a ſtate of total retirement, hinted to Emily that it might be adviſable to return to Naples. She readily conſented, from the idea that the melancholy ſhe perceived yet lurking about the Marquis, and now, ſhe feared, infecting her father, might proceed from the ſacrifice both made of ſociety for her ſake. At Naples ſhe ſhould, at leaſt, feel that they were independent of her; nor would it be neceſſary for her to mix in its gay circles.

Ah! hapleſs Emily, couldſt thou have known the miſery awaiting thee at Naples, to the extremity of the earth wouldſt thou have flown to avoid it!—A few days after her return, the Marchioneſs was perſuaded, by her huſband and father, to drive, in their company, on the Corſo. Before her was an equipage, which they all perceived to be Engliſh,

Engliſh. The ſlow parade of its motion made the ſervants of the Marquis paſs it abruptly; and curioſity, to ſee who of their own country it contained, cauſed all the party to lean forward. A lovely face did the ſame in the other carriage; and with a power, ſcarce inferior to the fabled one of the Gorgon, transfixed, in a manner, a trio, who, at that moment, had not a ſingle thought of Miſs Fitzallen. It was herſelf—that fair fiend, gay, triumphant, elegantly attired, and ſumptuouſly attended. Her face was too ſtrongly impreſſed on Sir Edward's memory, to be miſtaken; to his daughter it was familiar as her own; to the Marquis it was a viſion of guilt and horror. Ah! had either of his companions inſtantaneouſly turned towards him, words would not have been wanting to tell the cauſe of all his ſilent ſtruggles, his embittered enjoyments:—his heart died within him, thus to find his worſt fear verified.

Emily

Emily, ſuddenly recollecting that to the Marquis this fatal face was unknown, turned to account to him for the aſtoniſhment it had excited in herſelf and her father. She ſaw him ſunk lifeleſs and low in the carriage; and ſnatching his hand, found on it the chill of death. Miſs Fitzallen was no more remembered; the whole world vaniſhed from the eyes of the tender wife; and prognoſticating a ſecond attack of the Marquis's fearful fever, ſhe haſtened home to call medical aſſiſtance, and uſe every poſſible precaution. Happily the common methods for alleviating the diſeaſes of the body, are the only ones that can leſſen the anguiſh of the mind. Loſs of blood, abstinence, and ſolitude, miſery requires no leſs than fever. The laſt of theſe preſcriptions gave this unfortunate huſband the painful privilege of ſhutting his door on all the world,—even on his adored Emily. Once more alone, he would have regulated his ideas;

ideas; but thought was chaos. He would perhaps have died, had he not known he muſt alike kill the wife he adored. Alas! he could only rend his hair and groan, till exhauſted nature ſunk to ſtupefaction.

To addreſs with ſupplication the heart baſe enough to lead him on to guilt, the Marquis ſaw, on cooler reflexion, would be a vain attempt; and only ſhew the infamous Miſs Fitzallen the extent of power ſhe had acquired. To threaten, might lead her to aſſert it.—Whence, too, came ſhe? How had ſhe eſcaped the horrors of the earthquake? how acquired the ſplendour with which ſhe was ſurrounded? and under what name and character was ſhe received in ſociety? Ah! where was he to gain ſelf-command and patience enough to purſue theſe enquiries? Yet, if they ſhould ultimately tend to break the tie ſo abhorred, and render Emily happy, was it not his

his duty to ſacrifice every feeling to that great one?

Under this impreſſion, the Marquis again reſolved to diſſemble what was paſſing in his heart; and, by mixing with the gay nobles of the Neapolitan court, trace out the hiſtory of this ſtriking ſtranger. What was his aſtoniſhment, when he returned into that circle, to find that ſhe was no ſtranger there; —that, while he was vainly ſeeking her in the character of Hypolito, without any diſguiſe, and in her own name, Miſs Fitzallen had appeared in Naples, almoſt from the day he left it;—that ſhe was conſidered as a beautiful Iriſh heireſs, enchanting in her manners, and careleſs in her conduct. A woman who dares affect this character, has all the male ſex at once on her ſide. Not an aſſociate of the Marquis who did not profeſs himſelf of her train; yet not one impeached a life, by all conſidered as very equivo-

equivocal. To his other cruel chagrins, the Marquis now added that of knowing, if ſhe once dared to aſſert her marriage, and the laws ſanctioned it, ſhe would bring on him, in her own perſon, indelible infamy; ſince it was ſufficiently obvious ſhe could have no wealth which vice did not procure. Yet ſo well are diſgraceful ſecrets uſually kept, that it might be for ever out of his power to prove the guilt he in a manner witneſſed.—But was it for him to attempt proving guilt on any other human being? Did he not crawl on the earth, the abhorred of his own ſoul, and endure exiſtence but for the ſake of that angel, his adoration alone had ſullied? Such was the beginning, ſuch the end, of the daily, nightly meditations, of the Marquis of Lenox.

Time, however, crept on; and no change in the ſituation of any party occurred. Emily

Emily Fitzallen, occupied with herſelf, her lovers, and her gallantries, ſeemed not to mean any further to annoy the Marquis. Sir Edward, and his daughter, knew not they were to fear, and ſoon became uſed to ſee her. Could the miſerable Lenox have compounded with his own conſcience, he might yet have called his that happineſs, which love, friendſhip, and fortune, in rare union, ſometimes laviſh on humanity. Oh! moſt acute of miſeries, to remember his own hand could alone have poiſoned the cup of felicity!

But it was not the fate of the Marquis long to enjoy even the reſt which doubt now gave. The Duke of Aberdeen had at length ſent over to his daughter-in-law the ſplendid jewels promiſed on her marriage. They were the firſt ſet in the manner, ſince become ſo faſhionable, called tranſparent. Emily's natural delicacy made her decline appearing

pearing at court, as her perſon now ſhewed her ſituation; but theſe beautiful diamonds were ſo much the ſubject of diſcourſe, that the Queen ſent to deſire the Marchioneſs would entruſt them to her jeweller, to alter ſome of her ornaments by. The jewels were committed to his care, and the cauſe of their not being worn by their owner, thus became public. As any trifle will amuſe the great, the jeweller's houſe was immediately the reſort of every lady who had, or thought ſhe had, a right to either jewels or faſhion. Nor was Miſs Fitzallen wanting to her own conſequence on the occaſion. What was the ſtate of the Marquis, when, an hour after her viſit there, this billet was put into his hands.—"Hypolito is charmed with the jewels; in three days' time they muſt be ſent, or you abide the conſequence." The incenſed and haughty ſoul of the Marquis would have abided any conſequence, but for the peculiar, the intereſting,

tereſting, ſituation of his Emily. The mere fact, without the leaſt aggravation, would be death to her: but with the colourings this malignant fiend might give it, madneſs would, perhaps, fore-run ſome tremendous cataſtrophe. After the moſt deſperate ſtruggles with himſelf,—an anguiſh paſt all deſcription,—the wretched Lenox tried to unfold a fabricated tale to Emily; and ſaw, in the alarm that inſtantly ſhook her, what the truth would infallibly have produced in ſo delicate a creature. How ſweet was the relief that glowed on her countenance, when ſhe at laſt wrung from his labouring heart a confeſſion, that he had incurred a debt of honour, beyond the utmoſt amount of the money at his immediate command, nor could payment be delayed. "The jewels alone"—Emily ſuffered him not to conclude the ſentence:—"Take them at once, my love; take any, or all my fortune—Oh! that the whole of

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it could reſtore colour to thoſe bloodleſs cheeks, or peace to that beloved boſom! well indeed then would it be employed:

> " For never ſhould'ſt thou lie by Portia's ſide,
> With an unquiet ſoul."

Who would not have endured a daily martyrdom for ſuch a creature? — Miſs Fitzallen had the jewels ſhe demanded. The only one the gentler Emily wiſhed for, the heart of the Marquis, was wholly her own.

It happened, a ſhort time after, that an Engliſh nobleman gave a *fête* ere he quitted Naples, to which of courſe the Marquis, his lady, and Sir Edward, were invited. The Marquis ſhared not in any pleaſure Emily retired from; and ſhe no longer mixed in company. Sir Edward, either from thinking the abſence of the whole family would be

an affront to their countryman, or a latent taſte for gaieties he was not yet too far advanced in life to enjoy, accepted the invitation; though he joined not the party till late. Among the maſqued dancers, he ſuddenly ſaw one who appeared to him to be adorned with the unworn jewels of the Marchioneſs. Yet this was ſo unlikely, that her father drew near — rather to ſatisfy himſelf they were not the ſame, than from the belief that they were. It was not poſſible to doubt their identity. Neither would the wearer allow hers to be doubted; for, as Sir Edward approached, Miſs Fitzallen took off her maſque, and, holding it careleſsly in her hand, ſurveyed the incenſed father with an exulting malignant ſmile, as though ſhe bade him drink to the dregs the deadly poiſon of conviction.

Almoſt frantic with wrath and indignation, Sir Edward ruſhed from the ball-

room,

room, and in one moment would have rendered the two beings moſt dear to him miſerable for ever, but that their better angel had bade them retire early, and eſcape the ſtorm.

Though the fever of paſſion raged all night in Sir Edward's boſom, reaſon at intervals endeavoured to counteract it. In England, he recollected, it was not unuſual for arrogant people to hire, at an extravagant price, additions to their own diamonds, on occaſions of parade. The ſame cuſtom might prevail at Naples; and the queen's jeweller have availed himſelf of the confidence repoſed in him, to make a temporary advantage of ornaments he knew the owner would not be near to recognize. This was poſſible, and only poſſible; for Sir Edward hardly could perſuade himſelf, that any jeweller would venture to entruſt

diamonds ſo valuable at a maſquerade; or that any perſon would chuſe to hire thoſe ſo ſingular in their taſte, as to prove they could belong only to one lady. There was yet another remote idea came to his relief (for it was death to him to think but for a moment, that her huſband had thus plundered and inſulted his daughter)—Emily herſelf might have been acted upon by this artful mean creature, and have given her now a princely fortune in her diamonds. He remembered her having ſent Miſs Fitzallen, when ſhe ſo inſolently quitted Bellarney, all the jewels ſhe then poſſeſſed (for the bounty had been haughtily and ungratefully returned into his own hands): Emily might not, in the fervour of her feelings, have either taken into view the vaſt difference in the value of the benefaction, nor the diſgrace which muſt reſult either to herſelf, or her lord, in allowing a woman of a character

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at the beſt dubious, publicly to appear in ornaments prepared for, and only ſuitable to, a Ducheſs.

Morning, however, at length came; and though prudence had impoſed preſent ſilence on Sir Edward, he was not the leſs determined to trace to its ſource this extraordinary incident. When an hour of lonelineſs gave him opportunity to try how far his daughter was concerned, he turned, as if accidentally, the converſation on the jewels. Emily bluſhed, ſighed, and ſtrove, by beginning on another ſubject, to wave that. Though this too plainly proved that the jewels were gone, yet, in the painful ſtate of the father's mind, he was obliged rather to wiſh the egregious folly of giving them away might be proved on his daughter, than a cruel doubt remain, that her huſband had been guilty of ingratitude and baſeneſs. Sir Edward was on the point of reproving Emily

for thus unworthily beſtowing the magnificent preſent of the Duke of Aberdeen, when his native pride prevailed; and, not deigning to utter the name of Miſs Fitzallen, his alarmed daughter underſtood all he applied to that baſe woman as referring to the Marquis (for it never occurred to her, that ſhe could be ſuſpected, by a human being, of having given to any creature but her huſband ſuch valuables). She betrayed, without deſigning it, how ſhe had diſpoſed of them; but, ſhocked at the change in Sir Edward's face, extorted a promiſe of ſecreſy from him, by the offer of unreſerved confidence. That promiſe was ſo neceſſary to his learning the whole ſhe could tell him, that her father did not heſitate to comply. She then imparted the ſpecious tale of the Marquis's loſs at the gaming-table, and expreſſed the ſweet relief her heart found in taking from his the diſgraceful weight of a debt of honour. To ſmooth the furrows on

her

her father's brow, Emily ventured to vouch for this debt being ſingle in its kind, and generouſly called on Sir Edward to rejoice that the firſt went to ſuch an extent, as would, in a rational mind, prevent a folly from becoming a habit. Sir Edward, though perhaps not more ſatisfied than at the beginning of the explanation, ſaw ſuch merit and ſoftneſs in Emily's conduct, that he yielded to her entreaties, and promiſed never to mention either the jewels, or the debt of honour, to the Marquis. On his own part, he carefully ſuppreſt the painful knowledge he had thus accidentally acquired; reſolving, by future watchfulneſs to fathom the heart of the Marquis, if the fault lay ſo deep, and to admoniſh him, if it ſhould only influence his conduct.

Time, however, paſt on; and the tender lovers, inſeparable in their pleaſures, gave no cauſe to the moſt watchful parent for diſ-

ſatisfaction. Sir Edward had almoſt forgotten his cauſe of diſtruſt; when, in a moment of hilarity, it not only was revived, but indelibly impreſſed. In a meeting of the diſſolute Neapolitan nobles, with the gay travellers who wander from England, to diſſeminate the bad habits of their own country, and bring home thoſe of all they viſit, Sir Edward found Miſs Fitzallen was ſuddenly becoming the ſubject of very light diſcourſe, which began with her being toaſted by an Italian after the Marchioneſs, and rejected by an Engliſhman, as not a fit aſſociation. The ſprightly ſallies of gallantry and admiration this creature excited in her defenders, would have been ill borne by Sir Edward, had he not taken a ſtrong intereſt in her conduct, from the deſire he ſtill had to learn the means by which ſhe obtained his Emily's jewels. He now began artfully to unbend; and the company with eagerneſs liſtened to authority ſo indubitable, when Sir

Edward

Edward recounted all he knew of her hiſtory: not concluding without an obvious deſire to benefit in turn by their communications, and a marked wonder at the high ſtyle of her eſtabliſhment, when he knew her without any inherited reſources. A laugh, that proved he had ſhewn ignorance where he might have been ſuppoſed to have information, embarraſſed Sir Edward; who, ſtruggling to conceal his anxiety, redoubled his addreſs, fully to develop the truth he almoſt trembled to know. Without heſitation, the thoughtleſs party ſpoke of a variety of lovers as favoured by Miſs Fitzallen, and laviſhing their wealth on her: but the moſt profuſe, they all admitted, was Count Montalvo, who *firſt took her from the Marquis of Lenox*. Sir Edward Arden thought his ſenſes failed him; or rather, that apprehenſion ſhaped into words the workings of his fancy. The converſation, however, was purſued. Thoſe who named the Marquis, rather

rather treated him as one who had formerly followed, than who now paid her homage. Sick, ſick at heart, the fond father ſmiled; though on his lips the ſmile ſtiffened almoſt into a convulſion, that ſtill he might hear: and hear he did. The name of Hypolito at length was mentioned; and the ſtart of Sir Edward ſhewed this, as applied to Miſs Fitzallen, to be a diſcovery. He now was obliged to ſtand their raillery on his own blindneſs, and be told, that almoſt every one around him had diſcovered this favoured youth to be a woman, who had thus diſguiſed herſelf to deceive the uncle, and make the nephew happy.

And now, to the jaundiced ſight of Sir Edward, the whole horrible truth ſtood revealed in its moſt odious colours. In this nephew, ſo beloved, admired, eſteemed, he ſuddenly beheld a man capable of licentiouſneſs and hypocriſy in the firſt inſtance

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—baſeneſs and ingratitude in the laſt. He now could recollect, that the features of this feigned Hypolito had from the firſt ſtruck him as familiar to his eye: ſtill they cauſed no ſuſpicion; confiding, as he did at that time, in the Marquis, and almoſt inſeparable from both. Seeing in the impoſtor the talents, mien, and manners, of a youth, how was it poſſible he ſhould ſurmiſe her ſex? Yet well he remembered, long after the earthquake at Meſſina, the agony of the Marquis when Hypolito was named; and he bitterly reproached himſelf for not reflecting, that the feeling of man for man never produced ſo pungent a pang.

That the Marquis, at Meſſina, either by the calamity, or her own choice, had loſt the worthleſs wanton, was, to the erroneous judgment of Sir Edward, very plain: that he never beſtowed a thought on Emily Arden till that moment, ſeemed equally obvious.

obvious. It is true, when he met, he condeſcended not to hate the gentle creature who lived in his looks: nay, he even deigned to marry her. But no ſooner did the beautiful impoſtor appear, in the new charm of her own ſhape, than ſhe reſumed her full empire over the ungenerous Marquis; and he not only ſacrificed to her his fortune and his honour, but feeling, nay even decency. "And ſuch, then, is the huſband I have a thouſand times implored of heaven for my innocent, my noble-minded Emily!" groaned forth the afflicted father.

One only hope of happineſs remained to them all, in the judgment of Sir Edward, and that was a hope horrible to humanity. A ſingle lover might not be able to attach Miſs Fitzallen; a ſingle fortune certainly could not ſupport her; and if once the Marquis diſcovered the firſt, her reign would be

be over. Sir Edward had bound himſelf to endure the ſcene before him with patience, and he determined he would do ſo; though his ſecret ſoul miſgave him, that the fair fiend, if ſhe ruined not the huſband by her extravagance, would ſooner or later deſtroy the wife by her malice.

The favourite and truſted valet of Sir Edward, knew his maſter too well not to underſtand ſomething of the cares that preyed on his peace. From that domeſtic, Sir Edward had the additional vexation of learning, that every ſervant in the family had, from the firſt, ſuſpected the ſex of the feigned Hypolito; and all concluded that it was a love affair of the young Lord's, his uncle would not ſee. He, too, confirmed the opinion of his maſter, that, in the earthquake at Meſſina, this diſguiſed favourite vaniſhed: and the affliction her lover

long

long ſhewed, proved he believed her among the victims.

By means of his valet, Sir Edward had a ſtrict watch kept on the wanderings of the melancholy Lenox; but, from theſe, no concluſion could malice have drawn againſt him. No being could point out the moment he paſſed not in lonely miſery, ſave thoſe he beguiled in the ſociety of Emily and her father. Yet the latter no longer ſought, ſtill leſs condeſcended, to ſooth him. Each had his own ſad ſecret to guard; and the Marchioneſs became ſoon the only link between two hearts, that once preferred each other to the whole world.

Nor was Emily without a latent fear,—a buried ſorrow. Among her inſipid Italian female viſitants, one had been found capable of ſhocking her with the information of who now poſſeſſed, and diſplayed, thoſe

thoſe rich baubles, that ſeemed to have been ſent only to torment her: and though it was poſſible the winner of the immenſe debt, that the jewels were appropriated to pay, might gratify Miſs Fitzallen with them, it was likewiſe poſſible that the Marquis himſelf might have been the donor. The long abſences which he rendered every day longer, perplexed and afflicted his wife; who, more and more confined from her ſituation, had ample leiſure for conjecture. Had ſhe too ſet a ſpy on the Marquis, well would ſhe have known, that the periods when he no longer gladdened her ſight, were always ſpent by him in the deepeſt ſhade of ſome convent garden, in ſolitude, penitence, groans, and anguiſh.

The days that paſſed rapidly to the fearful Emily, ſeemed to creep to the Marquis; who expected, with more than a lover's impatience, with more than a father's anxiety,

iety, the one which would render her a mother: her recovery would leave him at liberty to haſten to England, and ſatisfy his mind as to the predicament the laws of that country would place him in. By thoſe of Italy, he knew himſelf condemned, unleſs Miſs Fitzallen conſented to prove the marriage incomplete. It was an enquiry too delicate to intruſt to any human being; nor dared he on paper commit himſelf. Every day, every hour, he repeated with what impatience he ſhould haſten, when able, to England; and even Sir Edward, not knowing how to reconcile this lively anxiety to return, with the charm he ſtill fancied Italy contained for the Marquis, now gave him credit for reviving virtue, and now deſpiſed him for conſummate hypocriſy.

Sir Edward foreſeeing how little Emily would like to mix in the Neapolitan ſociety, and quite convinced it was neceſſary, in her con-

condition, to take exercise and amusement, had resolved to surprize her with a useful present. He had, therefore, ere she left the country, employed his grooms to break a set of beautiful Spanish horses; and sent for a light, low, elegant kind of carriage, which ladies often safely drive. The rides round Naples are beautiful, but not contiguous; and thus was the Marchioness to be seduced into exploring them. The sweetly fancied carriage no sooner was seen, than, like her diamonds, it became the object of universal attraction. Miss Fitzallen was among those it captivated;—to admire, and to appropriate, was, with her, the same thing. The success of her first bold demand, ensured her whatever she required of the Marquis; and another peremptory billet from her almost overset his reason. The little equipage in question had not been *his* gift; it had no comparative value; nor could human ingenuity invent a mode of obtaining it

from the generous owner, that would not wound her to the heart. Yet, oh! too ſure the fiend muſt have it. A day and night of exquiſite torture, on the part of the Marquis, announced to Emily another impending affliction; when her tenderneſs wrung from his ſad ſoul an inſincere confeſſion, that he had, in an hour of accidental inebriation, wantonly ſtaked her little favourite carriage and horſes; which having loſt, he found, to his unſpeakable chagrin, no equivalent would be accepted, nor any thing on earth but the ſimple ſtake. The tender Emily liſtened, but it was no longer with an implicit reliance on his honour and veracity. Neither could ſhe find, in this recital, however agitated his manner, that openneſs or probability, by which his actions had been heretofore characterized. Yet it was certain, whatever the cauſe, he greatly deſired the beautiful trifle in queſtion; and it was ſtill her duty, as it had always

always been her pleaſure, to comply with every wiſh of his. She faintly hinted a fear of offending her father; but bade the Marquis honourably acquit himſelf to his inexorable opponent: nor could ſhe account for the burning drops her cheek the next moment imbibed from that of her huſband, as with a long embrace he ſtrained the generous charmer to his heart.

Perhaps rather to pleaſe her father than herſelf, Emily had ſhewn a ſingular delight in this little carriage; and he had felt the delicacy of her gratitude. She now continually made excuſes for ſtaying at home, which Sir Edward ſometimes ſought to over-rule; and, after a time, urged her health as his motive. His daughter became chagrined and embarraſſed. A ſecret conſciouſneſs that ſhe had not wholly relied on the account of the Marquis, as to the diſpoſal of her father's preſent, made her

heſitate to repeat it. She therefore ſlightly anſwered, that the Spaniſh horſes were too ſpirited. Sir Edward was haſtening to talk to the grooms on that ſubject, when his daughter, with increaſing embarraſſment, added, that the alarm ſhe had taken, had made her reſolve to put it out of her own power to riſque ſo dangerous an indulgence in future, by deſiring the Marquis to change the carriage with one of his friends, who was urgent to get ſuch another. The ſimplicity of this account, though he might have thought his little gift too ſlightly valued, would, at another time, have entirely ſatisfied Sir Edward; but, watchful as he was now become, and ſweetly ingenuous as Emily had ever been, it was impoſſible but he muſt perceive that ſhe veiled the fact, if ſhe was too upright to falſify it.

To accord with her father's wiſh, as far as was in her power, the Marchioneſs ordered

dered her coach to be made ready; and, attended by her woman, drove to the Corſo. What a ſpectacle awaited her there! Miſs Fitzallen, in all the inſolence of exultation, ſeated in the beautiful carriage, ſo lately Emily's, was driving the ſame horſes in the Engliſh ſtyle, to the admiration of a ſet of Italian nobles, by whom ſhe was ſurrounded. Hardly could Sir Edward's gentle daughter ſuppoſe even Miſs Fitzallen capable of an outrage ſo groſs: but her woman could not forbear confirming the fact, by an exclamation of diſdain. At that moment the gay, inſulting fiend, perceiving by the livery, who was approaching, made her courſers fly as cloſe as ſhe dared to the coach of the Marchioneſs; who, lifting her tearful eyes to heaven, preſſed her white hands on the heart that had betrayed her peace, in adoring, as ſhe believed, a worthleſs object, and ſunk back in a ſwoon.

The proud career of Miſs Fitzallen was ſomething checked, however, by her meeting, in the way to her hotel, Sir Edward Arden on horſeback. His indignant eye ſuddenly fell from herſelf to the well-known horſes: again it was pointedly raiſed to her face, and again, with contempt and fury, glanced upon the carriage. A look informed him, that the baſe woman who had, through the Marquis, thus poorly plundered his daughter, had not the decency to expunge from her acquiſition, even the arms of Lenox. Sir Edward ſtopped his horſe a moment, as dizzy and ſtupefied; but recovering himſelf, turned the animal round, and was preſently by the ſide of Miſs Fitzallen; who felt not quite eaſy at finding he meant to accompany her. She ſlackened the reins, and ſummoned all her reſolution, when ſhe ſaw him alight at the ſame moment ſhe did, and abruptly follow her into her own hotel. Paſſing into the

firſt

firſt apartment, from a ſomething of fear ſhe could not controul, ſhe threw herſelf into a ſeat; and, with the dauntleſs air ſhe uſually affected, demanded to know to what extraordinary occaſion ſhe was to impute the extraordinary intruſion of Sir Edward Arden. "The intruſion is ſo extraordinary to himſelf," returned that gentleman, "when he conſiders the company he has joined, that he will ſpeak to the point, and ſpare diſcuſſion:—all other feelings are loſt in thoſe of the father. I come not, Madam, to *aſk* aught. I come to *command* you to efface, from the beautiful bauble you have juſt quitted, the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Though he may empower you to deſtroy the peace of his wife, it remains with her father to guard her honour."—"Have a care, Sir Edward," returned the lady, ſuffering all the Fury to glare over her fine features,—"have a care how you venture a *command* to me. If ever your daughter

carries a point in which I am concerned, it muſt be by very different means."—"Weak, inſolent, wanton woman!" cried Sir Edward, with increaſing bitterneſs, "do you miſtake me for the worthleſs young man, over whom you tyrannize with a power ſo abſolute? Do you think it poſſible *I* ſhould ever level his miſtreſs with his wife?"—"Addreſs to your own daughter," retorted the lady with a ſmile of diabolical triumph, "thoſe groſs terms, miſapplied when laviſhed on me. *Command her* to efface from her carriage the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Bid her lay down *my* title; and when you henceforth ſpeak of the miſtreſs of your nephew, think of Emily Arden; when you mention his wife, remember only *me*."

Too powerful was the emotion of Sir Edward's nature at this aſſertion, incredible as the fact appeared, for him to utter a ſingle

ſingle ſyllable.—Miſs Fitzallen, after a pauſe, reſumed—"I can eaſily gueſs how little weight my claim would have, did it depend only on my own word, or your idolized nephew's honour. But I have full, authentic documents, which prove me the wife of the Marquis, months ere he in idle pageant gave that name to your daughter: and here," cried ſhe, opening a locket which hung at her boſom, and taking from it the witneſſed certificate, which ſhe ſpread before the miſerable father's eyes,—"is one irrefragable proof, which will convince even you, that the rite was ſolemn, regular, and valid."

Sir Edward Arden's quick eye, rendered even more quick by diſdain, ſaw (and ſeeing recognized) the hand-writing of Padre Anſelmo; with whom he had once held a literary correſpondence: nor were the names of the witneſſing prieſts unknown to him.

Wrung

Wrung as he was to the laſt gaſp of ſuffering nature, the dignity of his mind did not deſert him. With that lofty obeiſance which is rather a reſpect paid to ourſelves, than the object before us, Sir Edward in ſilence admitted the claim, however inſolently made, and haſtily withdrew: while in his pallid countenance too plainly appeared the deep, the uncontroulable anguiſh of his ſoul.

Nor was it anguiſh alone the inſulted father felt—unconquerable indignation, burning rage, ſtrung every nerve, and the ſtorm burſt only with more dreadful violence for his allowing it to collect with a deceiving ſtillneſs.—Calmly mounting his horſe, he rode home, and there giving it to his groom, returned as uſual to his own apartment.—Having taken thence a pair of piſtols, he always kept in high order, and ready loaded, he reſorted to a convent garden, which his ſpy had informed him was among

among the favourite haunts of the lonely, melancholy Marquis.

Sir Edward was too ſucceſsful in his reſearch.—In the moſt retired ſpot of the ſacred ground, where a deep ſhade extended over a ſainted oratory, thrown at his length, on a ſtone ſeat near the entrance, and loſt in ſad meditation, was the intereſting object of Sir Edward's fury.—There had been a time when ſo to have ſeen his darling nephew would have melted Sir Edward to the weakneſs of childhood.—The waſte of his graceful form was never more viſible. His wild and hollow eyes now ſcanned heaven impatiently, and now ſunk heavily to the ground.—No ſenſe of pleaſure—no flow of youthful vigour, was now to be traced in the unhappy Lenox.—Yet did not his countenance beſpeak the perturbation of guilt. A ſilent, ſullen, impenetrable ſorrow lived there; which, hoping nothing,

thing, demanded nothing: but draining as it were the ſap from the tree, left it without life, though it fell not.

Yet who can wonder, that, in the deep ſenſe of preſent injury and outrage, Sir Edward Arden loſt for a moment the acute ſenſibility, nay even the humanity, of his nature? Fiercely approaching, without deigning a word, he offered to the unfortunate youth, who haſtily ſtarted up on ſeeing his uncle, one of the piſtols, and waved to him haughtily to take his ground. Dear from any other hand would have been the tendered death the Marquis dared not give himſelf; but from his uncle!—the father of his Emily!—He gazed in mute miſery. Taking with the piſtol the hand that held it, in fond agony he kiſſed, he claſped it: it was the hand that had cheriſhed his infancy —the hand that gave him the ſad invaluable bleſſing he knew not even now how to part with.

with. Sir Edward ſnatched it from him with a fury that almoſt threw him backwards. "Coward too are you, as well as villain?" cried he with almoſt inarticulate paſſion. "Double your infamous perjury —ſwear to me that you are not married to Miſs Fitzallen—that you did not deliberately diſhonour"—his native pride would not allow him to finiſh the ſentence. In a tone even yet more choaked, he reſumed, waving with his piſtol the due diſtance to the Marquis, "Take your ground, Sir; keep your guard; worthleſs as you are, I would not be your murderer."

The Marquis had ariſen, and a faint fluſh, at the perſonal inſult of his uncle, gave a wild indignant charm to his natural beauty: but he ſpoke not—moved not—nor, though he held the piſtol, did he lift it. Sir Edward obſerved him no more; but, conforming to the modes of duels, retreated pro-

properly, and turning, impetuouſly fired,—alas! with but too ſure an aim. In one moment he beheld his nephew in the agonies of death. Paſſion expired—human reſentment and injury were at once forgotten—and he who killed the wretched young man, hung lamenting over him, even like a fond father ſome unforeſeen ſtroke had rendered childleſs. The Marquis perhaps accelerated his own fate, by a fruitleſs effort he again made to ſeize and kiſs his uncle's hand. With a dreadful ſtruggle, he at length found voice to cry, "Fly, ſave yourſelf.—Oh God! ſave Emily: leave me to"—life now flitted from him, and Sir Edward remained a monument of horror.

And it is thus we daily arrogate to ourſelves the bloody right of adding crime to crime, and call it honour—juſtice! an impious law, by which proud man lives to himſelf alone, and defies his maker!

In

In the Neapolitan government, as well as many other Italian ones, juſtice is lame as well as blind; and he muſt be a lagging criminal indeed, who cannot eſcape ſo tardy a purſuer. Hot and impetuous ſpirits have therefore often preſumed to right themſelves, and perſonal vengeance is become an almoſt licenſed evil in civil ſociety. The ſafety of Sir Edward was not endangered, he well knew, by a duel; but the ſpot on which it had taken place was hallowed: he could not, as a proteſtant, claim ſanctuary with the monks, therefore knew himſelf liable to be ſeized for ſacrilege. In the ſituation of Emily this would be conſummate ruin; and for her ſake only did he think it neceſſary to guard himſelf from being ſtopt in retreating from the garden. The loaded piſtol would enable him to command his freedom; and, approaching again the lifeleſs body of his nephew, he took it from his hand, dropping the fatal one he had

had himſelf fired. What cruel pangs ſeized on his heart, as, kneeling, he fondly gazed on the wan face of the Marquis, and groaned forth the name of his ſiſter! Each feature ſeemed moulded by death to a yet ſtricter reſemblance of thoſe long buried in the grave.—Again Sir Edward returned; again he wept; again he ſmote his breaſt; and willingly would he have laid down his own life, to reſtore that he had ſo raſhly taken.

It happened, the part of the convent-ground the Marquis had fallen in, was at certain hours open to all viſitants; nor did Sir Edward, either at entering or retiring, meet a ſingle being. Not daring to riſque one look from his widowed daughter, he retreated to an hotel, and ſent for his valet; a rational man, in middle life, on whoſe conduct and fidelity he could fully rely. Having haſtily and imperfectly imparted to this truſty domeſtic the fatal fact, he bade

him

him think, if poſſible, how it could be for a time concealed from the unfortunate Emily; and how ſhe could be wrought upon to remove from the terrible ſcene of her huſband's death, ere ſhe knew ſhe had loſt him.

Sir Edward's valet, who had long ſeen ſome heavy evil brooding in the three boſoms, was leſs ſurprized than ſhocked at the preſent one. After pauſing a moment, he called to Sir Edward's recollection, that in the bay, lay prepared, by the orders of the Marquis, for a little voyage to the neighbouring iſles, a ſmall pleaſure-bark, that nobleman had purchaſed. This might in a few hours be ready to put to ſea, and was the only way a lady in the condition of the Marchioneſs could venture to travel, as well as a ſecure mode of avoiding either following couriers, or accidental intelligence. He would immediately wait on her, and by a partial communication of the truth, prevent

her from a more close enquiry. She would easily, he thought, be persuaded to embark, if assured her husband and father had both been engaged in a duel, in consequence of which, though unwounded, they had been obliged to fly. In the interim, he promised to keep so strict a guard at home, that no alarm should reach the ear of the Marchioness, till she was again in her father's protection: but not as easy for his master's safety, as Sir Edward himself was, he exhorted him to mount his horse; and, posting through the Neapolitan dominions, make the utmost speed to gain those of the Pope.

The distracted state of Sir Edward's mind caused him at once to acquiesce in minute arrangements he had hardly power to comprehend, much less make. His horses were soon ready; and, as motion seems always a temporary relief to an overcharged soul, he involuntarily complied with the

advice

advice of his faithful domeſtic, in haſtening towards Rome, which he reached without attracting any obſervation.

The faithful valet of Sir Edward felt all the weight of the charge he had undertaken, when he learnt that the Marchioneſs had been brought home from the Corſo in fits, and was now ſhut up in her chamber. From her woman, however, he heard not any thing that implied a knowledge of the truth; and, having diſpatched orders to the mariners to be ready to ſail in two hours, he imparted to the ſervants Sir Edward's directions to get immediately together whatever might be neceſſary for their lady's accommodation, when ſhe ſhould be ready to go on board. While this was doing, he underwent the moſt painful apprehenſion, leſt the body of the unfortunate Marquis ſhould be brought home for interment, with the rude train of an unfeeling mob.

The hours, however, paſſed on, and nothing alarming occurred. In the abrupt and broken manner Sir Edward had ſpoken of the rencounter, the place where it had happened had not tranſpired; nor dared the prudent valet riſque any enquiry, leſt he ſhould ſhew prior information.

The bark was now ready; and the ſervants, having made due preparations, Sir Edward's valet deſired to be admitted to Emily, whom he found lying on the bed, weak, dejected, and tearful: but ſhe in a moment ſprung haſtily from it, on being told her huſband and father were obliged to fly, and implored her to haſten after them. The ſad circumſtances ſhe was in, ſo much to others the object of conſideration, as to detain the whole family for months at Naples, vaniſhed at once from the mind of the impaſſioned wife—the affectionate daughter. Ah! could an unborn child engroſs

groſs a thought, when the life of the father was in queſtion?

The bark of the Marquis was only one of a number the nobles of Naples keep in the bay for parties of pleaſure; and thoſe who ſaw Emily carried into it, annexed no idea to her departure but that of amuſement: and indeed the ſeaſon was ſo favourable, and the ſhore ſo lovely, that this was a very natural concluſion.

The widowed intereſting Emily, as yet unconſcious of her own misfortune, was no ſooner off the ſhore of Naples, than a ſudden lightneſs ſeized her heart. Its tormentor was left behind, and ſurely would not venture to purſue the Marquis, to whom ſhe fondly ſuppoſed herſelf haſtening. The duel, ſhe immediately concluded to have been between the Count Montalvo and her huſband; the

former being known as the favoured lover of Miſs Fitzallen, and the latter but too probably as his rival. She queſtioned the valet of Sir Edward: but he, who really was informed of very little, would not repeat that little, and only inſiſted, that he knew Sir Edward and the Marquis had been together.

Ah! if they were indeed ſo, and in harmony with each other, might not this rencounter have the happieſt conſequences, in removing from the eyes of the Marquis that film an illicit love had ſpread over them? With what facility does the heart adopt every idea that favours its feelings! The fancy of Emily now ſweetly pictured her huſband returning to her in confidence and love. She ſaw his amiable penitence — ſhe heard his vows of future unalienable faith — ſhe enjoyed the fond delight ſhe ſhould find in forgiving his errors, the endeared charm ſhe might obtain in his eyes,

by

by forgetting them. The moſt balmy ſlumbers followed contemplations ſo innocent and affectionate; and, when the Marchioneſs awaked in the morning, ſhe found herſelf in better health and ſpirits than ſhe had known for a long time.

The little voyage was, by the management of Sir Edward's valet, ingeniouſly prolonged, though the Marchioneſs knew it not, that his maſter might have time to prepare for her reception at Freſcati, where Sir Edward had ſome time ſince procured a villa, as an occaſional reſidence for himſelf, to which it had been ſettled his hapleſs daughter ſhould be conveyed. When the agreed time had elapſed, the bark put in at Cività Vecchia, where a litter, with ſome domeſtics of Sir Edward's, was in waiting. The intereſting Marchioneſs, ſupported by the energies of mind, againſt the weakneſs of ſex and ſituation, loſt not a moment in reſt

at the port, but haſtened to Freſcati; impelled by a generous hope ſhe was not permitted to realize, that ſhe ſhould ſpeak peace and conſolation to one, or both, of thoſe waiting for her.

Like a worn wretch, who had never known quiet or reſt ſince ſhe ſaw him laſt, ſtood at the gate to receive her Sir Edward Arden: but, dear as he was, her heart demanded one yet dearer; and ſhe caſt her eyes anxiouſly round the ſaloon into which her father led her, in impatient ſilence. The ſwell of pride, grief had a little allayed in her abſence, burſt out in all its force, when Sir Edward caſt his eyes on his diſhonoured child, ready to bring into the world a memento of perpetuated ignominy. All other conſiderations vaniſhed from his mind; and, when Emily, in faltering accents, demanded her huſband, the indiſcreet indignant father claſped her in his arms,

and,

and, in a haughty tone, exclaimed—"Unhappy girl, you have no huſband; you never had one; the wretch, who, under that name, diſhonoured you, was already married to Miſs Fitzallen: but he has expiated his crimes againſt us both with his life." Emily, who had made a violent effort to ſuſtain herſelf, leſt the truth ſhould not be allowed to reach her ear, at theſe words with almoſt ſupernatural ſtrength ſprang from her father's arms, and, turning on him a look of mute repulſive horror, ſtaggered to a couch, and throwing herſelf on her face, ſhut out with recollection, for a time, the deep ſenſe of incurable anguiſh,—utter deſpair.

Sir Edward, ſenſible too late that he had riſqued, by this abrupt avowal, incurring a ſecond misfortune, not inferior in magnitude to that he was lamenting, ſummoned her women to Emily, and warned them to be

tender

tender and careful of her. Long, long was it ere they could recall her to life—Ah! what was life to Emily?

" Why ſhould ſhe ſtrive to catch convulſive breath,
" Why know the pang, and not the peace of death?"

Exiſtence was perhaps only prolonged in her, by the agonizing effort nature obliged her to make to beſtow it. After a few hours of acute ſuffering, the nurſes put into the arms of the exhauſted widowed mother, a poor little girl.—By what fine working of the human ſoul is it, that we ſometimes extract rapture from agony, and ſweetneſs from ſhame? The firſt cry of the infant was a claim on the mother's affections, which time could never weaken; and, under all the ſad circumſtances attending her birth, Emily was proud to hold in her arms a daughter of the Marquis of Lenox.

Far

Far otherwiſe were the feelings of Sir Edward; nature made him wiſh to preſerve his daughter; but in the bottom of his wounded heart lived a faint hope that the child of ſo many ſorrows would not ſurvive, a grievous record of them. The joy which the arrival, and promiſe of continued life in the little ſtranger, gave to his domeſtics, ſhocked and offended him; nor did he leſs offend or ſhock all the females of his family, by peremptorily refuſing to ſee the infant, and forbidding them to ſpeak of it, unleſs an enquiry came from him.

Torn as Sir Edward was by grief and remorſe, his pride ſtill prompted him to guard againſt the perſecuting fiend, whoſe machinations, any more than her rights, might not end with the life of the Marquis. But the paſſions of powerful minds take ſo high a tone from the underſtanding, that it is not eaſy for common obſervers to diſcriminate between

between their faults and their virtues. Actuated by that dignified pride, which, daring to humble itſelf to the duſt, leaves the mean, or malignant, without any power of humbling it at all, Sir Edward Arden immediately reſolved that his daughter ſhould not appropriate aught, any human being had a right to take from her. Calling therefore together her domeſtics, and his own, he ordered the former to throw off the liveries of the Marquis of Lenox, and expunge his arms from her carriages; concluding with a ſtern command to the aſtoniſhed circle, never more to mention the name of his nephew in his hearing, or call his daughter by any other than that he himſelf bore. His tone ſhewed he would be obeyed: and he was ſo.

This grievous effort being made to provide againſt the future attacks of the infamous Miſs Fitzallen, Sir Edward reſolved never

never more, if poſſible, to ſee, certainly never more to exchange a ſyllable with her, whatever ſteps either to ſooth, or exaſperate him, or his daughter, ſhe might hereafter take.

The moroſe humour in which Sir Edward had long been, the ſolitary life he now affected, co-operated with this ſingular and ſevere command, to give the ſervants an idea that his ſenſes were touched by the death of the Marquis; which the daily, nightly lamentations of the miſerable Emily, had circulated in the family. It was whiſpered, univerſally, that the unfortunate youth had ended his own days; which, though it occaſioned much ſorrow among the domeſtics, gave them little ſurprize. In fact, they had long apprehended his waſting health, and deep melancholy, would have that termination.

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This idea was now no leſs general at Rome; and Sir Edward found, to his own aſtoniſhment, that the tremendous ſecret of who ended the life of the Marquis, was confined to his own breaſt, and that of the valet, to whom he had himſelf confided it.

Cardinal Albertini, a prelate of the firſt rank and merit at Rome, who had long been in habits of particular friendſhip with Sir Edward, and who much admired and eſteemed the Marquis, now, with ſympathetic tenderneſs, conveyed to the former the regular account of the melancholy fate of his nephew, as tranſmitted to the holy college by the ſuperior of the convent, where the body had been found. It expreſſed, without any doubt, that the unknown young man muſt have been his own executioner, as only one piſtol had been found lying by him; and two balls, which were lodged in his ſide,

had

had been indiſputably diſcharged from that piſtol.

Sir Edward now remembered, with mute horror, having taken from the lifeleſs hand of his nephew the loaded piſtol; though, in ſo doing, he only ſought to ſecure his own departure from the convent, not to veil his guilt.

He reſumed the letter. The fathers of the convent were ignorant of Engliſh; and all the letters and papers found on the body, were unfortunately in that language. The diſgrace of having had their holy precincts ſtained with blood, made them ſo cautious who they called in as a tranſlator, that ſome time paſt ere they could be ſure the miſerable victim of his own raſhneſs was identically the Marquis of Lenox. A faithful brother was then diſpatched in ſearch of his worthy uncle, Sir Edward

Edward Arden; but through a ſingular and unlucky chance, he was juſt gone by ſea, with his daughter, on a party of pleaſure to Freſcati. The melancholy duty of interment admitting, as muſt be obvious, no delay, the Marquis was buried with the utmoſt privacy, and the whole as yet kept a ſecret in Naples. It was now ſubmitted to the Holy Father of the church, to judge of their proceedings; and give ſuch inſtructions for informing the young nobleman's relations, as he in his piety and wiſdom ſhould ſee fit.

So extraordinary a circumſtance as that of having, by mere accident, eſcaped the odious ſtigma attending a duel with his nephew, was matter of perpetual aſtoniſhment to Sir Edward. But it is not in the ſecreſy of its fault, a noble mind finds any mitigation of ſuffering: the ſpecious palliations, the extenuating pleas, ſelf-love boldly urges

urges againſt the cenſures of the world, an ingenuous nature dares not bring before the ſecret tribunal of conſcience, where man ſits ſole judge of his own actions on this ſide of the grave. At that awful tribunal, Sir Edward Arden every day, every hour, pronounced his own condemnation; and the image of his bleeding, dying nephew, fondly ſtriving to claſp the unrelenting hand which had ſtruck at his life, was forever preſent to his eyes.

Ah! how is it that our deep ſenſe of a paſt fault, prevents not the commiſſion of a new one? Had compunction operated to amendment, Sir Edward would, with endeared fondneſs, have ſoothed the daughter he had widowed, and have kept in his "heart of hearts" the babe he had made fatherleſs. But his nature was unequal to ſorrowing for more than one object; and, while he lamented the dead without ceaſing,

he ſhunned, nay almoſt hated, the innocent cauſes of his crime.

That Emily ſhould ſhrink from her father's ſight, was, in her weak and melancholy ſituation, too natural. The little ſenſibility he had ſhewn for her, in abruptly diſcloſing her loſs, with its mortifying and calamitous occaſion, was never abſent from her mind. The harſh and cruel ſound of his fine-toned voice, when pronouncing, "*you have no huſband—you never had one*" — rang like the knell of death for ever in her ears; nor did her ignorant attendants leave her unacquainted with the humiliating command Sir Edward had given, that ſhe ſhould be called in future Miſs Arden only: thus marking with opprobrium the infant that once was to inherit the higheſt hopes,—ſuperior rank, —immenſe fortunes. When life had thus loſt every charm to the widowed Emily, the

the recollection, that in the grave ſhe ſhould eſcape from the authority of this ſevere father,—that the killing tone of his voice could no more wither there her heart,—that ſhe ſhould, at laſt, ſleep in peace with the Marquis of Lenox,—made that cold retreat, human nature commonly ſhrinks from, to her a dear and deſirable aſylum. To the poor infant, when the nurſes put it into her arms, Emily would fondly whiſper,—"Thou, my beloved innocent, wilt grow up, as thy mother never did, under that ſevere eye, which will, perhaps, deign to beam tenderneſs on thee, when I can offend no more. Thou wilt not ſhudder at the ſound of that deciſive voice; for the deſtruction of thy happineſs it may never announce: thou art among the few, the very few, to whom the loſs of parents is ultimately a bleſſing."

Feelings and lamentations like theſe might well, in the reduced ſtate of Sir Ed-

ward's daughter, urge on the fate ſhe implored. A ſlow fever ſeized her, and firſt robbed the babe of its natural nouriſhment; finally leaving the mother hardly power to receive any to recruit her ſtrength. Dr. Dalton began to be alarmed, and apprized Sir Edward of the precarious ſtate he thought the lady in. Her father ſtarted, as from a dream, and almoſt envied the fate ſhe was threatened with. The danger increaſed; and as Sir Edward was one day gloomily ruminating on its probable termination, he ſuddenly recollected, that in the ſingular predicament his daughter was placed in, by this diſputable marriage, her child's right to the immenſe inheritance veſted in herſelf, might one day be conteſted, perhaps with ſucceſs, by the remote heirs of the Bellarney family; unleſs, as Emily was turned of twenty-one, ſhe made a will, clear and unequivocal, in favour of her daughter. To ſuggeſt ſo mortifying, as well

well as alarming a meaſure, to a young creature on the verge of the grave, required all the firmneſs of Sir Edward: but he calculated his own feelings at ſo high a rate, as to fancy he impoſed on himſelf, in ſeeing the mother and a child he abhorred, and diſcuſſing this odious and painful neceſſity, a ſuffering quite equal to that of Emily.

If to ſee his daughter was an effort to Sir Edward, the receiving his viſit was almoſt death to Emily: ſhe no ſooner heard the ſound of his feet at the chamber door, than ſhe ſhrunk into the arms of her attendants, and fell into fainting fits. The horrible remembrance of his laſt abrupt diſcloſure, made, however, all he could now ſay, more trying in the apprehenſion than reality. It might be too true, that the unhappy child, were her legitimacy undiſputed, could not inherit the entailed eſtates of the Lenox family; Sir

Edward himſelf had only a competence to give. The fortune of Emily alone could be rendered its ample proviſion; and to prevent future law-ſuits with her heirs on the maternal ſide, ſhe muſt, Sir Edward ſaid, by will ſecure all her property to the infant;

The tender mother, and obedient daughter, gave no other reply to her father's diſcourſe, than that ſhe ſubmitted to his judgment the right and proper, and ſhould fulfil this laſt duty to him and to her child, whenever he ſhould command her.

But what a trying duty did it prove to the poor Emily, when the moment came for her to hear read, in the preſence of the neceſſary witneſſes, this legal inſtrument. Conſcious, through the whole term of her exiſtence, only of generous tenderneſs, of hallowed obedience, of every pure and virtuous feeling, that ſoftens or elevates

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humanity, the innocent daughter of Sir Edward, the wife of the Marquis of Lenox, was obliged to hear herſelf ignominiouſly recorded as Emily Arden; and the fatherleſs babe at her boſom, not allowed to derive even a name from the noble family of her huſband, alike termed Emily Arden, as the only mode of ſecuring it from poverty. Nor was Sir Edward's proud and embittered ſpirit leſs overwhelmed; he ſeemed almoſt frantic.

The ſweet ſaint, who was the more immediate ſufferer, with pale compoſure deſired to be lifted and ſupported in her bed; and bending ſolemnly over her child, raiſed her white hands awhile in earneſt, though ſilent ſupplication to heaven; then meekly kiſſed and bleſſed the ſmiling cherub — "Dear child of misfortune, memento of miſery," ſighed ſhe, "become not its ſad inheritor. Be the pangs of thy father,

the anguiſh of thy mother, in the ſight of God, ſweet babe, a merit to thee! and, through his mercy, whatever name the pride of man may give or take from thee, may'ſt thou ripen into a bleſſing to all who cheriſh thy little being, an honour to him who beſtowed it!"—Emily then ſigned the memorable will; and duly delivering it, inclined towards her kneeling father with touching dignity, as bending for his bleſſing; and finding it in his ſobs, turned in ſilence, and waved thence all the ſpectators; as though her life had been cloſed by this act of Chriſtian grace and ſad ſubmiſſion.

That lively remembrance of the paſt, which made Sir Edward Arden's days a burden to him, recurred with additional force after this ſevere trial of his feelings. He found that he was of no comfort to his unhappy daughter; and he felt ſhe was a cauſtic to the wound ever bleeding in his heart.

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He therefore changed the ſcene awhile, and ſought, by mixing in the lettered circles of Rome, to diverſify his thoughts which, in ſolitude, dwelt ever on a ſingle object.

Among the grievous and odious neceſſities of Sir Edward's ſituation, had been that of giving information to the Duke of Aberdeen, of his ſon's early, and dreadful cataſtrophe.—Unwilling to avow the guilt he was aſhamed to conceal, he had forborne addreſſing the childleſs duke, till Cardinal Albertini ſent to him the ſimple record of the Neapolitan monks.—A copy of this he could remit, and not implicate himſelf, and in his own narration he only included the account of the Marquis's fixed attachment to Miſs Fitzallen, and the groſs inſults that followed towards his wife;—the arrogant aſſertion by that worthleſs woman of her legal rights, and his carrying from Naples his daughter in conſequence

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of this diſcovery.—He concluded with, in bitterneſs of ſoul, deſcribing the decided manner in which he had obliged his daughter to recede from a diſgraceful conteſt, by laying down the title of the Marquis; and called upon the Duke to bewail with him the birth of a grand-daughter, who could only be a grievous memento to both, of the crime of the father, and the misfortune of the mother.

It is ever in the power of virtuous and enlightened minds to pour balm into the deep wounds of human calamity.—Sir Edward Arden's friends at Rome well knew the heavy viſitations in his own family, that ſhook his character, and preyed upon his peace: all, with unremitting kindneſs, aſſimilated themſelves in his ſorrows, till inſenſibly their ſeverity abated. —The venerable Cardinal Albertini particularly ſympathized with him, and hardly

more

more for his own ſake than his nephew's. The ſweetneſs of temper, elegance of manners, and frankneſs of heart, that always characterized the Marquis of Lenox, cauſed him to leave an impreſſion on the minds of thoſe to whom he was known, not common for young noblemen of his age to make, when on their travels.—It was therefore ſenſibility, and not curioſity, which actuated the Cardinal, to learn if poſſible from Sir Edward, the unknown cauſe of that deep deſpair, which had, in the young man, ſo fatal a termination, as that deſcribed by the Neapolitan monks' memorial.

There are moments when the ſurcharged heart cannot reſiſt the ſecret workings of unmerited kindneſs.—In one of theſe the afflicted father diſcloſed all of the tale, but the ſad truth that his hand had ſhortened the days of his nephew.—He amplified on the joy he took

took in the birth of the Marquis — on the love he had ever borne him — deſcribed the mortal chagrin his nephew's coldneſs towards the bride propoſed to him, in his own daughter, had often given him; and paſſing from thence to the hiſtory of Emily, deſcribed her innocent predilection, her ſucceſsful little romance, and the peace all were in, when he, and his nephew, quitted England.—Sir Edward now came upon the impoſture of Miſs Fitzallen, and the fatal ſucceſs of the diabolical artifice. — But it was not poſſible for him to trace the infamous means by which ſhe had kept her hold on the Marquis, and urged him to injure, and inſult, that amiable creature whoſe honour ſhe had at laſt ſullied, by claiming the Marquis as her huſband, and whoſe days ſhe would as certainly ſhorten in having cauſed ſo horrible a cataſtrophe.

Hardly could a ſtoic have heard a father tell

tell his own ſad ſtory thus impreſſively, without emotion: the venerable Cardinal was all ſympathy and ſorrow. The affecting pauſe was at length broken by that prelate's enquiring, in what manner Sir Edward had been aſſured of the prior marriage? When told, again he pauſed: Padre Anſelmo, of Meſſina, was not unknown, either as a lettered or a pious man, in Rome; and the Cardinal was ſtruck with chagrin to learn that he had been the officiating prieſt at the fatal ceremonial. Another long ſilence followed—again broken by the Cardinal, who, in a more animated manner, enquired of Sir Edward if he was ſure that prieſt ſurvived the earthquake? It was a thought that had never occurred to the paſſionate father: yet, oh! how comprehenſive was the poſſibility!—the Marquis again lay bleeding at his feet,—killed without cauſe, perhaps; and his knees knocked together. The Cardinal, ſeeing in his agitation

tation only anxiety, and wholly unſuſpicious of his ſelf-accuſation, aſſured Sir Edward that there were records in the College of all who had periſhed in the convulſions of nature in Sicily; and he had a wandering recollection of having ſeen Padre Anſelmo numbered among thoſe ſwallowed up; but he would be aſſured on this point ere they met again. The wary prelate took the further freedom of adviſing Sir Edward to be very guarded as to any ſtep he might take reſpecting his daughter's nuptials, and the conſequent claims of the Marquis's child by her; ſince it appeared to him almoſt impoſſible for the baſe Miſs Fitzallen to authenticate her marriage; and nothing but her doing that in the cleareſt and moſt unequivocal manner could affect the rights of a lady of the Marquis's own rank in life, regularly united to him in all the rights of his and her own country, in the preſence of her father, and with the full ſanction of his.

And

And now, what became of Sir Edward, who ſaw, that, had he adviſed with one calm, rational, affectionate friend, he might perhaps have eſcaped whole years of anguiſh, and a life of conſcious guilt? Now, that he might be able to endure his own exiſtence, he almoſt wiſhed all enquiry on the painful ſubject ſtopt. It was ſome mitigation of miſery and horror to believe the Marquis the firſt criminal. Ah! what would become of the wretched father, if he ſhould be obliged to know himſelf the only one?

The beneficent Cardinal knew how to ſympathize in ſorrows he had never perſonally felt; and ſaw, in the fair unfortunate Marchioneſs of Lenox, a motive that quickened his diligence. The next day he haſtened to confirm to Sir Edward the ſuppoſition he had formed. Padre Anſelmo, with moſt of the fraternity, *had* been ſwallowed up with the great church, or buried

in

in its ruins: and, to all human probability, even if the rite of marriage had been regularly performed between the Marquis and Miſs Fitzallen, it was now become impoſſible for her to eſtabliſh any claim to his name or fortune; nor would the church of Rome recognize or ſupport the aſſumptions of a worthleſs woman, only becauſe ſhe called herſelf a member of it, againſt honour, juſtice, and the rights of an infant, born, as it was obvious, either to diſgrace, or to all that gives diſtinction in ſociety.

The wildeſt frenzy of ſoul preyed in ſilence, as his friend ſpoke, on Sir Edward Arden: he—he himſelf then had eventually, as it appeared, become but the moſt deciſive implement of Emily Fitzallen's vengeance; and had killed his nephew, and defamed his only child, merely to accompliſh thoſe views ſhe never, without the aid of his blind paſſions, could have accompliſhed.

He

He was rouzed from this horrible contemplation on the ruin he had ſurrounded himſelf with, by the Cardinal's propoſing to viſit Freſcati, and comfort the youthful mourner with the information that neither ſhe, nor her daughter, need ſhrink from that world where their rights were yet unqueſtionable. But here, again, by an error of judgment, Sir Edward interfered. He repreſented Emily, as ſhe really was, in a very weak ſtate — reconciled to her fate and the will of God, in its preſent form: but, as the diſcovery now made carried not conviction till confirmed by cautious enquiry, to awaken a hope, or quicken a pang in her boſom, might only tend to ſhorten the days his benevolent friend wiſhed to make long, and peaceful. On the contrary, he thought it highly adviſable, that they ſhould both remain profoundly ſilent on the painful but important ſubject, for the preſent: while he, who had no uſe for life but to ſerve or ſave his daughter,

would immediately embark for Meſſina; where, by every enquiry ingenuity could deviſe, both among the monks, and the domeſtics of Count Montalvo, he would inform himſelf of ſuch particulars as ſhould aſcertain the future rights of Emily and her infant, and prepare him to cope with the vindictive fiend he daily expected again to encounter.

The Cardinal aſſured him Rome was not the place Miſs Fitzallen would be likely to chuſe for the ſcene of another exploit: ſince the eſtimation Sir Edward was held in among the firſt circle of learned men there, and the rank and merit of his unfortunate daughter, would make it more probable that ſhe ſhould be ſhut up in a dungeon as a licentious woman, than ſanctioned in bringing forward any claim to the name or fortune of the Marquis, were ſhe daring enough to announce that intention. The voyage of

Sir

Sir Edward his venerable friend, however, approved; as well as the reaſons he aſſigned for not communicating to the Marchioneſs the apparent proſpect of her re-aſſuming rights ſo dear to herſelf, ſo important to her child. —Alas! this was the reaſoning of man, and man only would thus have reaſoned! The tender heart of woman would have told her, the bleeding one of a lover might break, while cool calculations of the future were thus making.

Sir Edward, on returning to Freſcati, found the mourner ſtill inviſible from debility—an alien ſtill to comfort. Dr. Dalton, however, aſſured him, that the ſymptoms of preſent danger had diſappeared, and it was poſſible ſhe might recover. This news enabled the anxious father to prepare for his voyage with leſs reluctance. In the projected enquiry was comprehended a hope ſoothing to his pride on Emily's account,

though killing to his peace on his own. Yet, at whatever coſt to himſelf, he felt it his duty to inveſt her again, if he had a conviction of no prior claim that could be eſtabliſhed, with the title he had ſo madly robbed her of. That once done, he intended immediately to ſet out with his whole family for England; where, placing Emily under the Duke of Aberdeen's protection, as the Marquis's widow; and, having ſeen her child acknowledged as the heireſs of both, he fully purpoſed to leave them; and, returning to Naples, expiate his ſin, by mourning eternally on the grave of the Marquis.

The bark that had conveyed the Marchioneſs to Cività Vecchia was ſtill lying there, and ſoon made ready to ſail with Sir Edward Arden to Meſſina. Ah! could he have known how ineffectual the enquiries made by his unfortunate nephew on the

the ſame occaſion had proved, never would he have viſited the ſcene where all his miſeries originated.

In ſailing near the beautiful ſhore of Naples, the ſelf-reproaching Sir Edward was ſtrongly tempted to land; and, on the ſpot where he had left the victim of his wrath, the beloved ſon of his beloved ſiſter, weltering in his blood, to pour forth vain lamentations — eternal compunction: — but he conquered the impulſe, reſolving firſt to fulfil every duty to the living; when his embittered ſoul told him he ſhould conſecrate all his future exiſtence to bewailing the dead.

It ſeemed as if the air Sir Edward had breathed, had conveyed poiſon and death to his miſerable daughter; for, from the day he quitted Freſcati, her fever decreaſed. Emaciated, and dejected, ſhe ſtill continued;

but her complaints no longer threatened to undermine her exiſtence. With the dear increaſing fondneſs of a mother, ſhe watched over the laſt memorial of a huſband ſhe ſtill adored; and the cares neceſſary for her own preſervation, ſhe could only be prevailed upon to take, by its being urged to her, that they were eſſential to the welfare of her daughter.

The villa ſhe inhabited was not large, but the grounds and gardens belonging to it encloſed variety of natural beauty, together with marble fragments of ſome vaniſhed but memorable building, once ſeated on nearly the ſame ſpot. Theſe gardens were in a neglected diſordered ſtate, but abounded with the rich and beautiful plants natural to the ſoil, and cheriſhed by the ſoftneſs of the climate. In this ſolitary domain Emily ſuddenly found herſelf ſole ſovereign, and explored its limits with a melan-

melancholy pleaſure the grand contention of glowing nature with majeſtic yet moulder-ing art, never fails to produce in a reflect-ing mind. The myrtles, vigorouſly emerg-ing between narrow lines of fallen columns, and ſhedding their uncheriſhed bloſſoms over the periſhing works of man, brought home a thouſand ſad monumental ideas to the ſick heart of Emily, and made it ſome-times pauſe upon its ſorrows. Amid this ſplendid wilderneſs, thoſe ſorrows acquired an influence doubly dangerous, as they now kindled into romance.

In the deepeſt ſhades, and by the cooling fountains the gardens abounded with, an-tique ſtatues, ſaved from the ruins ſtill ſcat-tered around, were fancifully diſpoſed; ſome of which were invaluable for the deſign, no leſs than the execution. There is ſome-thing in ſculpture inconceivably touching to the ſoul of ſenſibility, when deeply impreſſed

with ſorrow. The almoſt breathing ſtatue, uniting the chilling effect of death, with all the energetic graces of life, diffuſes a fearful holy kind of delight, that, by a charm incomprehenſible to ourſelves, blends the diſtinct feelings peculiar to each ſtate, dilates our nature, and lifts the admiring ſoul beyond the narrow bound of mortal breath, and mere exiſtence.

Theſe ſaddening contemplations aided the tender workings of Emily's heart, where ſtill the Marquis reigned, though he lived no longer. Fancy, at intervals, almoſt gave motion to ſolidity, body to ideal objects. It is only thoſe who have loved, and loved even unto death, that find a freezing pleaſure in calling for ever the mouldering tenant of the tomb before them: and when the painfully rational conſciouſneſs that he can no more reviſit earth will obtrude, it is ſuch only who "turn their eyes inward, and behold

hold him there."—No fear finds place where perfect love has been; and, once more to behold her Edward, was, in the depth of midnight, no leſs than the blaze of noon, at every hour, and in every place, the wiſh, the prayer, the ſole deſire of Emily.

From loathing Italy, and, above all, Freſcati, the wild and ſublime melancholy that had now ſeized on Emily, made her partial to both. "Let my father return to England by himſelf," cried ſhe often to her own heart, while ſhe wandered: "here remains all left of my Edward. The world has ſtill ſomething for the proud mind of my father; for me it has nothing but the child of my Lenox, and his aſhes. Here, then, will I fix my abode, and paſs my days in lamenting my love; till, ſinking into his grave, I aſſert a right no one there will diſpute with me."

Emily,

Emily, with her lovely infant, now almoſt lived in the romantic and ſhady ſolitudes of Freſcati; here her lonely rêveries at times broke into invocation; and her domeſtics began to apprehend, that her mind, too highly wrought, was preying on itſelf, and melancholy was but too near taking the diſtorted form of madneſs. Her muſical inſtruments were laid in her way; but that once favourite ſcience ſhe now, with a kind of horror, rejected. Melody was become to her but the echo of annihilated pleaſure; creative fancy had, however, ſupplied her one, not leſs ſoothing, in poetry; and to that internal muſic, Emily began inſenſibly to adapt the tender effuſions of an overcharged heart.

The ſervants, thus gloomily employed in watching over and commenting upon their lonely lady, found a contagious kind of horror inſenſibly creep over them. It was

not

not long ſettling into a fear, which Emily could not but perceive: they dared not, after evening cloſed, venture over the threſhold; and, even in traverſing the villa, uſually moved in a body. The neighbourhood of Rome is not ſufficiently ſecure for a lady to wander alone, after night falls, in ſolitary gardens; and as Emily now found the averſion of her domeſtics to guarding her nocturnal rambles, to be avowed, univerſal, and unconquerable, ſhe was obliged to retire, when the day cloſed, to her own apartments; and liſtening to the wind as it agitated the ſurrounding foliage, catch, through the breaks, imperfect glances at the ever-varying moon, and addreſs to that the paſſionate elegies, ſhe paſt whole nights in compoſing.

It was ſoon whiſpered through the buſy train of domeſtics, and fully credited, that their lady had at midnight a conſtant viſitation

tion from the ſpirit of the Marquis: and ſome were ſo daring as to affirm that they had heard his voice. Credulity is no leſs the characteriſtic of the vulgar Italians than Iriſh, and of theſe two nations was the houſehold compoſed. It is true the former added ſuperſtition to credulity, and the latter ſoon reſorted to it. Beads and reliques were the reliance of all the ſervants in their hours of retirement; and liberal potations enabled them to hold out while in ſociety with each other. As they all knew their lady never took either of theſe modes of keeping up her ſpirits, they agreed one evening over their cups, that, unleſs they ingeniouſly deviſed ſome way of diverting her thoughts from the moon and the dead, ſhe would ſoon be loſt to all the purpoſes of life. They recollected how fond ſhe had formerly been of muſic; and as ſhe always ſat now with her windows open, they reſolved magnanimouſly to venture in a body

body into the colonnade her apartment was over, to cheer her with a lively ſtrain. Some of the men were tolerable proficients; but the terror they were under, and the ignorance of the reſt, made the concert a moſt hideous performance. Yet their gentle miſtreſs ſaw ſo much kindneſs in an effort, which ſhe knew made the whole train of muſicians tremble, that ſhe had not the heart to ſhew her ſenſe of diſpleaſure, in any other way than by ſhutting her windows ſoftly, whenever the miſerable diſſonance began. An intimation ſo delicate would not, however, have induced the ſervants to diſcontinue a practice, that gave them importance with themſelves, if not with their lady, when a hint of another kind not only ſilenced them for ever, but drove them into the houſe, over each other's backs, to apply to their beads, reliques, and pater-noſters.—A low and heavenly melody one night ſuddenly iſſued from a dell in the garden,

garden, not very remote, and entranced the liſtening Emily. The ſtrain was wild as the winds, yet harmonious as the ſpheres; eccentric, awful; the ſpot from whence too it appeared to come, was romantic, ſingular: the ground in that part of the garden ſunk, with ſudden yet beautiful inequalities, into a deep dell, rich with bold rocks, and ſhadowed with lofty trees. In its hollow, a tranſlucent fountain ſprung playfully up, and fell as playfully again; upon the farther ſide, on the riſe of the velvet margin, was happily placed an antique ſtatue of a Faun, who ſeemed ſurveying himſelf in the water, as he played on a pipe. The workmanſhip was exquiſite; and the charmed eye almoſt could believe the graceful figure moved its arms, and gave breath to the pipe its light fingers reſted on.

Eagerly did Emily wait for the morning; when ſhe impatiently iſſued out to trace, if poſſible,

poſſible, the nocturnal warbler. From a light Grecian temple on the boldeſt of the brows overhanging the dell, where Emily often paſſed whole days, ſhe could with eaſe ſurvey the whole lovely ſcene. Her eye, however, found in that no change. The beautiful Faun touched his marble pipe with his uſual grace; but from it no ſound iſſued. The fountain ſtill dimpled with a pleaſing murmur the pool it formed; but no human foot was imprinted on its margin. All that day, and many a following one, did Emily paſs in this favourite temple, without ſeeing, or hearing a living creature; ſave the ſervants, who, with fear and trembling, brought her at noon a light repaſt. As evening came on, ſhe would take her beloved infant from its downy bed, and retire to her own apartment, there to wait, with reverential awe, for the nocturnal viſitation. Nor did it ever fail. Night after night, irregular, but entrancing melody, ſoothed

ſoothed her ſenſe, and ſunk into her ſoul. The grand enthuſiaſm of her nature blending the hallowed charm of another world with the wild viſions of this, the nurſery leaves on every mind, at times almoſt led her to believe her prayers were heard, and heaven granted to her ſorrowful ſoul this viſionary intercourſe with him, it no longer permitted her to behold. Yet much ſhe languiſhed to know if mortal ſenſe might not be allowed to diſcern the aërial harmoniſt, thus veiled in night.—To venture through the ſhades alone, was, however, more than ſhe dared do; not that fear with-held her: it was a ſolemn awe, ſhe thought it impiety to over-rule. Bending from the window, ſhe often fondly exclaimed, as to the ſpirit of her huſband:

" Oh! vaniſhed only from my ſight,
" While fancy hovers near thy urn,
" And midnight ſtillneſs reigns, return;

" But

" But no ethereal preſence wear:
" In the ſame form, ſo long belov'd, appear;
" Each woe-mark'd ſcene let me retrace,
" And fondly linger o'er each mortal grace:—
" Oh! ſtrike the harp of heav'n, and charm my
" ear
" With ſongs, that, worthy angels, angels only
" hear!"

Yet even thus invoked, no viſion floated before that ſenſe ſhe ſtrained to penetrate the thicket leading to the dell. The ſervants, forming as uſual their own premiſes, and fixing their own concluſions, had, in full aſſembly, agreed, that this ſtrange muſic proceeded from the pipe of the Faun; and, for a very good reaſon, that there certainly was nothing alive in the garden, and the Faun was the only muſical performer, even in marble. That he was formed of no better materials, they did not attempt to deny, when their gentle lady urged the conviction; but accounted for

their own opinion, by in turn aſſerting, that the devil reigned, ever ſince the creation, from midnight to the break of day; and, during that interval, it was plain, animated the marble Faun, notwithſtanding all the Aves and Pater-noſters they were conſtantly repeating: though, to their own pious diligence in that reſpect, they imputed his remaining ſtill ſtationary. That they might for ever continue in the ſame ſtate of ignorance, as to whether the midnight muſician was, or was not, the marble god, at the very firſt harmonious ſound they heard in the dell, as at the ſtroke of a houſe-clock announcing the hour of reſt, they all, with one conſent, haſtened to their beds; and tucking their heads under the cloaths, paſt there the whole time of the ſolemn ſerenade: had the Faun walked into the houſe, he might have walked over and out of it, without being ſeen by a ſingle creature, ſave Emily; who, ever at her window,

window, liſtening, wondering, and weeping, pondered frequently on exploring this ſolitude by herſelf. But, alas! though ſhe knew not how to fear any inhabitant of a better world, this yet contained one ſhe was born to dread;—and Miſs Fitzallen, too, excelled on the flute. Ah! if, by indiſcreet curioſity, ſhe ſhould put herſelf into the power of that eternal foe of her peace, and rob her Edward's child of a laſt parent, (for that was often the only, and ever the predominant conſideration with Emily) how, how, ſhould ſhe be acquitted to God and the precious infant?

Yet the ſervants appeared to their lady to be in the right, in aſſerting the muſic not only came from the dell, but from the preciſe ſpot where the ſtatue ſtood. There were moments, however, when ſhe fancied it approached her; and others, when, with

ſweet languiſhment, it ſunk, as if retiring, into ſilence.

So deep a hold had this melancholy, viſionary delight, taken on Emily, that the days hung heavily with her; and a reſtleſs impatience for night became the habit of her mind: which, then, no leſs eagerly awaited the myſterious indulgence. Its period was as regularly announced by the wan faces, and trembling ſteps of her domeſtics, as by her own high-raiſed fancy and beating heart. One night, of peculiar beauty, when the moon, with a more pure and radiant luſtre than uſual, ſailed through the deep blue of a clear Italian ſky,

"When not a Zephyr ruſtled thro' the grove,
"And ev'ry care was charm'd but guilt and love,"

Emily, as had long been her cuſtom, was at her window, in fond expectation of the

the aërial muſic,—it broke at once upon her ear as very, very near her. She ſtarted, turned round, as thinking it in the room; it was not behind her; ſhe leaned over, to ſeek it in the colonnade; it was not below.—From thoſe vague, grand, and uncertain ſtrains, ſhe had been uſed to hear, the nocturnal muſician wandered into one, dear to her heart, familiar to its beatings. She ſprang up, and leaned from the window, with wild and increaſing energy,—wrung her white hands, and called upon the inviſible power of harmony, to ſtand revealed before her; for this, ſhe cried,

" This is no mortal viſitation, nor no ſound
" That the earth owes."

Irreſiſtibly impelled to trace the viſionary charmer, ſhe ſnatched the taper, and deſcending to the ſaloon, threw open the door, and found herſelf alone in the colon-

nade. Glancing her quick eyes around, ſhe ſaw only the long range of white marble pillars, half ſhadowed, and half ſhewn by the trees and the moon. The muſic became more remote, low, faint, and, to her idea, ethereal; it ſeemed to retire towards the dell, and woo her thither. "It is, it is the ſhade of my Edward!" ſighed Emily, reſting her forehead on her arm, and that againſt a pillar, to ſave her from falling. "How often have I called thee from the grave, my love!" cried ſhe: "and ſhall I fear to follow thee even thither?"—She tottered, her heart beating high, to the winding path, which, breaking the deſcent, led ſafely to the hollow glen. Bright as the moon ſhone, it had hardly power to penetrate the thick foliage of the lofty trees, beneath which the trembling Emily lingered. No ſtep, however, could ſhe hear; no form could even her fluttered imagination faſhion; yet ſtill the muſic, with more melting

ſweet-

ſweetneſs, invited, and ſhe fearfully followed. On a point near the depth of the dell, the ſhade ſuddenly broke away, and diſcloſed the fountain, quivering to the moon it ſweetly reflected. Faintly, though ſhe knew not why ſhe feared, Emily turned her eyes towards the ſtatue of the Faun. Ah, God! what were her ſenſations, when ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw two reſembling figures, one half ſhading the other! A quickened ſecond glance convinced her this was no error of her ſenſe; ſhe tried to ſave herſelf from falling, by graſping a tree, but ſunk at its root.

From the temporary ſuſpenſion of her powers, cauſed by terror, Emily recovered, at the ſoft ſound of a voice, that, to her impaſſioned mind, "might create a ſoul under the ribs of death." The murmuring whiſper of known endearment, ſeemed to her the ſweet tone of the Marquis. The arms,

that with fond familiar preſſure ſupported her from reſting on the damp earth, could, to her apprehenſion, be only thoſe by which alone ſhe ever wiſhed herſelf encircled. She dared not unſeal her eye-lids, leſt the dear, the cheriſhed deluſion, ſhould vaniſh, and ſome hideous form, either living or dead, again harrow up her nature. Still fondly urged to look up, by many a whiſpered prayer and ſoft entreaty, ſhe at length timidly lifted her eyes to—Gracious God! could it be?—her huſband?—the Marquis himſelf! to her the ſingle being in creation! Invigorated in a moment, ſhe ſprang up with ethereal lightneſs, and the enraptured embrace, mutually given and received, repaid theſe unfortunate lovers for all the miſeries that had marked their union. Too mighty was the ecſtaſy to waſte itſelf in words: again they gazed, again embraced; they could only gaze, ſigh, weep, and murmur.

" Lives

"Lives then my love?" cried Emily, at length: "and has my cruel father, in wanton power, tortured me even to the extremity?"—"That I live, ſoul of my ſoul," replied the Marquis, "your father neither knows, nor ever muſt know. Oh! Emily, *to* you, *for* you alone I live; be gracious then and hear me: allow me at laſt to pour forth all the ſecrets of my heart; to you, as to God, will I be ſincere, and then ſhall my beloved decide my fate and her own. But this is a dangerous place for long diſcourſe; the dews of night might prove fatal to ſo delicate a frame:—my Emily is much changed, ſince we parted, by ſickneſs and by ſorrow."—"And you too, Edward"—Emily could not utter—"are not leſs changed." A guſh of tears explained her meaning, and ſhe hid the wan face her nature melted over in her boſom. Recovering herſelf, ſhe took his hand:—"Come to my apartment, my love, nor fear any

any eyes, ſave mine, will obſerve you; terror, at this hour, cloſes all others in my houſe." — "Nor would ſeeing induce your domeſtics to follow me," replied her huſband; "ſince, to win you to ſeek, and oblige them to ſhun me, was alike my object, in aſſuming a diſguiſe that might yet, perhaps, ſtartle my Emily, unleſs ſhe coolly and collectedly ſurveys it." Emily caſt her eyes in fond certainty over his figure, as though in no diſguiſe could it ever ſhock or ſtartle her; yet owned his tender precaution not unneceſſary. He was clothed in a white veſt, fitted cloſe to his graceful form, and exactly reſembling the Faun; the maſk, which covered his whole head, with his flute, painted alike white, he held in his hand. When, at her deſire, he put the artificial head-piece on, it was ſufficiently clear he might encounter her whole family, and not be known to any one of them for a being of this world.

Con-

Conducted by his wife through the ſaloon to her apartment, the Marquis removed the maſk; and Emily, ſtill unſatisfied with gazing, fixed on him again her fond eyes with deep intentneſs, as even then doubting whether the bleſſedneſs of the moment were not a viſion, or the dear hand ſhe claſped, might not, while yet ſhe held it, become marble.

During this affecting ſilence, each lover too viſibly perceived what it was to have loſt the other. The Marquis, ſtill pale, even to lividneſs, from the effuſion of blood in his duel, was debilitated by the half-healed wound, which obliged him to lean to the right ſide. Emily ſoon diſcovered this new claim to her tenderneſs; and abhorring the neceſſary diſguiſe, felt it as a great relief, that ſhe had hoarded, among the treaſures ſacred to his memory, a part of his wardrobe, often kiſſed and ſprinkled with

with her tears. She refuſed to hear a word till ſhe had ſeen him comfortably arrayed, and reſting his aching ſide on a ſopha; then taking the poſture he had implored her to allow him to pour forth his ſoul in, the tender Emily threw herſelf on her knees by the couch, and filled up the pauſes, pain and fatigue occaſioned in his narration, by prayers and devout ejaculations to the God who had graciouſly preſerved, and thus miraculouſly reſtored him to her.

The Marquis now required not a moment to methodize his recital; he had no paſt thought to conceal, no wiſh to leave untold. He began the detail, that ſunk into Emily's ſoul, at the period when the perſecuting fiend firſt gained his pity and protection at Paris. His wife heard the name of Hypolito with comparatively little emotion; for ſhe was fully aſſured of her own boundleſs empire over a heart,

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ſhe ever, till this moment, believed ſhe had divided with that youth and Miſs Fitzallen; for only now did ſhe underſtand that they were one and the ſame perſon. He deſcribed the talents and taſtes of the impoſtor, ſo naturally conſonant and ſtudiouſly adapted to his own; and the influence the feigned youth gained in his affections. The ingenuous nature of Emily, made her admit it muſt be almoſt an impoſſibility for any man to eſcape ſo ſecret and near an attack from a lovely woman, unreſtrained in the purſuit of her object, by either virtue or feeling. He, in the moſt natural manner, painted the diſcovery made of her diſguiſe at Meſſina; and bewailed the wandering, both of his ſenſes and his reaſon, by the fever of wine and paſſion. But, oh! how the gentle Emily ſtarted and wept, lamenting, too late, her own innocent romance as the daughter of Dennis; when ſhe learnt that, and that only, could have enabled her ingenious

nious and baſe enemy to add, to her own dangerous allurements, the aſſumption of her name, character, and rights in life. How ſtrange appeared it to Emily, to find that the Marquis had married, or meant to marry, her in the perſon of another. She was loſt in horror at the awful cataſtrophe of the earthquake; and her heart was more lightened than ſhe choſe to own, at finding it prevented the Marquis from conſummating his miſtaken and miſerable marriage. The agony he felt at the deplorable fate of the fair impoſtor; his ſubſequent and ſorrowful reſearches, for the dear ſuppoſed daughter of Sir Edward Arden, all, all appeared natural, touching, and hardly queſtionable, to the generous ſpirit he was now appealing to.—Emily's own heart now took up the tale. The moment of their meeting in Switzerland, the gay diſcovery of herſelf, ſhe then meditated; and the ſhock it appeared to give him, to be told

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ſhe was the daughter of Sir Edward Arden, Emily well remembered. The hours of unalloyed pleaſure that followed, till the hapleſs one arrived that united their hands, ſhe never could forget. The frenzy that then ſeized him, he fully explained, in repreſenting to her the impreſſive ſpectre that extended to him the ring, on the ſteps of the portico, and annihilated, at once, their bridal happineſs. The ſcene lived with equal force before Emily's eyes, as ſhe read, in the wild glances of his, the eternal impreſſion made on his mind by that horrible moment. Oh! how generous, how noble, how pure, appeared to her informed judgment, the myſterious coldneſs and conſtraint, which, at the time, had ſo ſhocked,—perhaps offended her. She now would again interrupt him; ſhe would no longer allow him to be the hiſtorian; her delicate nature made her anxious to ſpare him all further mention of Miſs Fitzallen; who,

hard

hard and ſelf-loving, had, it was obvious, wrung from him, through the medium of his fears, thoſe rich baubles ſhe in the exultation of malice every where diſplayed—nor doubted the generous Emily, but that her little favourite carriage, was obtained by the ſame inſolent exaction.

But, oh! much yet remained for Emily to feel, when the Marquis, ſtraining to his heart the generous creature who would not allow him to accuſe himſelf, and fondly melting under the ſad bleſſing of her tearful forgiveneſs, faintly uttered—"Oh! Emily, adored of my ſoul! had your harſh father thus treated me—I ſhould perhaps in bitterneſs of ſpirit have ſhed at his feet my own blood, and ſpared him the horror of having poorly ſatisfied his vengeance with ſtretching me there."—This was a thought the tender wife had not ventured to truſt her own ſoul with:—the idea ſpread at firſt through the

the family, that in a fit of phrenzy the Marquis had raſhly ended his ſufferings, ſoon by means of her woman reached Emily: and, horrible as ſuch a fate muſt be, it was leſs ſo than the fainteſt apprehenſion that her father had ſhortened his days, and ſhe ſhould be for life compelled to implore a bleſſing from the hand yet crimſon with her huſband's blood, or claim protection from the heart, hard enough to render her a widow, and her unborn babe fatherleſs.—The intelligence from Naples, ſent by Cardinal Albertini, the valet of Sir Edward officiouſly circulated in the family; and Emily dared not truſt herſelf to make any minute enquiry on the agonizing ſubject, nor needed an exact account, to figure to herſelf all the horrors of his fate.

She in turn deſcribed to the Marquis the ſudden manner, and the means, by which ſhe had been decoyed, as it were, from Na-

ples — and her memorable meeting with her father at Freſcati; when, in the ungoverned ſtate of his feelings, he was incapable of reflexion, and inſenſible to pity. — She repeated, in all the force in which the words dwelt on her mind — "*You have no huſband — you never had one*;" and her convulſive ſhudder proved too plainly that Sir Edward loſt at that moment the affection of his daughter. — The haughtineſs with which he had ordered, without her conſent, that ſhe ſhould be deprived of the name of the Marquis, lived no leſs in her memory; and finally the ſevere juſtice by which he had outraged every feeling, in obliging her to provide for her innocent babe in caſe of her own death, by a will which ſtigmatized the infant's birth, was too wounding to be unmentioned. — That nice ſenſe of female delicacy, which ſpeaks even in ſilence, made Emily by intuition convey to her huſband's heart a deep reſentment at the indignity, while both overlooked

looked the mortifying neceſſity, nor could allow the father to be an equal, perhaps, as the proudeſt of the three, the greateſt ſufferer.—This union of grievances ſtrengthened every other, and the hearts of the only two beings on earth Sir Edward Arden really loved, agreed, while they renewed to each other the ſacred vow of eternal tenderneſs, and faith, in ſhutting him entirely out, and utterly rejecting him.

After an interval, the Marquis reſumed his narration—"Left in the garden of the convent, drowned in my own blood, and to all human appearance dead, or even your incenſed father would not ſo have left me, many hours muſt have elapſed ere any of the monks wandered that way. I faintly recollect, that it was torch-light when the pain I felt in their lifting me on a mattreſs, to convey me to the convent, cauſed me for a moment to open my eyes.—Delirium, and

impending death were long, long, my portion, in the lonely cell where the benevolent brotherhood attended me with unremitting care; one of them, who had been an eminent ſurgeon, dreſſed my wound with tender ſkill:—nor, in the intervals of my delirium, when the agony of my mind made that of my body forgotten, did the pious fathers omit all thoſe holy attentions, ſo comforting to the wretch in this world, ſo neceſſary to prepare him for a better.—I eaſily underſtood by the tenor of their conſolations, that they regarded me as a frantic wretch, who with raſh hand had ſought to end my own calamities.—I found a ſad pride in ſaving my inhuman uncle from cenſure, and never gave any other anſwer to the enquiries the ſuperior ventured, as ſoon as he ſaw me likely to recover, than that the fatal cataſtrophe had been cauſed by my own deſpair: and that, unleſs they meant to drive me to the ſame extre-

extremity a ſecond time, they would conceal from every human being, even my neareſt relations, or tendereſt friends, that I ſurvived; on this condition, and this condition only, would I promiſe to endure prolonged exiſtence.

"In the miſerable ſtate of my health, and the frantic irritation of my mind, the pious monks held it wiſe to yield to every requeſt that might conciliate my feelings, or mitigate thoſe complicated ſufferings which were perhaps an ample puniſhment for my ſin, great as I own it — and by this indulgence was I won to live on.

"I ſoon learned Sir Edward had quitted Naples with you, nor doubted, as the monks aſſured me no enquiries were made for me, that you had been wholly governed by his impreſſion of my conduct, and turned from my very grave with abhorrence. Oh! mi-

fery, never to be underſtood but by the wretch who has like me felt it; to ſee all the ſacred ties reaſon, fancy, feeling, can form, and choice ſanctify, burſt with a force that throwes you a ſolitary ſufferer to the utmoſt limit of creation! When I remembered Emily was mine no more — no more wiſhed to be mine — it would have been happineſs indeed to die. — My infant too — my dear unborn — the cruel Sir Edward could not teach *that* to ſhrink from my embrace — to cloſe its little ears to my lamentations. But that too was torn from me; and I ſtood alone in the univerſe. My embittered ſpirit for a time ſoured me to all ſoft impreſſions; the deep gloom of my abode co-operated to lead my thoughts only to monaſtic ſeclufion. By annihilating myſelf in a manner, and yet enduring the ſufferings I had brought on my own head, I thought I might in a degree expiate my ſin againſt my Emily and her

her father, and perhaps obtain the pardon of heaven. But, with the leaſt improvement of my health, ſilence, ſolitude, La Trappe, diſappeared from my eyes—love, and Emily, ſtill throbbed at my heart, and incurable tenderneſs was blended there with a grief no leſs incurable.—Alas! had I not cauſe to dread a reſentment on her part at leaſt equal to that of her inexorable father, though ſhe would not ſhew it in the ſame bloody manner? I often felt myſelf ſinking into the grave, under the curſes of both. Yet there were moments when her angel form appeared before me with all that ſoftneſs which renders her ſway ſo abſolute.—I ſometimes ſeemed to ſee her mourning for the very wretch who had marked her days with ignominy and affliction, and claſping to her ſnowy boſom with increaſed fondneſs, becauſe ſpringing from me, the infant inheritor of both. Returning ſtrength (though I was ſtill very weak) impreſſed with more

force this cheriſhed idea. I reſolved, the moment I was able, to venture into the country where my adored Emily had fixed her abode, and there meditate on the mode by which I might acknowledge, even to the extent, my offences againſt her, and make her judge, ſole judge, in her own cauſe.

"I had not patience to wait till my wound was healed; crawling, only half alive, as yet, on the face of the earth, I aſſumed the habit of a common labourer, and found a neighbouring peaſant, with whom I could abide. I told him, my employment was that of a maſon, and the hurt in my ſide was occaſioned by the ſudden fall of a fragment, as I was hewing marble: that the weakneſs it brought on threatened a conſumption; and, now I was able to get abroad, I had been adviſed to try whether the pure air of Freſcati would not remove the alarming ſymptoms. I might have added,

ed, that if not, here ſhould I end my days. Alas! I had reaſon to think their termination at hand, when firſt I had the miſery to be told my wife had again taken the name of Miſs Arden; and the infant ſhe cheriſhed in her arms, was not allowed to bear that of its father. Yet, oh! that precious infant lived; it was mine, my Emily, no leſs than yours; I languiſhed to behold you both; and to claim my fond, fond right, in our mutual treaſure. Night after night did I paſs, in wandering round the conſecrated abode of my Emily, and pondering upon the poſſibility of conveying a letter to her. Yet a ſingle indiſcretion might be ruin, even if I moved her compaſſion. Sir Edward would not, it was true, again ſtrike at my exiſtence in my own perſon; but, alas! he had it in his power even more effectually to do it, in the perſon of his daughter. In the cruel predicament I ſtood in, the right of a father was loſt to me:

me: that of a huſband I dared not claim. It was only the gentle heart of Emily would grant me either, and to that heart I felt I muſt appeal, or die. In exploring the limits of the wilderneſs, I one day found a little aperture; through which, the following night, I made my way, and boldly paſſed into the garden. My ſick ſoul ſeemed to revive, when I breathed the ſame air with my Emily; and theſe nocturnal rambles became a dear indulgence. To account to my hoſt for ſuch long and late abſences, I owned a love affair with one of your domeſtics, and eſcaped all ſuſpicion of having any other object in view. Never ſhall I forget one night venturing ſo near the houſe, as to ſee my uncle walking about in his chamber, and ſometimes ſtanding at the window: the lights were behind him, and I plainly diſcerned his figure — never, never can the ſtrange, the complicated feeling, eſcape my memory — that form, always

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ſo natural to my eyes — once ſo dear, ſo very dear to my heart! — A frantic kind of emotion came over me; I felt ready to cry out — to demand — to extort his pity — perhaps to undo myſelf — and not only loſe for ever my Emily, but rob her of the little peace my fatal love had left her. — That I might no more riſque ſo exquiſite a temptation, I withdrew to Rome, till Sir Edward ſhould depart.

"In wandering, as I often did, whole days among the coloſſal fragments of ancient magnificence, a fallen and mutilated ſtatue of a Faun drew my eye, and recalled to my mind the one by the fountain. The ſtrange thought of procuring, under the idea of wearing it at a maſquerade, a habit exactly reſembling the ſtatue, then occurred to me. I had often apprehended meeting ſome of your domeſtics, whom curioſity or love might lead to wander at the ſame hour in the

the garden; but, thus hid, I was ſure of having it all to myſelf. This diſguiſe being prepared, I again houſed with my peaſants; and, ſuch is the energy of even a remote hope, was flattered by them on my improved looks.—Sir Edward Arden was at laſt gone; and his lovely daughter, whom they touchingly termed the melancholy lady, left alone. Now then, or never, I muſt obtain the ſight of my Emily; and, a month ago, when the moon ſhone with the ſame bleſſed brightneſs it now does, I aſſumed my diſguiſe, and hid my own cloaths in the grotto in the wilderneſs; then, without fear, ſought the deep dell, to ſurvey my fellow ſylvan. How exquiſitely beautiful was the ſilent ſcene! The temple, hanging on the rude brow above, had now the windows thrown open. I made no doubt, but that my beloved had been ſitting there. I wound through the ſhady path, and, after liſtening intently, found all was ſolitude, and ventured in.

in. Ah! think of the melting ſoftneſs that ſeized my heart, on beholding the ſopha ſhe had ſo lately quitted; and on which a baſket of her work yet remained! I knelt, and worſhipped, as if the fair form I adored were ſtill repoſing there. On the ground were ſcattered flowers, which, as periſhing, ſhe had caſt from her boſom. I gathered them up, as devout pilgrims do holy reliques, and thruſting them into mine, bade them thus return to Emily!

"An emotion, new — ſacred — eternal, yet remained for me to experience, when I caſt my eyes on a large wicker baſket quilted with down, and covered with a mantle. Softly I raiſed that covering, as though the jewel were yet enſhrined within it. Ah! no! the cradle was empty. Yet, on the pillow, ſtill remained the dear, the ſoft impreſſion of my infant's tender cheek. That inanimate pillow was wet with the firſt tears

of

of a father — greeted with his kiſſes — conſecrated by his bleſſings. I remained rivetted to a ſpot enriched with ſuch intereſting local remembrances. I could not reſolve to quit it; and, in that ſanctuary of innocence, the baſket, reſolved to hide, for my Emily's obſervance, ſome known memorial of our plighted love; when a ſound that ſuddenly reached me, of "riot, and rude merriment," ſuggeſted a better mode of attracting her. I gueſſed this ruſtic ſerenade to be ſome mode of amuſement your ſervants had found for themſelves; and they had repeated the diſcordant ſtrains ſeveral evenings ere I diſcovered it was meant to entertain you. I then coloured my flute to correſpond with my dreſs; and, in the depth of night, ſilenced the ſavages with my lonely pipe. At intervals I pauſed, to learn whether curioſity had brought too near my retreat, any of my auditory. Not a ſtep could I ever hear: not a whiſper reached me.

"Night

"Night after night, I purſued my wild ſymphonies, always apprehending, ſome one of the domeſtics, bolder than the reſt, would pierce the thicket to deſcry my haunt: but convinced no ſecond perſon would ever venture near it. All were, however, equally timorous; and this beautiful ſolitude, I now feared, would ever belong only to my brother ſylvan, and myſelf. Aſſured I had put all my vulgar hearers to flight, I ſoon became bolder, and ventured from behind the marble Faun. Sometimes I could ſee your ſhadow in your dreſſing-room — ſometimes knew it could be only you at the window. Yet, one incautious word might have betrayed me; and I almoſt deſpaired of wooing you into the garden, when, this evening, I ſuddenly called to mind that little air your tender heart ſo feelingly acknowledged. Ah! God! when I ſaw the effort ſucceſsful — when the light diſappeared from the room above, and faintly began to illumine

mine that under it — when I found that love, ſtronger than death, could win my Emily to follow even my ſuppoſed phantom, my heart no longer feared hers. — Alas! it feared only the alarm it was impoſſible to ſpare her, ere ſhe could be encircled in thoſe arms that never, never more, will reſign her."

In diſcourſe like this, whole ages might have elapſed, unheeded by the Marquis; but Emily, exquiſitely alive to his danger, now ſaw with affright, that day had unobſerved ſtolen upon them, and it was impoſſible for him, diſguiſed or otherwiſe, to return through the garden. The Marquis made light of his ſtay, or departure; for, if ſhe approved the former, who ſhould object? but, in the ſoul of Emily, the fear of her father was now incurably impreſſed: and all their future views were too uncertain, and indiſtinct to both, for her huſband

band to urge a raſh diſcovery. He therefore permitted her to conduct him through her own, to the apartment of Sir Edward; where, having faſtened the door at the extremity, ſhe inſiſted on his endeavouring to recruit his emaciated frame by needful reſt, and, locking the intermediate door, retired to repair her own ſtrength and ſpirits with a balmy ſlumber. How different was this day from the laſt, when, waking, ſhe felt happineſs once more poſſible. The huſband ſhe adored, ever faithful, though apparently otherwiſe, was for life her own. With light elaſtic footſtep, a hundred times in the courſe of the day did ſhe viſit the door that divided them. As often did ſhe ſoftly pace back again, and fearfully ſhrink from the indulgence of even looking upon him. Once, and once only, did ſhe unlock it, and impatiently wait to ſee him partake of the refreſhments ſhe carried him.

The approaching evening, Emily meant, ſhould afford the Marquis the dear pleaſure hardly more deſired by him than herſelf —the ſight of their infant. Affecting an alarm, ſhe took it from the charge of the nurſe, to place it for that night in her own bed. Let thoſe who have borne a child to an abſent huſband, tell the ſoft exultation nature makes powerful enough to compenſate the pang which renders them mothers, when they lift the mantle which ſhelters the ſleeping innocent, to ſhew to the returning father the little features in which each tender parent, by a magic of mind, diſcerns only the likeneſs of the other, combined with the pure charm peculiar to infancy!— Sorrow—ſickneſs—the paſt—the future— all was forgotten by the Marquis and Emily, when, with ſweet contention, kneeling together, they bleſſed and kiſſed this dear little third in their union.

Who

Who can fail to lament, that a nature ſo generous and ſuſceptible as Sir Edward Arden's, had loſt, by one moment of ill-judged paſſion, the dear delight of ſharing a bliſs it had been the ſingle object of his life to enſure to the two ſo exquiſitely endeared to him?—Alas! occupied wholly by gloomy reflections, and a hopeleſs purſuit, Sir Edward was wandering, without one ſocial boſom to confide a thought to, through the ſcenes in Sicily moſt afflicting to his remembrance; nor had he been able to gather any further information concerning the monks, immediately parties in the ceremony of the Marquis's marriage, than that Padre Anſelmo certainly periſhed; but it was doubtful in what quarter of the world the others might now be ſeeking means to rebuild a part of their convent.

Hours, days, and months, fly ſwiftly to thoſe who love, and love happily. In the

nocturnal interviews which they ſtill myſteriouſly carried on, the Marquis and Emily had ever ſo much to ſay of the paſt and preſent, that both, as by tacit agreement, threw as far off as poſſible the more important and immediate conſideration of the future. The full confeſſion, and explanation of the Marquis, had removed every fear of impropriety from the mind of Emily. It was to her ſufficiently clear, that nothing but the pride and ungovernable fury of her father prevented the previous ceremony that had been read to the Marquis and Miſs Fitzallen (ſince it was a mere ceremony), from being, when ſubmitted to eccleſiaſtical diſcuſſion, declared, if not informal, certainly invalid; while her own marriage, celebrated in the face of the world, and by every rite of her own church, had the full confirmation of her having borne a child, whom it would be impoſſible to deprive of legitimacy, when its claims were duly made. It

was

was no new vow, therefore, on the part of Emily, to follow her huſband through the world; but ſhe exacted, in conſideration of this conceſſion, that he ſhould allow her to do it in her own way.

The Marquis, who had long found his love for his uncle on the wane, now felt all fear of him vaniſh. He was fully ſenſible that Sir Edward had no authority over his daughter's perſon, if once ſhe could be brought to aſſert a will of her own, and abide by her marriage. He ſometimes almoſt wiſhed accidental circumſtances would, by betraying their ſecret correſpondence, oblige her to a deciſion, he found it a vain attempt to urge her to fix. Nothing, he was aſſured, would ſo ſoon effect this, as the dread of their ſeparation; and were his viſits once known, ſhe would have no choice but to fly with him, and thus compel her father to ſecond their views, by annulling in

the Romiſh church the former ceremony. Yet, delicately as Emily was ſituated—delicately as ſhe ever felt—to *force* her to any thing would be ſo ungenerous a procedure, that the Marquis ſuffered time to ſteal on, without forming any fixed plan for the future.

That time, however, had a conſequence ſo favourable to his views, ſo gratifying to his heart, that he rejoiced he had never, by word or thought, grieved his Emily. Terrified—pale—dying in a manner with fear—ſhe threw herſelf one evening into his arms, and whiſpered, "that the child he was holding to his boſom, was not the only one it would be her misfortune to bring him." To all his ſoothing endearments, ſhe only cried out in agony—"How, how ſhould ſhe ever face her father? He, who had already, when ſhe was in the ſame ſtate, killed her with his eye-beam, would

now

now wound her with a ſenſe of ſhame, even while ſhe was unconſcious of guilt, too humiliating to be endured. Never, never, could ſhe again encounter, thus circumſtanced, the ſeverity of her father." The Marquis, ſoftened with the occaſion of this anguiſh—ſhocked at ſeeing its exceſs—and ever yielding to her wiſhes—entreated, conjured her to compoſe herſelf; ſolemnly vowing, that, whatever line of conduct would give moſt eaſe to her mind, ſhould be that he would implicitly abide by, as the only atonement he could make her, for having a ſingle moment expoſed her, in the moſt intereſting of all ſituations, to the indignity of her father's looks.

"Never, never, will I again encounter ſuch a hateful feeling, my Edward," cried ſhe with increaſing affliction, "while there is either a ſpot to be diſcovered on the earth to hide this wretched head in, or a grave to

be found beneath it. I have ſometimes thought — yet that would be very difficult —impoſes on you years,—perhaps a life of ſecluſion — total annihilation of our rights —ſhall I, poorly to ſave my own feelings, bury with me, while yet living, the heir of high rank, ſplendid fortunes; with every charm, and talent, that ſhall make him a grace to his equals, a bleſſing to his dependants?"

"Emily," returned the Marquis, with a ſweetly ſad ſolemnity, "I am yours — as we are circumſtanced, yours only: no duty can come in competition with that I owe the angel my love has unhappily humbled, but never could elevate. Imagine my impatience, and tell me all thoſe meaning eyes are full of."

"I have only a few valuables, and no money," continued Emily, as if thinking aloud,

aloud, rather than ſpeaking to any body.—"Sold, as they muſt be, to a diſadvantage, I could hardly hope they would produce more than three thouſand pounds."

"Sell your ornaments, love?" returned the Marquis, in a tone of chagrin, as well as ſurpriſe:—"what for?—I have money to the amount you mention."

"Ah! Edward, we ſhall want that too," cried his wife, ſurveying him with a mournful ſteadineſs, as doubting whether ſhe had influence to bend the pride of his nature to the humble purpoſe of her heart.

"And what," cried the Marquis, with ſome quickneſs, "can my Emily want ſo large a ſum for?—to endow an hoſpital?"

"No!" replied ſhe, in a firm voice, and with a dignity of mien that gave her new charms

charms in the eyes fondly fixed on her. "All we can both gather, will be hardly enough, perhaps, to maintain us during the life of my father. You have bound yourſelf, my Lord:—thus muſt it be, if I am again yours. Dare you, on theſe terms, confirm your vows? Dare you take this hand, and ſwear on it, never, never to riſque the little peace we now enjoy, by putting it in my father's power to tear us aſunder? Poor man! I am not without pity, any more than you, for his future fate; yet am I only going to take from him what he has ſhewn me to be without value in his eyes—my wretched ſelf."

"Oh! Emily," returned her huſband in tender agitation, "think well, think often, ere you finally determine on a point ſo important. You will not, in this, accuſe me of the indelicacy of conſidering myſelf. I am a man, ever retired in my taſte, nor expenſive

expenſive in my pleaſures. I could eaſily reconcile myſelf to the inconveniences of humble life, did I not feel acutely for you; but, born as you are to immenſe fortunes, bred on the boſom of luxury, yourſelf the moſt fragile and tender of nature's productions, can you endure to inhabit an humble home; and perhaps be hardly able, even by ſevere economy, to keep that? How will you bear to ſee your little ones, entitled to every advantage, confined to a narrow ſpot and ſcanty education?"

"There was a time, my love," returned Emily, bitterly weeping, "when, vainly exulting in the advantages of nature and fortune, we both thought, that among the many modes of being happy, each of us might make a choice. Already that viſion has vaniſhed; and all the option that now remains to either, is what kind of ſuffering we can beſt bear. It is my fixed determination

nation never to endure that of meeting my father: nor," ſobbed ſhe, throwing herſelf into his arms,—" parting with you."

The Marquis preſſed her to his heart, but was not collected enough to reply. —Emily continued:

" And why, Edward, ſhould we think ourſelves poor with the ſums mentioned? Fear not but that I can deſcend to minute attentions without murmuring; for I have feelingly learnt that the ſplendour of an equipage relieves not the repining heart—the gaudy drapery of a dreſs dries not the tearful eye. In waving, for a time, our claims in life, we neither renounce them for ourſelves nor our children. The day will come when the Duke of Aberdeen may recover a ſon; it is Sir Edward Arden," faltered ſhe, burſting anew into a paſſion of tears, " who, by lifting his hand againſt your life,

life, and embittering mine,—it is he who has for ever loſt a daughter."

The Marquis ſaw, with tender ſorrow, the turn Emily's mind had taken; for to oppoſe her in her preſent delicate ſtate, it was plain, would endanger, perhaps ſhorten, her life. Yet, as a man, he calculated at a higher rate than his retired, his gentle wife, the advantages they mutually inherited; and felt that to partake them, was, from the hour of their birth, the right of his children. One bold ſtruggle with Sir Edward Arden would fix their fate. Could Emily be won from a fear and delicacy ſo erroneous, the moment her father knew ſhe had confirmed the rights of her huſband, and meant to paſs her life with him, that very pride, which had diſgracefully torn them aſunder, would act for them, and urge him to aſſiſt the proceſs which ſhould eſtabliſh their marriage. The

Duke

Duke too, though not a tender parent, had never been an unkind or ungenerous one. To deprive him of natural ties, and the hope, always ſo dear to thoſe declining in life, of ſeeing poſterity around him, was painful to the Marquis. Yet all theſe rational conſiderations faded from his mind, whenever he diſcuſſed this point with Emily; and the ſingle one, that ſhe might die, while her father and he were ſtruggling how to reconcile their modes of making her great and happy, rendered him unable to oppoſe a fancy, he daily became more certain was not new to her thoughts, but the long cheriſhed object of them.

Many concurring circumſtances could alone enable Emily to execute the extraordinary project of vaniſhing for ever from her father's eyes; while a very ſimple event would render it totally abortive—his ſuddenly returning to Freſcati; which appeared

ed to both the lovers equally probable, and obliged the fearful Emily to reſolve on ſounding the two perſons ſhe had, in her own mind, fixed on as confidants and auxiliaries. The firſt of theſe was her own woman. Mrs. Connor had waited on Lady Emily, ere ſhe married Sir Edward Arden; had affectionately watched her in the ſickneſs that laid her early in the grave, and, from that moment, had ſole charge of the heireſs of Bellarney: till ripened youth allowed Emily to feel her power of acting for herſelf. From that moment the ſervitude of Connor was of her own choice. Not being, however, intitled to rank among Miſs Arden's friends, and quite unable to live without ſome ſhare of her ſociety and regard, ſhe had preferred attending on her lady, to the kind offer made by her of independence and her own way. Theſe humble friends are among the peculiar bleſſings the Iriſh may boaſt; as if the high poliſh

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of cultivated minds left the heart ſo very ſmooth a ſurface, that every object ſlid over them; while, in thoſe more rough, there remained an adheſive power, which fixed whatever it once attracted. Natures of this caſt have too often a generous defect in their coarſe, but ſtrong perceptions of the injuries offered to thoſe they love, which to the ſufferer magnifies the evils, reflexion would otherwiſe diminiſh. Let no one ſay they are proof againſt this inſenſible operation of mind on mind. The wiſe would be wiſe, indeed, were they not liable to be biaſſed by the weak; but it requires a great effort to ſilence the voice of kindneſs, even if you think the ſpeaker not wholly competent to his ſubject. Connor had all this ſecret and inſenſible influence over her lady; and a horror of the lofty character of Sir Edward Arden, which made her give the moſt chilling interpretation to his words, the moſt irritating one

to

to his actions. She was among thoſe to whom he gave the "imperial" (as ſhe termed it) command, to call the wife of the Marquis of Lenox, Miſs Arden. He had not thought it proper, or neceſſary, to aſſign his reaſon for this; and, had he commanded her to lay down her own exiſtence, ſhe could not have been more determined never to comply; till the gentle Emily, with tears, requeſted her father might be obeyed. From that moment, Mrs. Connor perſiſted in it, he would be the death of that angel his daughter; hourly bewailing the day he had ever ſet foot in Bellarney, and carried away its heireſs to become a martyr to his whims, and know only ſickneſs and ſorrow. If any thing had been wanting to complete her deteſtation of Sir Edward, he would have ſupplied it, when he refuſed to ſee the "dear jewel," his grand-daughter, on the ſad day of her birth. All the erroneous opinions of a woman, really worthy, were,

however, from the danger of Emily, loſt and ſwallowed up in her fears. No mother could be more watchfully tender; and, perhaps, but for even her unrefined attention, Sir Edward Arden's daughter had never ſurvived her ſickneſs at Freſcati. As her lady amended, by ſlow degrees Connor diſcharged her mind of all its chagrins, which ſunk into the already wounded ſoul of Emily, and produced the deepeſt horror of her father.

How dangerous is it for parents, in any ſtation, to make over the care of their children, from an early age, to others. Of the tie, ſo neceſſary to both as they advance into life, nothing then remains, even in minds well turned, but a ſenſe of mutual duty. The melting look that cheriſhed an infant virtue, the tear that cured an infant fault, has never been rivetted on the fond remembrance of the child. The ſweet endearments,

dearments, the ſoft conceſſions, which made every fault forgotten, the gay delights of unfolding nature, live not in the doating recollection of the parent. But when children have fortunes and rights in life, independent of their parents, it becomes peculiarly neceſſary for thoſe parents to fix that influence, by early and unremitting kindneſs, which even the moſt inſenſible will lament the want of, whenever the younger party is entitled to judge and act.

Little did the Marquis ſuſpect the great influence of Connor with Emily, or that ſhe was meditating to commit to her ſole charge the ſecond dear treaſure of her life. But the perſon ſhe thought it moſt important to embark in her views, ſhe knew, as yet, only from the friendly ſenſibility with which he ſoothed her ſorrows; while, with exquiſite profeſſional ſkill, he perhaps ſaved her life.

Dr. Dalton had, to oblige Sir Edward, broken through the rule he had laid down, when he took up his abode in Rome, never to practiſe, but for the benefit of thoſe unable to reward him, except with "true prayers, which reach heaven's gate ere ſunriſe." This gentleman was beyond the middle of life, eaſy in his own fortune, and married to a lady of a ſtill ampler one. His taſte for the fine arts made him abandon his own country, to fix his reſidence in the centre of the ancient world; whoſe venerable reliques formed his only pleaſure. A man of this character could not but be courted by ſtrangers; and Sir Edward Arden had made on him ſo favourable an impreſſion, that he took pleaſure in being his *cicerone*. Such a friend, with medical knowledge, was a treaſure to the afflicted father, in the deſperate contingence that followed Emily's arrival at Freſcati. Her bitter grief, her exquiſite lovelineſs, the

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diſpoſition ſhe ſhewed to be grateful for his generous exertions to continue that exiſtence ſhe valued not, had intereſted Dr. Dalton's feelings; and urged him to improve the predilection, by bringing his lady to wait on her. But in the melancholy and humbled ſituation of Emily, the deep dejection of her mind, and the weakneſs of her health, the good doctor wondered not at her ſhrinking even from kindneſs: and when he found his medical aſſiſtance no longer neceſſary, he had no choice, but, ſighing, to retire from the intereſting young widow. Sir Edward had, however, obtained his promiſe, ere he left Rome, that, if ſummoned to Freſcati, he would ſtill have the kindneſs to attend on his daughter.

The preſent ſituation of Emily rather inclined her to ſhun Dr. Dalton's preſence; and her lovelineſs was never more obvious.

For herſelf, therefore, ſhe could not ſummon the perſon ſhe moſt deſired to ſee. The infant Emily was a cherub in beauty, and in the full glow of health; and to trouble a man of independence, with making a viſit to two of her ſervants who were ill, ſeemed too great a liberty: yet rendering their poverty an excuſe to his benevolent mind, ſhe riſqued entreating a viſit at Freſcati.

Dr. Dalton obeyed the ſummons, and congratulated his fair patient on having recovered a higher degree of health, than he thought ſhe ever did or could poſſeſs. Her beautiful child delighted him; and he aſſured her he could not any longer contend with the impatience of his wife to ſee both. Emily ſmiled, but declined not the compliment. The doctor returned, however, from viſiting the ſervants, with an air of gravity; and not moving from a win-

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dow remotely ſituated, enquired if ſhe had ever had the ſmall-pox. Emily replied, it was a diſputed point between Connor and her grandmother; but the former could be called, and give him her reaſons for thinking ſhe had had it. "A ſimple proceeding will ſpare a long detail," ſaid the kind phyſician. "Even if *you* have had this diſorder, your little angel has not; and ſhe muſt not remain here a moment. Your two ſervants have taken the ſmall-pox, and no human care can prevent its running like wild-fire among your Italian domeſtics. I ſhall, therefore, wave Mrs. Dalton's waiting on you, madam, and fulfil my promiſe to Sir Edward, by inſiſting on your company to Rome. My houſe is pleaſantly ſituated, —the gardens are large, —your babe will be ſafe, if it has not already received the infection, and anxiouſly attended if it has. This is a contingence when ceremony muſt be given up, and the old-fa-

ſhioned thing, called prudence, only govern us."

A thouſand thoughts fluttered at the heart of Emily, and varied her complexion every moment. Could ſhe have gueſſed the danger, ſhe might have previouſly apprized the Marquis; but to go without his knowledge, was impoſſible. To keep her darling in the reach of infection, and the dread of death, ſhe could not anſwer to herſelf. To the kind urgency of her medical friend, ſhe replied, ſome very particular concerns rendered it impracticable for her ſo ſuddenly to quit Freſcati; but the babe, dearer to her than life, ſhe would tear from her own arms and commit to his care, as a pledge that ſhe would follow to-morrow. Dr. Dalton ordered a horſe to be made ready for himſelf; and Connor, with the infant Emily, drove immediately off in his carriage.

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For a time, the tender mother felt as if ſtunned. She ran from room to room ſeeking the babe ſhe knew ſhe could not find; and half fancying ſhe ſhould never ſee it more. A new and pleaſing idea then took total poſſeſſion of her mind; and ſhe paſt the interval, ere ſhe could greet the Marquis, in collecting and packing all her valuables; appreciating each jewel, as ſhe enfolded it, with a miſer's eye. That done, ſhe meaſured the room for hours, dreading ſome accident had happened to her dear nocturnal viſitant; though her watch aſſured her it was yet too early for his appearance;—not but he might ſafely have ventured; for the nature of the malady which had ſeized the ſick ſervants, threw the deepeſt diſmay over thoſe yet in health, inſomuch that each fancied himſelf walking about the houſe in a dying ſtate; nor failed to conclude that the memorable muſic of the marble Faun, had been a ſolemn warning

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of the approaching mortality in the family.

When Emily apprized the Marquis of the danger that had obliged her to part with her child, ſhe ſoon ſaw his parental anxiety equalled her own. A moment, however, impreſſed him with a conviction, that this removal would involve them both in much inconvenience. Dr. Dalton, he perceived, was, by this haſty confidence, rendered of neceſſity a party in all their future proſpects and fluctuating plans. "What, my deareſt," cried he, impatiently pacing the chamber, "could induce you ſo ſuddenly to impoſe reſtraint on yourſelf and me? If you will not conſent to my appearing, how can you reſide at Dr. Dalton's houſe? What will you do there?"—"Die, perhaps," returned Emily: "I would not, my love, be underſtood literally; yet to be thought dead is my only chance for paſſing my life with you.

you: and without the aid of a character, as reſpectable in itſelf, and as highly eſtimated by my father, as Dr. Dalton's, vainly ſhould I attempt an impoſition of that kind."—"How improbable then is it that you ſhould perſuade ſuch a man to ſanction ſo ſtrange a fraud, and one, many occurrences in life may betray!"—"I know not any, ſave choice, that can betray us, my Lord," ſighed Emily; "and I will rather die in reality, than ever again endure the ſevere controul of my father. I have well digeſted my plan, in which I do not aſk your aid; grant only your concurrence; and this, if I am indeed dear to you, I may claim. The circumſtances I am in, are very intereſting and peculiar; I am a wife, a mother; if robbed by an inhuman father of the firſt title, the laſt would only double my miſery. In human life, the leaſt muſt yield to the greater duty. Reaſon, nature, law, make me yours for ever: nor can even the power

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of a parent break the tie he hallowed. A mind ſo generous and diſpaſſionate, as Dr. Dalton's, will ſurely ſee, that, in thus diſappearing from ſociety, I rather ſeek to guard from another bloody contention, two fiery ſpirits, who claim each ſo dear a right in me, that, to one or the other, I ſhould be every moment in danger of falling a victim, than to indulge a bold and romantic paſſion."—"Emily," ſolemnly repeated the Marquis, "I am yours—for ever yours; the miſeries I have cauſed you to endure, entitle you to judge for both. Greatly have I erred; may I alone err! Uſe the power I ſo fully give you, more wiſely than I have uſed mine."

Morning carried away the Marquis, no more to haunt the beloved ſhades of Freſcati. Noon ſet down Emily at the houſe of her friend; who welcomed her with the happy news, that her babe appeared to have

have eſcaped the infection. Mrs. Dalton took the mother to her boſom, with as kind a greeting as ſhe had given the infant; and, conducting her to an elegant apartment, entreated her to be there entirely at home.

The firſt few hours were ſpent by all parties in thoſe ingratiating attentions, that inſenſibly remove the impreſſion of novelty from a ſcene, or acquaintance. As evening came on, Emily began to be painfully ſenſible of the taſk ſhe had taken on herſelf, when ſhe engaged to intereſt abſolute ſtrangers in her fate, and her feelings, while ſhe had unwarily deprived her heart of its dearеſt adviſer, ſupport and conſolation. Her tears flowed in ſilence; and Mrs. Dalton, moved by her extreme youth, and her deep mourning, found ſo natural a grief but too infectious.

Dr. Dalton ſought to divert the thoughts of

of both ladies from ſorrowful ideas, by intereſting them in the account he gave of a young Engliſhman, who had, without a regular introduction, applied to him for advice, and won him to regard. He expreſſed great impatience for the morning, when the ſtranger had promiſed him a more full knowledge of his ſituation, both in fortune and feelings; which his dignity of mien, and intelligent countenance, made matter of great curioſity. A vague kind of agitation ſeized on Emily; ſhe faintly enquired if the ſtranger was pale, and had been wounded? Dr. Dalton aſſented; dwelling anew on his air of diſtinction, "that noble kind of phyſiognomy which an enlightened mind alone can give even to correct beauty." The flutter of Sir Edward's daughter increaſed; and Dr. Dalton wiſtfully ſurveyed her fair cheeks, on which, in ſpite of the efforts of her reaſon, glowed the tender alarms of her heart; while her

ingenuous

ingenuous eyes, ever ready to convey its meaning, eſcaped thoſe of her obſerving friend, only by ſeeking the ground. "You are, perhaps, Madam," ſaid the doctor, after a pauſe, "already acquainted with this intereſting ſtranger?" Emily ſhook her head, ſighed, but truſted not her lips with a word. He again pauſed; then continued his diſcourſe. "It is, I dare ſay, impoſſible to be much with you, and think of any thing diſtinct from yourſelf. I can no otherwiſe account for the ſingular idea that haunts me, of a ſtriking reſemblance between my unknown viſitor and Sir Edward Arden. Yet, the youth's complexion is not ſo dark, and his hair a bright auburn: it is the form of his face—a certain keen turn in his black eyes—ſomething in the tone of his voice—but, above all, the lofty grace of his manner, that ſeemed to give the very man to my mind."

Emily

Emily claſped her hands in ſilence at the imprudence of the Marquis, whom ſhe recognized in every particular Dr. Dalton dwelt on, but remained determinately ſilent: and her tears might well be imputed to painful recollections, that had no reference to the ſtranger. He would have vaniſhed from the mind of Dr. Dalton, had not a billet been brought, half an hour after, to Emily.—"Proceed and proſper, "my beloved: I could not reſiſt my racking "deſire to ſee this friend, on whom you have "made me dependant; and find in his coun- "tenance that prepoſſeſſing benignity his "voice confirms. Act on his feelings with "your beſt ſpeed, that you may become "wholly his, who knows not how to live a "day without you. All my objections to "your propoſed deception vaniſhed the mo- "ment I ſaw you no longer. Early in the "morning, I will ſend for your anſwer: would

" would we were, till then, with the Dry-
" ads at Freſcati."

The ſurprize Dr. Dalton and his lady felt at finding their lovely gueſt, whom they ſuppoſed to be without one friend or connexion in Rome, was already greeted by a correſpondent, increaſed greatly on perceiving Emily's agitation. When her eye glanced on the ſuperſcription, hardly could her trembling fingers break the ſeal—her overflowing eyes connect the words—or her perturbed mind conceive their purport. Yet, her native ingenuouſneſs told her in a moment, that the ſmalleſt reſerve, the leaſt heſitation, might give her new friends a humiliating impreſſion of her conduct. She therefore folded the billet, and, with a dignified tenderneſs kiſſing it firſt, put it into her boſom, offering an immediate explanation of the myſtery it implied.

So touching, though ſimple, was her little hiſtory, that it hardly needed the graces her drooping youth, exquiſite beauty, and tearful ſenſibility, gave it to her hearers. The forms of life at once were ſwallowed up in its feelings. Already were Dr. Dalton and his lady embarked in her fate, joyed in her joys, ſuffered in her ſufferings; glowed with her indignation at the recital of Sir Edward's harſhneſs, and ſhrunk finally with her horror, when ſhe told them it had been his cruel hand that had ſtruck at the life of her huſband. They vowed to renounce, hate, abhor, the tyrant father; while, to the fair, unfortunate daughter, they promiſed unalterable friendſhip, paternal affection.

At this criſis in Emily's narrative, the nurſe brought in the babe for the evening bleſſing of the tender mother; who intuitively knew how to heighten every generous

ſenſi-

ſenſibility ſhe had excited, by taking it, and diſmiſſing the woman. This ſimple effect of a delicate tenderneſs awakened the moſt lively ſympathy for the Marquis, of whoſe prolonged exiſtence ſhe was about to ſpeak. Enlightened by a word, as to the viſitor of the evening, Dr. Dalton deeply regretted not knowing the truth before he withdrew. It was needleſs for Emily to plead the cauſe of her beloved: his pale and anxious countenance was yet before the eyes of Dr. Dalton, and had already ſo prepoſſeſſed him, that the worthy man declared it would have been impoſſible for any human being, ſo painfully circumſtanced, to have avoided his error; though few would have made ſo ample an atonement for it. Far from approving Sir Edward Arden's conduct, he applauded that of his daughter, and ſhould receive the huſband with the ſame cordiality he had the wife; nor would he heſitate to aſſiſt in any meaſure propoſed for perpetu-

ating the union of a pair ſo formed for each other. The tears of apprehenſion were yet undried on the cheeks of Emily, when thoſe of tranſport waſhed them away: —her beauty aſſumed almoſt a celeſtial charm, when lighted up by gratitude.

The warm heart of Dr. Dalton made him now grieve, he knew not where to find the Marquis; for then would he have haſtened to add him to the little party: "ſo ſhould no one heart in it be ill at eaſe."—Alas! good man! had he been twenty years younger, well would he have gueſſed that he need not look far for a lover ſo anxious; who paſt half the night in wandering near the houſe that contained his treaſure. It is poſſible Emily could have quickened her friend's perception, but that ſhe had a taſk to execute, which admitted not an abrupt avowal that the Marquis yet exiſted. In the exhauſted ſtate of her ſpirits, it was a great

great effort to communicate to Connor, the ſecret hiſtory of the midnight muſician at Freſcati.—The ungovernable joy it cauſed in her humble friend, was almoſt more than Emily could ſupport: yet was ſhe obliged to make a further exertion, that ſhe might talk down to rationality the delighted creature. Even at laſt Emily was reduced to keep her for that night in her own apartment, leſt, in the intoxication of the moment, the important ſecret of the diſguiſe of the Marquis ſhould circulate through a train of ſervants, who did not now know he was in exiſtence.

With all her ſenſibility thus afloat, it was impoſſible for Emily to find repoſe. If a momentary ſlumber came over her, ſhe ſeemed to hear the well-known ſtrains of her nocturnal harmoniſt, and ſtarting abruptly up, pauſed—liſtened—ſighed at

being undeceived, and wiſhed herſelf again at Freſcati.

The morning at length came, and with it the meſſenger for Emily's letter.—The joyful ſummons bade the Marquis aſſume any name but his own, and be a welcome viſitor to Dr. Dalton.—Mr. Irwin was in a moment announced; and received by that gentleman as a friend long known, and newly recovered. The melting ſenſibility ſo many concurring feelings and kindneſſes muſt neceſſarily call forth in the refined, and generous ſoul of the Marquis, made him, in the eyes of all the party, the moſt charming, and intereſting of human beings.

A very ſhort time gave Emily ſo unlimited an influence over the mind of Dr. Dalton, that, whatever her opinion might be on any

any ſubject, he had a ſingular facility in perſuading himſelf it had been firſt his own.—He therefore ſoon found it meritorious to aſſiſt the Marquis to run away with his own wife. Sir Edward might then diſcover at leiſure how to reconcile himſelf to the re-union; as well as how to annul the ceremony of the marriage in Sicily. Having thus far carried the point of embarking the Doctor in her cauſe, Emily choſe a moment when ſhe was alone with him, to dwell upon the horrors that had almoſt precipitated her into a premature grave at Freſcati; and ſeeing the ſtrong impreſſion the deſcription made on the worthy man, ſhe repreſented how probable it was that ſome dreadful cataſtrophe might again attend the meeting of her father, and huſband.—By ſlow degrees ſhe reached the meditated point; and ſpoke of her being ſuppoſed dead as the only ſure way of avoiding the dreadful contingency.—Would

Dr. Dalton but ſanction the belief, that ſhe had taken the malady now raging among her ſervants at Freſcati, it would be no diſgrace to have it reported that even his ſkill could not prolong her life. On the fidelity of her woman ſhe could depend; and in Rome the interment of proteſtants was even more than private—abſolutely ſecret. —A corpſe might be ſubſtituted; and if Sir Edward choſe to ſee it, in a diſorder like the ſmall-pox, a parent would vainly ſeek to identify a child. As, however, it was her fixed intention to leave not only her daughter, but all her fortune, and perſonal effects behind, Sir Edward would not have a doubt that he had thus loſt her.—Eſcaping by this plan at once from his power, and the horrors that tormented her when ſhe thought of his meeting her huſband, they might, without incurring the diſgrace of an elopement, ſteal unobſerved away, and, in ſome obſcure but happy home, paſs

thoſe

thoſe years, which heaven might pleaſe to give her father.

Dr. Dalton liſtened, in mute aſtoniſhment, to this well-arranged, extravagant plan. He ſaw, at once, it would involve his character, perhaps endanger his ſafety, were it ever to be known; yet obſerving Emily's apprehenſive heart quivered on her lips, he loved her too affectionately to reject it utterly, or treat it with ridicule. The utmoſt power he had over himſelf, when ſhe was concerned, was to point out the perpetual danger ſhe would be expoſed to by her intereſting lovelineſs, and the youth of the Marquis. The confidence ſhe had in her own prudence, and the full reliance ſhe placed in the honour of her huſband, made her treat theſe objections lightly. The inconveniences, which, as he hinted, he might bring on himſelf, Emily more fully conſidered and anſwered. It had been Sir Edward's inten-

intention, when he left Freſcati, ſhe aſſured the Doctor, to ſet out for England immediately on his return: and when he found himſelf charged with the ſole care of her child, the journey would rather be haſtened than retarded. Should, therefore, any unforeſeen occurrence (though that appeared to her impoſſible) betray to Sir Edward that ſhe was yet in exiſtence, it muſt be when he was far from Rome and Dr. Dalton: for whoſe honour and ſafety ſhe felt herſelf deeply concerned. Her warmth had an effect in her favour, ſhe did not foreſee: a ſtrange apprehenſion that ſhe thought him ſelfiſh, if not timid, croſſed Dr. Dalton's mind; and to avoid incurring her contempt, he riſqued deſerving that of her father. He therefore dropped all oppoſition to her plan. This doubtful ſucceſs was more than Emily had dared to promiſe herſelf; and ſeeing the Marquis approach, ſhe left the gentlemen together. The converſation had

been

been ſo ſingular, that Dr. Dalton communicated it as news to the Marquis; but found himſelf obliged to re-conſider the propoſal more ſeriouſly, when he learned that the huſband, whom Emily, with ſweet feminine affection, almoſt implicitly obeyed, had not been able to remove from her mind this cheriſhed project. The manly character of the Marquis, however, gave it another complexion. He could not agree with Dr. Dalton, in ſeeing the fraud in ſo ſerious a light. It rather appeared to him a means of chaſtening the heart of a fond, though miſtaken, father, from the pride and prejudice that had already deſtroyed his own peace, as well as the happineſs of the two perſons moſt dear to him. He could certainly claim Emily, in deſpite of her father, would ſhe allow him to aſſert his influence; but as the bare idea of a ſtruggle between perſons almoſt equally dear, half killed her, he foreſaw the return of Sir Edward

Edward would, even againſt her choice, ſubject her to his will. The plan in queſtion did not neceſſarily lead to ill conſequences: quite the contrary, ſince, in the grief of ſuppoſing his daughter for ever loſt, Sir Edward would be obliged more candidly to review his own conduct towards her. Perhaps he might then take the infant he now loathed to his boſom; and cheriſhing there all its native elevation, gradually expunge thence the only littleneſs it ever knew. A friend, as kind as Dr. Dalton, would find a generous pleaſure in aiding the workings of an ingenuous nature; and might eaſily guide, towards his daughter, the ſorrowful heart of a miſtaken but affectionate parent. On his own part, every influence, both of reaſon and tenderneſs, ſhould be employed to bring back, to the wonted habits of filial affection and duty, the beloved creature who was willing, for her huſband, to become an impoveriſhed wanderer.

derer. A temporary alienation, thus managed, might re-unite the whole family in an affection, the more tender and laſting, as it would be free from human prejudice, and refined by human ſuffering. The character of Dr. Dalton would be, he added, as it ever ought, always in his own keeping: ſince it would pain alike the two he obliged, were he to incur a cenſure, even from himſelf, to ſerve either. The Doctor would always, therefore, be at liberty not only to avow the deception, but his own motive for joining in it; which, perhaps, as nearly concerned the happineſs of Sir Edward, as that of his children. Further to engage the Doctor's ſympathy, the Marquis ventured to entruſt him with the tender ſecret of his wife's preſent ſtate; and nothing hitherto urged was half ſo influential. The fragile form of Emily had, even in the care of Dr. Dalton, almoſt ſunk into a premature grave; nor did he think it poſſible ſhe

ſhould,

ſhould, in the ſame perilous ſituation, ſurvive, if terror of mind were again to accompany thoſe ſufferings, no kindneſs could ſave her from. The tender huſband, on hearing this, applauded himſelf for having implicitly indulged a creature, whoſe fate might ſo eaſily become precarious. Reaſoning was, with him, out of the queſtion; and feeling alone determined the future. Emily had, in the interim, called in a powerful coadjutor in Mrs. Dalton; and the league was too ſtrong for the Doctor to reſiſt; though ſtill his conſcience ſecretly revolted at conſenting to ſanction a fraud of any kind, or from any motive.

News arrived the next morning from Freſcati, that one ſervant was dead, and ſeveral more had ſickened, with the ſmall-pox. All communication with that part of Sir Edward's family was therefore entirely prohibited, and the Marquis began to make

make arrangements for the flight of Emily; who now thought it prudent to impart her views to her humble friend Connor: and well ſhe knew how hard would be the taſk of reconciling her to them.—How to the groſs of ſoul can delicate minds explain that acute ſenſibility, which, when once awakened, binds heart to heart by a power diſcriminating as reaſon, yet impulſive as ſenſation,—or, when once wounded, throws each in a moment to the utmoſt limit of creation?—It knows not how to qualify—deſcends not to contention—diſdains to be ſoothed—given to dignify exiſtence, even though it entails ſadneſs on thoſe who have it—a good never valued, becauſe never underſtood, by thoſe who have it not.—No human eloquence could have perſuaded Connor, a being born to ride in her own coach need ever know miſery; or a daughter inheriting a fortune independant of her father need ſhrink from a power it was at her

her option to acknowledge.—How great then was the poor woman's aſtoniſhment, when told that Emily, inſtead of maintaining her own pleaſure againſt Sir Edward, was determined to fly from him; and not only to fly, but to leave her behind. "So, after all her ſervices, all her love, her dear young lady choſe to live without her!" In vain did Emily repreſent that ſhe was obliged to leave her child to her father, and how could ſhe truſt the treaſure to any other woman's care? All the power a rational affection can exerciſe over a weak one, Emily often tried before ſhe could influence Connor; who, though ſhe had learnt to hate Sir Edward Arden's lofty ſpirit, knew not how to reſpect it: and always urged her lady to conſider only herſelf and child. —Wearied out at laſt by the tender importunity, and nervous agitations of Emily, ſhe reluctantly took ſolemn charge of the child: conſenting to confirm the account of

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the mother's death to Sir Edward, and for her ſake endure what ſhe termed "all his humours."

The Marquis had never been long enough in Rome to be generally known, yet he was too much diſtinguiſhed by nature, as well as rank, to venture to appear in the day: and the humiliation of ſtealing to his friends and wife made him, when once Emily was fully reſolved on her project, eager for its execution. Dr. Dalton purchaſed a travelling carriage; and his lady ſecretly made every neceſſary preparation for the travellers.

Emily now ſecluded herſelf in her own apartment.—The alarm of her having taken the ſmall-pox, was circulated through the whole family.—Her infant remained ſhut up in a remote part of the manſion; and the domeſtics, ſave Mrs. Connor, were

prohibited acceſs to the chamber of the viſitor. —Dr. Dalton, and his lady, with that favourite humble friend, were all who entered it: and the ſervants had too great a horror of a malady already ſo fatal at Freſcati, to be tempted to break through the ſtrict injunction. Convinced even when the Marquis, as well as herſelf, had gathered together all the limited wealth they could, ſo circumſtanced, command, they would be poorly provided for the uncertain future, Emily carefully collected her jewels, and other valuables, to ſecrete them among the few common habiliments ſhe choſe to allow herſelf. —The yet untarniſhed bridal veſtments ſhe, with a ſigh, ſaw packed to remain behind; that no viſible deficiency in her effects might awaken a doubt of her death in the mind of her father.— Within her jewel-caſe ſhe encloſed a letter in her own hand, ſignifying that all it once contained ſhe had herſelf appropriated; nor was any human

man being to be charged with purloining aught.—This done, ſhe locked the empty caſket, and affixed on it her own ſeal, with a written addreſs to her daughter: whom ſhe exhorted not to break that ſeal till ſhe ſhould be eighteen.—There was ſomething ſo melancholy in theſe indiſpenſable arrangements, each of which produced a new lamentation from Connor, that poor Emily felt ready to ſink under the taſk ſhe had impoſed on herſelf.—Yet ſhe had only to recollect her increaſing ſize, and fancy ſhe ſaw the indignant eye of her father flaſh upon her, to return with freſh vigour to her painful employments. Dr. Dalton ſaw her pale cheeks, and high irritation, with great alarm; and, diſſatisfied as he was with her plan, often fairly wiſhed her gone, leſt ſhe ſhould die in reality.

On the appointed night all was ordered within the houſe to favour the departure of

the lovers; and the Marquis, an hour before break of day, came in the chaiſe to the door.—At ſight of her little one, Emily ſunk half fainting in the arms of Connor: yet when her friends again propoſed ſtaying, her reſolution inſtantaneouſly returned. —She ſaw in imagination the huſband of her heart ſtretched lifeleſs at her feet; and the voice of her father ſounded fearfully in her ears. "Farewell, farewell then awhile, my infant bleſſing!" cried ſhe, folding the unconſcious ſmiler to her boſom:— "for thy father, for thy father only, would I for one hour abandon thee!—But it will be thy happy fate to ſoften the heart of mine:—when he looks in thy innocent face, he will not ſee aught of the wretch now hanging fondly over thee, but rather the likeneſs of the nephew once ſo dear, ſo inexpreſſibly dear to him:—to you he will ſtrive to atone for his paſt ſeverity to both of us; nor will bitterneſs mingle in the love

you

you may bear each other." — Dr. Dalton ſaw nature too highly wrought in a creature ſo delicate, and gave a ſign to the Marquis; who rather bore than led her to the carriage, which rapidly carried them from the deareſt ties both of nature and choice.

It was ſoon circulated through Rome that the daughter of Sir Edward Arden was dead of the ſmall-pox: ſhe had never been ſeen there, and of courſe this was the news only of a day. The ladies ſpoke the following one of her infant daughter, as the heireſs of two great families; and on the third both mother and child were forgotten.

Dr. Dalton, who had only conſented to countenance, not promiſed to ſupport the fraud, choſe to abſent himſelf from home, that he might avoid all embarraſſing enquiries; and with his lady went

on a tour among their friends. Hardly had they quitted Rome ere Sir Edward Arden arrived there, and having, when he ſet out for Naples, left his daughter in the charge of Dr. Dalton, choſe his houſe as the moſt proper one to alight at. A ſtrange and painful feeling ſeized him at ſuddenly ſeeing a ſervant of Emily's, who vaniſhed. —That he was in black, did not ſurpriſe Sir Edward, as the family yet wore it for the Marquis. He continued alone for a while, and then was informed of the abſence of his friends: the regret he was expreſſing he no longer remembered, when he perceived Connor enter the room; who, throwing open a mantle of black crape, ſhewed him the faireſt ſleeping cherub that ever graced mortality. — It was the firſt moment Sir Edward could be ſaid to behold the intereſting offspring of an unhappy love. — Ah! how forcibly did nature aſſert her rights over him! —He eagerly

ly ſnatched the miniature of his Emily, and looked wildly around for herſelf. — "Ay, prize that jewel," cried the incautious Connor: "it is the only one you can now call your own."—A horrible ſenſe of unexpected calamity weighed down the father: he turned, diſguſted, and afflicted, from the ſavage who thus announced the completion of his misfortunes; ſtill fondly claſping his darling babe, his infant Emily — alas! now his only Emily.

His valet aided his recovery; and having in the interim learnt the ingenious fabrication of the death of the Marchioneſs, imparted it to his maſter; adding that the family at Freſcati were ſtill far from well. —There was nothing in a recital and cataſtrophe ſo ſimple, to rouſe ſuſpicion, or lead to enquiry. —Sir Edward relied on the tale, and wept — alas! he could only weep: —in Emily the Marquis died to him a-

gain; and it was his hard fate to blend the horrors of the paſt, with the miſery of the preſent loſs.

A packet from the Duke of Aberdeen, which had been lying for ſome weeks at Rome, was now delivered to Sir Edward. Hardly had he power to break the ſeal: for what could it contain likely to intereſt his feelings? The whole univerſe could not, to him, ſupply a woe, like either of thoſe he muſt for life bewail. The letter proved to be in anſwer to that he had ſent, recounting the outrage offered to Emily by the Marquis, whoſe prior marriage, and ſuppoſed ſuicide, formed its whole ſubject. The Duke of Aberdeen, never rigid, but always coarſe and worldly, began his epiſtle with reprobating Sir Edward's interference between the young people, when once they were united: nor did he leſs cenſure the liſtening to an idle, and, as far as he was

empow-

empowered to judge, unſupported aſſertion of a worthleſs wanton, that the Marquis had married her. Had he, in reality, twenty ſuch extra wives, it would not be poſſible for any of their claims to interfere with thoſe of a lady of Miſs Arden's conſequence in life, regularly, and with the approbation of the parents on both ſides, eſpouſed to the Marquis of Lenox. As ſuch, he was impatient to greet her: and ſhe might rely on his ever regarding her child, or children, as entitled to all he could beſtow. Nor was this ſtrange interference, on the part of Sir Edward, his only or his greateſt overſight. The frantic paſſion that had induced him to diſpoſſeſs his daughter of the name and title of her huſband, was more likely to render the legitimacy of her child diſputable, than the improbable aſſertions of thoſe light ladies, whom the Marquis might be weak enough to prefer to her. In fine, he exhorted Sir

Edward

Edward immediately to reſtore Miſs Arden to her rank as wife to the Marquis of Lenox; and if ſhe was ſufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, to haſten with her to England; where ſhe and her daughter would be fully acknowledged, and all their rights legally eſtabliſhed. The Duke concluded with obſerving, that he could have pardoned a fond girl of Emily's age, for quarrelling with her huſband about giving away her diamonds and carriages; but for her father to expatiate on ſuch baubles, was unworthy both his experience and ſex. He deſired ſhe might be told, a more magnificent ſet of jewels were preparing for her; and he requeſted her to forget thoſe, which it would be an impropriety for her now to appear in, were it poſſible to recover them. As to the Marquis, he did not pretend to judge of his paſt conduct; but he ſuppoſed he would, in the end, prove no worſe than other people's ſons; and when he

he had run about the world for a year or two, and ſpent all the money he could get, he would return to Emily in his penitentials; who, if ſhe was as ſenſible and gentle as ſhe appeared to be, might live better then with him than ſhe ever yet had.

The letter dropped from the hands of Sir Edward! A new light broke upon the deep gloom of his ſoul, which ſeemed ſhot from heaven to make his ſorrows ſupportable. "The Duke then thought his ſon alive!—Ah! why, if he was not ſo?"—Well he remembered, the idea could never have been gathered from the letter of his, that this epiſtle anſwered. To avoid owning, or denying, the deed that for ever clung to his conſcience, he had ſimply encloſed the teſtimonial of the Neapolitan monks, which even detailed the interment of the Marquis. Yet not by one word did the father refer to that affecting record.

Oh!

Oh! how did Sir Edward wiſh that the heart, ſo powerfully bounding in his boſom, could have borne him inſtantaneouſly to England! for to doubt was to die.—Again he read the letter; again aſſured himſelf that no father would ſo have written, who was not convinced of his ſon's exiſtence. Another pointed concluſion followed; the Marquis was admitted to be gaily wandering with ſome woman;—who could it be but Emily Fitzallen? Ought then the father of his wife to lament ſhe was in the grave? With a head crowded with conjectures, a heart overflowing with variety of paſſions, poor Sir Edward caſt his eyes around, and felt himſelf alone in the world;—without one being to counſel with, one friend to comfort him. Suddenly he recollected Cardinal Albertini; and, at the ſame moment, that the truth, whatever it was, muſt reſt in his boſom: ſince, though monks might fabricate a tale to deceive other perſons, they would not

not venture an impoſition on one of their own body. Wild with impatience, Sir Edward demanded his carriage; ranged like a madman through the houſe and garden till it was ready, creating new fear and aſtoniſhment in Connor, and the domeſtics; then rapidly threw himſelf into it, and bade the poſtillions drive to the villa, where the Cardinal uſually paſſed the ſummer. Hardly allowing a moment for the greeting of friendſhip, the agitated Sir Edward gave that prelate the letter of the Duke; and, as he ſlowly peruſed it, watched, in ſilent agony, its effect upon him. The Cardinal read, and re-read, remaining long thoughtful; till Sir Edward, worn out with expectation, ſnatched his hand, and almoſt inarticulately cried, "lives he or not?" The acuteneſs of miſery was in his voice, the horrors of frenzy in his eye. "I know not," gravely, though kindly, replied the Cardinal, "whether I ought to own, that even

even when I, in compliance with your nephew's wiſhes, ſent you the atteſted account of his death, the true record, lodged in the College, informed me he was recovering." The ſtart Sir Edward Arden gave, the glare of melancholy joy that ſhot over his care-worn countenance, ſhocked the pious prelate.—Spreading wide his hands, and wildly ſurveying them—" they were not then dipt in his vital blood?" groaned he; " this heart is not blackened with the eternal conſciouſneſs of involuntary guilt? this brain, this burſting brain, may diſcharge, in tears, ſome of its anguiſh; and in thoſe tears I may yet find virtue,—conſolation! Now may I venture to viſit the grave of my Emily, nor fear even her aſhes will ſhrink, as ſhe herſelf did, from the murderer of her huſband. I am now then only miſerable;—for this mitigation of ſuffering, let me, oh! God! bow to thee!—only, only, miſerable!"—The alarm and aſtoniſhment

with

with which the Cardinal heard Sir Edward impute to himſelf the guilt of ſhortening his nephew's days, gave way to that of learning the fair, unfortunate young Marchioneſs, was really in her grave: for he doubted not but that grief had deſtroyed her. He reproached himſelf for having complied with the wiſhes of the wounded Marquis, conveyed through the monks, in aſcertaining his death to his family: yet, as not one word, in either account tranſmitted, threw a ſhadow of guilt on Sir Edward, it was impoſſible to foreſee of how much conſequence to his peace, the diſcloſure of the truth would be. In all Sir Edward had at firſt imparted, the Cardinal had ſeen only an injured, aggrieved parent's feelings; he thence concluded, that time, and time alone, could allay the keen ſorrows ſeparately preying on the hearts of all parties: and he was impatiently watching for the moment of general reconciliation. That

moment,

moment, it now was obvious, would never come. Moſt ſeverely did he cenſure himſelf for veiling the truth, even from benevolent motives.

In the uncontroulable reſtleſſneſs of a wounded mind, Sir Edward was now eager to fly to Freſcati; whither his venerable friend inſiſted on accompanying him. In the way thither, the latter firſt learned the malady yet among the ſervants, to which the young lady was concluded a victim. It was ſome relief to the Cardinal, to find that a natural, and not a mental calamity, had thus early ſubjected Emily to the ſtroke of mortality.

Alas! what a ſtate is his, who feels a deep ſenſe of unkindneſs to an object ſtill exquiſitely dear, though for ever vaniſhed! The tear that would have melted the beloved heart, then drops like cauſtic on your own;

own; the groan, re-echoing affection would have impatiently replied to, then rings unanſwered on your ear; and the deep ſolitude of the ſoul, even amidſt all the diſtracting tumults of an ever buſy, ever fluctuating world, becomes an awful puniſhment, even before the final audit.

Sir Edward now ſtood on the threſhold of his villa at Freſcati: the ſad moment was ſtill preſent to his mind, when he came there to receive the lovely, unfortunate Emily, ere yet ſhe was conſcious of the miſery he had brought upon her youth. Again ſhe threw herſelf into his paternal arms, as certain of pity, protection, fondneſs; his ſecret ſoul told him ſhe found not theſe poor alleviations of irremediable calamity. Again ſhe ſeemed, in the agony of conjugal love, to ſpring from thoſe arms, as though a ſingle word had ſnapt the weaker chord of nature: and ſtarting—he felt himſelf child-

leſs.—He vainly wept; vainly he ſmote his boſom; blending all the miſery of a late repentance, with the keen pangs of parental anguiſh.

The Cardinal interrogated the ſervants, who were viſible ſufferers by the malady, which was ſaid to have deprived Emily of life; and from them he gathered ſuch particulars, as he hoped would lighten the affliction of the father. They all agreed that ſhe had recovered health and bloom before ſhe left Freſcati; and even her melancholy had conſiderably abated; that ſhe removed to guard her child from infection, and not as fearing it herſelf. To this information, the Cardinal added his own juſt remark, that, by going to Dr. Dalton's, ſhe had taken the beſt chance for life; ſince, if ſkill or kindneſs could have prolonged hers, ſhe would not have died beneath his roof.

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"He talks to me, who never had a child," ſighed poor Sir Edward to himſelf;—his was gone, for ever gone; repentance, ſympathy, ſorrow, no more could ſoften, ſoothe, conciliate Emily. The manſion he was once ſo fond of, now appeared a dungeon to him. Her works, her muſical inſtruments, her drawings, yet ſcattered about in all the apartments, gave various forms to the unceaſing ſentiment of ſorrow. The Cardinal, leſt he ſhould ſink into ſtupor, ventured the hazardous experiment of recalling his nephew to his mind, as one who muſt yet more lament for Emily.—"Ah! yes, he muſt indeed lament her," ſighed the father; "for he had purchaſed, by a crime, the ſad pre-eminence in ſuffering." Well now could Sir Edward calculate the exceſs of that paſſion, which ſtamped with horror the hours of bridal felicity. His generous heart recovered its ſpring, and bade him again receive the ſolitary ſufferer

to his affection; ſo might they lighten to each other a loſs, no time could repair. But how was he to trace this huſband, more miſerable than himſelf? how make him ſenſible of his abſolute forgiveneſs, his anxious ſympathy, his eternal regret?—One link of the many that once bound them together, alone remained;—it was the little orphan Emily. Motherleſs before ſhe had known the cheriſhing warmth of a parental embrace; ſurely the father could not forget the tie that bound the grandfather?—Yes, the Marquis would one day aſſert his right in the darling child; and thus, moſt certainly, ſhould he diſcover him. But ſo fearful was Sir Edward become of loſing her, by the ſtrong deſire his nephew might have to make her wholly his own, that he hardly would truſt her out of his ſight. As Emily predicted, her daughter ſoon gained that indulgence, her father had denied to herſelf.

In

In turning over his papers at Freſcati, Sir Edward laid his hand on the will, he had ſo wrung his daughter's heart, and his own, to obtain. It was, at laſt, of no uſe, if the marriage was not conteſted; and only a new cauſe of eternal chagrin. In obſervance of the rational advice of the Duke, the Lenox arms were again painted on the carriage of his grand-daughter; and ſhe was committed, as the heireſs of both families, to the ſtrict charge of Mrs. Connor, to whom Sir Edward aſſigned a liberal ſtipend, and the ſole authority over the eſtabliſhment of Lady Emily Lenox. He was not without a ſecret hope that the Marquis, even then, kept a ſtrict watch on his conduct; which thus, indirectly, was calculated to convince him that the afflicted father was tenderly diſpoſed to a union of ſorrows and intereſts. Cardinal Albertini inſiſted on his reſiding with him, as Dr. Dalton was abſent; for whoſe return

Sir Edward indeed waited, to inform himſelf of ſuch particulars reſpecting Emily, as he deigned not to enquire of ſervants: after which,—if in the interim the Marquis did not appear,—it was his full intention to ſet out once more for Naples, there to ſeek the treaſure he had learned, by ſuffering, duly to value. But long might Sir Edward have waited for Dr. Dalton, who left Rome with a fixed determination, never to re-viſit it while the father ſtaid: for whom his regard had entirely ceaſed. He anſwered to Sir Edward's letter, by a cold condolence on his great *loſs*, but entered no farther on the intereſting ſubject: and ſpoke of his own return as an indifferent matter, wholly uncertain. Sir Edward, piqued and chagrined at ſuch an alteration of conduct in a man he eſteemed, and who had conferred a great obligation on him, remitted not proper attentions, but haſtily removed Lady Emily, and her ſuite, to the purified

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manſion at Freſcati; after which he eagerly ſet out for Naples.

Dr. Dalton now returned home, and was not long in viſiting Freſcati: where he learned, with a deep ſhock and ſurprize, the rational conduct and manly grief of Sir Edward Arden; the juſt conſequence he had given his infant grand-daughter, and the boundleſs fondneſs he expreſſed for her.—Connor, engroſſed by the importance and honour of her new ſituation, which gave her the full command of all her vaniſhed lady's rights in life, could not find as much leiſure, as formerly, to lament that premeditated deluſion, Dr. Dalton every moment more heavily reproached himſelf for having become a party in. From whatever cauſe Sir Edward had again abſented himſelf, not to meet him became a relief to the worthy man, as he flattered himſelf daily with the arrival of letters from the

dear fugitives; whoſe home he ſhould then know, and could urge them to an immediate diſcloſure of their re-union, which, it was very obvious, could have no ill conſequence to any party.

Day after day, week after week, however, elapſed, without bringing one line from either the Marquis or Emily. Vague fears, and alarms, often came acroſs their kind friends; who now made every enquiry on the road, that could be made without naming the parties: but ſo many travellers had paſſed ſince the fugitives, that no account could be gathered of them. Dr. Dalton too well remembered that Emily had packed up valuables with their common baggage: and the painful poſſibility that her anxiety might lead the poſtillions to ſuſpect this, and expoſe them to fall thus into the hands of banditti, haunted him for ever. Yet it was poſſible the lovers had, from motives not to

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be gueſſed, changed their route; nay, even taken ſhipping. Whenever the idea that they ungenerouſly meant to enſure his ſilence, by leaving him in eternal ignorance of their retirement, croſſed his mind, he haſtily rejected it, however horrible the fear that ſprung up in its place.

And where then were theſe lovers, ſo anxiouſly dwelt on by the few to whom they were known? Alas! in a very public and humble ſpot, where they were paſſed, and repaſſed, by a variety of travellers, without exciting in a ſingle one an emotion of curioſity. Such is commonly the caſe with perſons who travel in a leiſurely manner, and unattended by a ſuite of ſervants: who, in reality, attract attention much more than thoſe they wait on. The morning ſoon broke on the Marquis and Emily, after they left Rome, and gave to their glad eyes each other, now moſt truly wedded, ſince without

without any equal claim or feeling, to claſh with a mutual, a fond affection. The hand of Sir Edward Arden can never more be lifted againſt the life of the Marquis, thought Emily; and ſhe gladly compounded for all the drawbacks attending this certainty. Never can my uncle again tear his daughter from me, thought the Marquis, and turned, with contempt, from all he had reſigned for her ſake. Incapable of perſonal fear, a ſecret one that Sir Edward was even now ſeeking means to annul the marriage of his daughter, had always poiſoned the pleaſure of being forgiven and beloved by Emily to her huſband. In the idea ſhe was dead (for well he knew Sir Edward would ſoon learn *he* was not ſo) it was poſſible he might ſacrifice his reſentments to the good of that child, his purſued indignation would render illegitimate. Thus might a few years, either by the death or marriage of Miſs Fitzallen, and the

the united forgiveneſs of their parents, render his appearance, with Emily in his hand, the wiſh of all parties. Occupied with thoughts like theſe, and a ſweet ſenſe of happineſs, unknown to each till the hour of their flight, the fugitives paſſed unobſerved. Emily had never changed her deep mourning; and the Marquis, to avoid obſervation, aſſumed it. They affected no conſequence, but ſpoke of themſelves as having attended a young lady in a conſumption to Naples, whence, having buried her, they were now returning to their own country. Conſcious of the value of their baggage, and afraid of others ſuſpecting it, Emily affected ſevere economy in her travelling expences; and found it a ſure way of being overlooked. Whether the ſpirits or conſtitution of Emily had ſuffered more than either could bear, or heaven frowned on her flight from her father, cannot be determined: but, four days after

after ſhe left Rome, ſhe was obliged, however unwillingly, to own to the Marquis, that ſhe was too ill to proceed. — A few hours convinced her, that it would not then be her fate to give brother or ſiſter to the dear babe ſhe had left behind. Too late did her huſband regret acceding to a plan, his oppoſition, if determinate, would certainly have ended: nor knew he how to procure her advice, or the leaſt domeſtic comfort. — She bore her ſituation very patiently, and making the beſt of it, declared herſelf in a few days able to purſue her journey, the fatigue of which ſhe ſupported better than her lord expected. They beguiled the time till they reached the foot of that ſtupendous natural barrier, the Alps, which they muſt neceſſarily paſs in the way to Switzerland. In the viſionary world lovers form for themſelves, happineſs and Switzerland have become almoſt ſynonymous terms. —The Marquis, and Emily, might

might well think them ſo. — Still was the hour freſh in the memory of each, when they romantically croſſed each other near Lauſanne. — The days that followed were the brighteſt in the lives of either. Though their hands had long been united, and their beings blended, time had not yet taken any thing from the charms they then found in each other. —To Switzerland it had therefore been their choice to retire. They meant to quit the traveller's uſual track, and ſeek ſome ſequeſtered ſcene, where all the agitations they had ſtruggled ſo long with, might ſubſide into the ſweet tranſports of confiding love, and mutual ſenſibility. Dreams as aërial and deluſive as theſe were abſolutely neceſſary to render endurable, to thoſe highly born, and delicately bred, the odious inconveniences of Italian inns: where even the moſt diſtinguiſhed travellers vainly demand the neceſſary comforts, for which they are exorbitantly

tantly charged.—The Marquis, and Emily, with all their natural and acquired graces, found it impoſſible to inſpire that deference in theſe ſordid wretches, which they only pay to the courier that precedes, the horſes that draw, and the ſervants that follow their gueſts.

The little inn had nothing to keep the lovers within doors: but nature invited them abroad in a manner not to be reſiſted. —Over the deep and woody glen the houſe was ſeated in, impended an enormous mountain; on whoſe aged head hung treſſes of ſnow, that threatened to inter the hamlet, with every blaſt that blew:—beyond, and around, far as the eye could reach, his numerous, and ancient brethren, of different heights, and hideous aſpects, with groteſque yet chilling beauty, gave elevation to the mind, while they compreſſed the nerves. It was a ſolemn heaven-

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ly ſolitude, where the children of fancy muſt delight to pauſe.—Emily wandered through the wilds the whole day, and playfully made the Marquis, touching his flute, give voice to the echoes of the mountains. — Their vile ſupper had been waiting till quite ſpoiled, yet exerciſe and pleaſure gave it a reliſh. The chamber, like many they had been obliged to tolerate, diſguſted them both — it appeared cloſe and humid, if not noxious — they haſtened in the morning to breakfaſt under an arbour in the little garden, where the Marquis gently remonſtrated with the hoſt for giving them ſo unpleaſant a room. — The man turned to his wife, and chid her for not having had the bed-cloaths waſhed, or the room aired. — The following altercation too plainly proved that a young perſon had only the day before been taken out that chamber, who had died in it, of the ſmall-pox. — A dreadful faintneſs, and nauſea, ſeized Emily — excru-

excruciating head-achs followed, with other ſymptoms, which convinced her that ſhe had received the loathſome infection. — To attempt, while this was a doubt, to croſs the Alps, would have been madneſs: yet to remain in this miſerable unlucky inn, appeared no leſs deteſtable, than hazardous. It was a lone houſe; and every traveller either way, muſt ſtop there. The increaſing illneſs of Emily, ſoon, however, rendered it impoſſible for her to venture over the mountains.

In theſe contingencies men know all the value of that foreſight, and firmneſs, even-handed nature beſtows on rational women, to compenſate for the perſonal courage ſhe has not granted to them. Emily ſoon obtained from her penitent landlady the beſt accommodation her poor houſe afforded; and having ordered her baggage to her chamber, calmly retired thither, as to her tomb:

tomb: having engaged the two daughters of the hoſt to nurſe, and attend upon her. —In the fond apprehenſiveneſs of a mother, Emily had, from the moment ſhe became one, endeavoured to inform herſelf on every malady that might affect the welfare of her babe; happily, therefore, ſhe had ſome judgment in her own caſe. She entreated the Marquis, if ſhe ſhould loſe, as it was too probable ſhe might, the power of enforcing her directions, carefully to guard her from all miſtaken kindneſs; and that ſhe might not fall a victim to an ignorant nurſe, or village practitioner, ſhe obliged him to commit to paper what it would be vain to hope he could, thus circumſtanced, remember; requeſting him to abide by her judgment, whatever the conſequence.

The Marquis on his knees ſwore implicit obedience: and having received, and recorded her injunctions, took the keys of

her trunks, and medicine cheſt, preparing on his part to fulfil the ſad but tender duty of watching by her ſick bed, who had ſo often, and ſo unremittingly, watched over his. In a few days the delicate ſkin of Emily was covered by the eruption. In a few more it became confluent. Her beautiful eyes were ſealed up; and hardly dared her agonized huſband hope ever again to ſee them open. Delirium followed; and only the voice of the Marquis, which ſtill ſhe knew, which ſtill ſhe heard, in whiſpers as fond as thoſe in the days of bridal felicity, could have ſaved her from the grave: but never did ſhe ſpeak that he was not impatient to anſwer—never did ſhe extend a feveriſh hand his did not fondly receive, and cheriſh — never breathe a ſigh, his tender heart did not fearfully echo!

Three weeks elapſed in this miſerable manner before the wretched Lenox could promiſe

promiſe himſelf the reſtoration of Emily; and, oh! what a ravage had that ſhort time made in her beauty!—The Emily his boyiſh heart worſhipped, it was plain he never more would behold.—Thoſe fine features, that ſkin more "ſmooth than monumental alabaſter," no more would charm his ſight; but the pure, the elevated, the generous ſoul, to which in ripened manhood his own was inviolably plighted, ſtill ſurvived the wreck of human beauty, and diffuſed over the ruin celeſtial ſweetneſs. A piety, and patience, ſo exemplary marked the days of Emily's ſuffering, that never, never, was ſhe more adored, than during her convaleſcence; the only pleaſure ſhe found in recovered viſion was to gaze on him, more dear than aught on earth; and had not the appearance of her arms told her what that of her face muſt be, ſhe might have thought its lovelineſs improved, ſo animated

were the looks of her huſband at ſeeing only recovered life in it.

During this ſevere trial to the Marquis, he had a thouſand times lamented being out of the reach of Dr. Dalton; on whoſe profeſſional ſkill he had great reliance: but never once could he reſolve to write to him. Ah! how could he be certain that the ingenious tale of Emily's death, fabricated to veil her flight, would not be a ſad certainty before his letters could reach Rome?—Nor would he afflict a faithful friend in telling him they were overtaken by a calamity when out of his reach, he could ſo materially have leſſened had they remained within it.

Emily, though very weak, was now able to leave her chamber; nor could her huſband any longer conceal from her the cruel change

change made in her features, to all eyes but his own: — the conviction ſhocked her very ſenſibly; and ſhe anxiouſly ſought to learn from him his real ſentiments and feelings on ſo trying an occaſion. — He frankly owned, that, had he not been the daily, hourly, witneſs of her ſufferings, he might have been ſtruck with the change; but when he expected every moment to loſe the gem, he heeded not the caſket that contained it: and ſince he ſtill had his Emily, he ſhould delight through his whole life to convince her that ſenſe, and ſelf, were weak ties compared with thoſe ſorrow, and ſenſibility, had formed between them. — A certain noble reliance Emily ever had on the few ſhe could love, made her, when thus generouſly aſſured of her influence, diſdain to mourn ſuch periſhing advantages as mere feature, and complexion, and by exerting the charms of her mind, as well as the ſoftneſs of her temper, ſhe daily made a

large compenſation to the huſband who adored her.

Ere ſhe attempted the ſevere paſſage of the Alps, Emily thought it right to try the milder atmoſphere of the valley; and whenever ſhe could induce the Marquis to hunt, or courſe, for the benefit of his health, ſhe would lean on the arm of her young nurſe Beatrice, and creep to a ſhady ſeat where a ſtreamlet fell near the road-ſide: this was yet the extent of Emily's walk; and having with great fatigue one fine morning reached it, ſhe was reſting, when an equipage, magnificently appointed, drove by towards the inn ſhe had quitted. —A loud laugh told her that the company had been tempted by the beauty of the ſpot to alight, nor could ſhe poſſibly eſcape their eyes.—To complete her diſtreſs, ſhe perceived Miſs Fitzallen leaning on the arm of Count Montalvo.—Yet her aſtoniſhment

ſurpaſſed

ſurpaſſed her confuſion when ſhe ſaw the Count, after pointing his glaſs towards her, drop it careleſsly; while the lady, glancing her quick eye from a face ſhe no longer knew, to a habit which only attracted her attention as being Engliſh, turned alike away, as having regarded an abſolute ſtranger. — Altered as Emily ſuppoſed herſelf, it had never occurred to her, till this moment, that ſhe ſhould be wholly unknown to her acquaintance: yet the painful chill of this conviction was loſt in the happy idea that followed it.—How did ſhe rejoice, when the Marquis returned, at the ſingular good luck which had cauſed him to be abſent. —Nay, their having been detained at this poor inn became a ſubject of congratulation, ſince otherwiſe this worthleſs pair, who were ſet out to make, as their ſervants had publiſhed, the tour of Switzerland, would infallibly have diſturbed their

repoſe, before they could have breathed in their choſen aſylum.

The Marquis in wrath knew not now, he cried, where to look for a peaceful retreat — "Say not ſo, my love, for I can point out a ſafe and pleaſant one," cried Emily; "let us avail ourſelves of my misfortune, and ſince my features are altered paſt recollection, let us at leaſt eſcape for ever the woman who yet might find means to embitter our fate. — There is a ſpot where we may learn from day to day, and year to year, without a ſingle enquiry, or one confidant, all that intereſts our feelings: my cruel malady, to my deeper thought, ſeems ſent by heaven to aſcertain our peace. — No eye ſhall henceforward know Sir Edward Arden's daughter, ſave yours — no heart acknowledge her — thoſe native wilds I without you deteſted, with you I ſhall find para-

paradiſe; nor will Bellarney appear to you a chearleſs ſcene.—The manſion will be wholly deſerted during the infancy of our Emily, for my father never ſince he loſt my mother ſet foot in it voluntarily.—At the bottom of the hill it is ſeated on, a wild romantic river winds to the ſea;—on its banks are many cabins beautifully ſituated: ſome one will ſurely bear improving. There, untitled and unknown, may we fix our home, and wait the courſe of time, contented tenants to our own ſweet Emily."

The glow of mind the Marchioneſs ever threw over her projects, the heart of her huſband had been uſed to catch: if they muſt bury themſelves, no place was indeed ſo eligible. He well knew ſhe might appear as a ſtranger, even on her own domains; and he had never ſet foot on the ſhore of Ireland. Bellarney had not only the advantage of being the ſpot where they could,

could, without difficulty, learn all they wanted to know, but the only one where they were ſure of never being ſought for. Above all, it was the reſidence Emily preferred; and to make her happy, was ſo entirely the wiſh of her huſband, that he would hardly, to his own heart, admit it to be a duty. How, how could he ever merit, or return, the ſacrifices ſhe had made for him? For him ſhe had quitted for ever her father; nay, for him awhile left even her child! for him, without a murmur, loſt her beauty! for him reſigned a ſplendid fortune, and a favourite home. When he diſcovered how inherent the love of that home was, well could he calculate the value ſhe ſet on thoſe goods, of which this was the leaſt: well, too, could he eſtimate his own conſequence with her; ſince he was the only equivalent ſhe deſired. Nor did ſhe deſire in vain. The refined and generous nature of the Marquis rendered her,

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in a love that never ſwerved, a faith till death unbroken, the return, the ſole return, the tender Emily would have accepted.

Whenever they were out of Italy, to write to Dr. Dalton the Marquis thought would be abſolutely neceſſary: but this did not ſeem a wiſe ſtep to Emily. She found ſuch a ſenſe of ſafety in having wholly eſcaped, and had ſo ſtrong an idea that to keep up, in a retired ſpot in Ireland, a correſpondence in Italy, would ſooner or later betray them, that ſhe perſuaded him to with-hold the promiſed information; in the belief that the reaſons ſhe urged, would always make their peace with a true friend. It, however, occurred to Emily, that the alteration of her features might one day make it difficult to identify herſelf, even among her domeſtics. She, therefore, thought it a prudent precaution to take Beatrice with them, as a witneſs,

neſs, at any future period, that it was, at this very time and place, ſhe was ſo changed by the cruel malady. Nor would this ſtep lead to any diſcovery, as the young Italian ſpoke no language but her own; nor could know more of them than they were pleaſed to impart. Beatrice had attached herſelf greatly to Emily; and, as the proſpect of ſeeing the world is always pleaſant at ſixteen, ſhe gladly conſented to abandon her parents, and her native mountains, with the travellers.

And now what became of poor Sir Edward Arden; when, on arriving at Naples, he found every thorn, yet rankling at his heart, ſharpened, by learning, from the monks who had preſerved his nephew, how generouſly that young man ſcreened him from the odium of the duel, and how tenderly he had ever mentioned him? Yet, by their account, the Marquis was very unfit

fit for a journey when he left Naples; nor was there a clue by which he might afterwards be traced. If, as was probable, the news of Emily's death had reached him, while in a weak ſtate of mind and body, it was but too likely that the heart-broken huſband ſhould, as the prieſts ſurmiſed, have entombed himſelf in La Trappe, or ſome other monaſtery. Again was the diſappointed heart of Sir Edward Arden without a reſting-place: — after a thouſand times viſiting the ſcene of his guilty fury, —a thouſand times ſprinkling, with his tears, the ſod where the beloved victim fell, —he found no alternative but once more to return to Rome, and entreat Cardinal Albertini to uſe his influence, in exploring the Carthuſian, and other monaſteries, where it might be likely his melancholy nephew had taken refuge. On reaching Rome, a new ſhock awaited him; — the worthy Dr. Dalton had expired ſuddenly of

of an apoplexy; and Mrs. Dalton had left that city for Montpelier, from whence the Doctor married her. At Freſcati, he, however, found his grand-daughter well, and daily improving in ſtrength and beauty. Letters from the Duke were again lying at Rome for him, which he now tore open with agonized impatience. He found only a condolence on the death of the Marchioneſs, and a very ſevere cenſure of her huſband, as the ſuppoſed cauſe, by previous unkindneſs towards her. Again the Duke exhorted Sir Edward to loſe no more time in ſeeking a young libertine, they ſhould both ſee too ſoon, whenever he appeared, unleſs there was a great change in his conduct; and, for his ſatisfaction, encloſed the only letter he had received from the Marquis. It conſiſted of a few haſty lines, recommending his adored Emily, and her babe, ſhould it ſurvive the miſery it was now ſharing with its hapleſs mother, to the

tender

tender care of his father. He further entreated him to reconcile the misjudging Sir Edward Arden to himself; and finally implored all three to pity, and forget for ever, the unfortunate Lenox. Alas! how did this billet, which had no effect on the father's heart, make that of the uncle bleed! The date, no less than the uneven writing, and incoherent diction, proved that it was sent while the young man was still fluctuating between life and death: yet, though writhing under the wound, no mention was made of it in the whole letter.

From the arrival of this billet, till his banker notified to the Duke that his son had at Naples drawn for some thousands, through the medium of the bank of Genoa, that nobleman added he had heard no more of him; nor did he suppose he should, till he wanted money again. The letter concluded with another exhortation to Sir Edward, to bring

bring Lady Emily without delay, to England, and explain, at large, the obſcure buſineſs of the prior marriage; that, by the ſudden and deciſive ſteps they ſhould jointly take, the rights of the heireſs of Bellarney might deſcend, without diſgrace or diminution, to her daughter.

But of heirſhips, bankers, and bills, Sir Edward thought not; —his bleeding heart demanded ſtill his nephew: nor could he reſolve to quit Italy while there was one monaſtery unexplored, one chance unſtudied, by which he might be found. Cardinal Albertini exerted all his influence to relieve the mind of his friend; and prieſts were diſpatched to enquire, in every poſſible direction, for the ſuffering and melancholy fugitive.

Connor, who now found that the Marquis was known to be alive, laboured with the inter-

eſting intelligence that Emily was with him; but ſhe ſtood in too much awe of Sir Edward and Dr. Dalton, to impart it to the firſt, without the concurrence of the latter: when the news of the ſudden death of that worthy friend, made her the ſole depoſitary of the important ſecret. Doubtful whether ſhe might not for ever loſe the love and confidence of her lady, if ſhe avowed the truth without her conſent, and always apprehending the ſeverity of Sir Edward, Connor, after many ſtruggles with her conſcience, reſolved to maintain her promiſed ſilence. Nor was it poſſible for her to gueſs in what part of the world the Marquis and his lady had ſought refuge; or whether, indeed, they ſtill inhabited it: for Dr. Dalton had often diſcuſſed with her his various and melancholy conjectures on their long ſilence; and left a mind, ſo weak and ſuperſtitious, rather diſpoſed to conclude

them both murdered, than thus deliberately dumb.

The journey to England, by land, with ſo young a child, appeared in all reſpects hazardous to Sir Edward. He, therefore, reſolved rather to endure the tedioufneſs of a paſſage by ſea; and having engaged a veſſel at Leghorn, provided with ſuitable comforts and accommodations, he took a kind leave of the venerable Cardinal; and ſetting out for that port, embarked with the little Lady Emily for England.

The amiable young man, Sir Edward ſo vainly ſought, was now travelling peacefully, and pleaſantly, with the beloved of his heart, through ſuch high roads in France as were leaſt frequented by the Engliſh, for the port of Havre: from which, as one of mere buſineſs, they thought

thought it moſt ſafe to croſs the Channel. Having there procured a veſſel to themſelves, they landed in Suſſex; and croſſing England to Holyhead, without ſtopping in any large town, they were ſoon and ſafely ſet on ſhore in Ireland. Here Emily breathed freely; and indulging herſelf with only a few days of reſt, ſhe guided the Marquis through that wild and beautiful country, to the ſeat of her maternal anceſtors,—her own Bellarney. It was the cloſe of a ſummer evening, when they arrived at the well-known ſpot; doubly pleaſant to its owner, ſince gilt not only by the ſun, but the rich beams of early remembrance. In dear luxurious ſilence Emily pauſed upon its

"Deep'ning glooms, gay lawns, and airy ſummits,"

while her lord imbibed from her a ſenſe of pleaſure, the active ſoul of man is not

ſo exquiſitely alive to, as the more paſſive, but not leſs enlivened, nature of woman. That ſex, deſtined in a manner to become ſtationary in the world, is by wiſe heaven endued with ſuch taſtes, as ſhall, well conſidered, make pleaſures of their duties. It is theirs to reign at home,—with varying elegance to improve the ſpot on which they are to dwell, and by bountifully diſpenſing around the bleſſings they inherit, or obtain, find as perfect a delight, as moving in the enlarged circle of power or politics, can give the man they are to ſhare exiſtence with. Who has not known the vague, but boundleſs joy, of re-treading the ſpot recollection firſt marks in the mind? Thoſe hours and places, when the ſoul knew not ſorrow, the happieſt delight to look back to, the moſt miſerable recall with a ſuſpenſion of ſuffering: the roſes that then bloomed before our eyes, the tree that then lent us its ſhade, will have, for fond fancy, a charm,

a charm, the richeſt ſcenery muſt ever want, when the heart ſickens with oppreſſive knowledge, or the eyes are dimmed with continual weeping. This ſpot of our birth, this little country of the heart, ſo dear, ſo inexpreſſibly dear to univerſal remembrance, might well affect the tender ſoul of Emily; ſince, though to the vulgar ſenſe impoveriſhed, ſhe had brought back to the eſtate ſhe dared no longer appropriate, as her own,—her own for life, the only treaſure ſhe ever ſighed for,—the beloved Marquis of Lenox.

The little rural inn the pair now put up at, the heireſs of Bellarney had been too great a perſon ever to be permitted to enter; yet ſhe recalled the comely face of the landlady to her mind, as one of the auditors at the chapel of the manſion, where Lady Bellarney had always ordered regular ſervice. An enquiry, made by Emily,

into the cauſe of her mourning gown, brought out a ſimple, but touching eulogium on herſelf, that made the fine eyes of the Marquis ſwim in tears of tenderneſs: for how could the good woman gueſs at her hearers? All the tenants of the eſtate had, it ſeems, made it their choice, alike "to mourn for the young, the lovely lady of Bellarney, cut off ſo in her bloom as it were."

Hardly could luxury have invented a more refined enjoyment, than Emily and her lord found in the voluntary privation of her inherited rights. They paſſed whole days in wandering through the park, the woods, the green ſolitudes of Bellarney; while Emily marked to her delighted Edward, each fairy walk, by the little incident that impreſſed it for ever on her own memory. And often, when the gay idea glowed full upon her ſoul, ſhe would turn

to

to him with ſweet exultation, and cry, now, now only was it enjoyment:—for only now had ſhe been accompanied by him, who made the happineſs he ſo fondly ſhared.

In theſe long rambles, they met many ruſtics, Emily was ready to greet with kind remembrance; but not one who recognized her. She became thus aſſured that ſhe ſhould not riſque diſcovery, did ſhe venture to ſhew the Marquis the gardens and manſion of Bellarney. So little of the fortreſs remained, that it was hardly entitled to the name of a caſtle, though it was termed ſo. Many and various had been its modifications, through a long line of noble poſſeſſors; inſomuch that it was now only an irregular, grand, and venerable dwelling. The towers, long ſince converted into turrets, were half emboſomed in the rich woods, that were the pride of the country. On the eaſt and north, thoſe woods had grown

to an almoſt ſavage wildneſs and grandeur; but, on the ſouth and weſt, were gracefully broken with light plantations and variegated ſhrubberies, to the bottom of the knoll, on which the building ſtood. The ſea almoſt flowed up to the hill, and bathed the green oaks with every tide; while a little creek, with beautiful indenture, formed a ſecure harbour for the veſſels of the family, and a new object of beauty from the houſe.

The gardens were chiefly on the ſouth ſide, when the deſcent was, at length, abruptly checked, by a projection of rocks, crowned with fox-glove and wild plants, which fancifully impended over a mountain torrent, the natives called a river,—wholly unnavigable from its rude courſe and ſtony bed, which often threw up crags, reſembling curled and half-burnt volumes of enormous ſize; between, and over which, the

pure

pure waters ruſhed and foamed, with ever beautiful variety; till taking ſuddenly a bold ſweep, the ſtream ſmoothed to poliſhed cryſtal, ere it diſcharged itſelf into the ſea. Here, through a tuft of willows and poplars, peeped the white cabin of a ferryman, who led not a life of idleneſs; for acroſs the river was the neareſt way to the next market-town. At ſome little diſtance, nearer the ſea, appeared the yard of a boat-builder, enriching the ſcene with the buſy charm of human labour and ingenuity. The land beyond roſe with a verdure, rarely ſeen ſo cloſe to the beach; and a quarter of a mile further, half ſheltered by woods, was ſeated the houſe of the boat-builder; for that was above the rank of a cabin. Before it, for many a mile, with graceful undulation, wandered the high road; while the ſmooth and beautiful ſands offered a cool and delightful ride in calm weather; and the rich and wild woods,

woods, that every-where fringed the ſwelling ſhore, promiſed ſafety when the winds of winter ſhould rage. Such was the near proſpect from the manſion of Bellarney: while the ſea, with bold expanſion, and all its grand varieties of ſurface, ſupplied, to the reflecting mind, images yet more impreſſive.

To croſs this well-known ferry, and drink tea at the boat-builder's houſe, had once been the extent of Emily's wiſhes; and lucky ſeemed the hour when Lady Bellarney would allow her the ſatisfaction of gathering, in thoſe more remote woods, worſe ſtrawberries than ſhe found at home. The novelty that formed the pleaſure, was for ever vaniſhed; but the ſweet remembrance of it ſtill lived at her heart, and made this ferry, and this dwelling more pleaſant to her eyes and to her ſoul, than any other. The name of poor Kerry, who uſed to inhabit

habit the houſe, was on her lips, when, checking herſelf, ſhe aſked the attending gardener to whom it belonged, and who lived there? "God knows," cried the man, "who it will belong to now; but the little Lady, they ſay, is to have all: and as to *living*, — I know a poor honeſt fellow who is almoſt ſtarving there. Jack Croſby was head-man to poor Mr. Kerry, when he was killed by the fall of a piece of timber in the yard, and his widow found that he was worſe than nothing. What does Jack do but take to the buſineſs, becauſe he was *ingenus*; and now the bailiffs, they ſay, will take to Jack, unleſs he is *ingenus* enough to keep out of their way. We uſed to have ſuch fine boats, and veſſels, on the ſtocks there, it was a pleaſure to look at them. Now you ſee there is hardly any timber to work upon; and the little there is, our ſteward ſays he is not paid for. Had our poor young lady not gone beyond ſeas, ſhe might, pleaſe

pleaſe God, have lived; and ſhe had a kind heart: ſo things would have gone otherwiſe at Bellarney. Now I ſuppoſe all our fine oaks, that are the pride of this county, and the next to it, will be felled, to float off in caſh to England, like all the reſt of our neighbours' woods; for nobody will live at Bellarney till little Madam is a lady grown, they ſay, but ſervants."

While the gardener was thus ſimply engaging the thoughts of Emily and the Marquis, the eyes of the latter were eagerly contemplating the beauty of the proſpect, from the brow they ſtood on. The near ſcene attracted him as being at once wild and domeſtic, retired and buſy: nor was the yard of the boat-builder the leaſt ſtriking feature in the beautiful whole. They now deſcended with the gardener (whom Emily could alike have guided had ſhe dared) through woodwalks, to the bottom of the hill;

hill; where, ſtanding on the brink of the river, the Marquis raiſed his eyes to the ſcene they had left, and, on compariſon, found that he beheld hardly leſs to his taſte. The elevated and irregular rocks they lately ſtood on, impended now over their heads, and ſhook the wildly ſtreaming garlands of ſummer above them, with an intereſting charm, confined ſcenery alone can ſupply: while the river, which the eye traced, with many a rude fall, along a deep glen, ſoftening its roar as it approached, expanded at their feet into grandeur; and, through its tranſlucent waters, gave to the eye the rocky inequalities of its bed. An aged ferryman, on ſeeing them waiting to paſs, ruſhed ſo haſtily from his cabin to convey them, that he ſpared not a moment to cover his venerable locks; which, while he puſhed off with his pole, fantaſtically caught the wind, and the beams of the ſetting ſun, as, dipping his golden orb into the ſea, he threw

threw his long radiations even to the ſhore. —Again was Emily going to hail the well-remembered old ferryman, and again ſhe checked herſelf.

Having croſſed the romantic ſtream, the Marquis, and his beloved, wandered ſlowly towards the boat-builder's houſe; ever and anon turning to ſurvey the beautiful ſcenery of Bellarney, and then, with new wonder, gazing on the ever-fluctuating waves of liquid gold.

"Oh! well my Emily knows how to chuſe her home," fondly whiſpered the Marquis, preſſing the arm that, with ſuch ſweet content, hung within his; "poor as ſhe is, ſhe has yet the power of ſtretching forth her beneficent hand, to ſave the induſtrious and unfortunate tenant of that little manſion, her taſte and her tenderneſs will ſo exquiſitely embelliſh." The full heart

of

of Emily allowed of no other reply, than returning the affectionate preſſure.

And this *was* the happy home of the Marquis of Lenox and his Emily.

To the poor young man who had raſhly embarked without a capital in his maſter's buſineſs, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin ſeemed dropped from heaven. They paid his little debts, allowed him to remain in the family, and employed his ingenuity to repair and beautify the little manſion. Emily, knowing the ready channel to every elegant accommodation, by applying, as Mrs. Irwin, to the tradeſmen in Dublin ſhe uſed to employ at Bellarney, ſoon obtained ſuch furniture, as united ſimplicity and taſte at a very moderate expence. The refinement of her mind made her ſparing in all ſhe provided for herſelf: a harp, and a ſpinning-wheel, formed almoſt the whole of her excluſive poſ-

poſſeſſions. For the Marquis, Croſby fitted up a large and retired parlour as a ſtudy; where ſoon were arranged ſuch a collection of books, as ſecured the mind from ſtagnation; with a teleſcope, and whatever elſe might aſſiſt the ſtudy of aſtronomy, a ſcience for which the Marquis had ever ſhewn a decided taſte.

Poor Croſby was not convinced, by his own failure, that boat-building might be an unprofitable employment. He became urgent with the Marquis to make a fortune, by purchaſing the ſtock, and leaving him the active part of the buſineſs. This, on reflexion, appeared to the fugitives a meaſure of prudence; ſince nothing but an oſtenſible occupation could prevent them from ſoon becoming objects of curioſity in the country: and it was more dangerous to be ſuppoſed rich than poor. The leaſe of the whole was, therefore made over to

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, and the timber-yard once more abounded in the oaks of Bellarney. Croſby, proud to deſerve the truſt of his maſter, ſhewed at once ſuch capacity, ingenuity, and induſtry, that the Marquis found, in improving that young man's little knowledge in the mathematics, amuſement, and in learning from him mechanics, exerciſe: as well as that in both inſtances he felt himſelf relieved from the laſſitude a liberal mind muſt always feel, when conſcious it is become a cold blank in that circle of ſociety it was meant to animate.

Such was the humble fate, ſuch the ſimple pleaſures, ſuch the active purſuits of the Marquis of Lenox, on the day that made him two-and-twenty; which he celebrated with his Emily, in the bowers of Bellarney, where, as mere tenants of the eſtate, they had almoſt ſole poſſeſſion. — Life had much earlier opened upon him than on moſt

men, and ſorrow prematurely ripened reflexion.—Of all that fortune in the inſolence of abundance once offered to him, able only to graſp a ſingle good, his ſenſe of its value was quickened by the perpetual fear of loſing it, ſo many trials had occaſioned.—Emily had long been all to him, and if ſhe could have wanted a charm, the ſituation he ſoon ſaw her in would have made his wiſhes wholly concentre in herſelf, ſave the fond one he now and then ſent towards his daughter.—The hearts of both were however awakened to their other ties, when, on the ſteward's tendering the leaſe to Mr. Irwin to ſign, Emily heard her daughter termed Emily Lenox, the lady of Bellarney.—Her ſenſe of her father's cruelty and injuſtice, in depriving her of a name his pride thus capriciouſly inveſted her child with, revived with all its force; and in the bitterneſs of recollected ſorrow, ſhe ſecretly applauded her own reſolution in quitting him

for

for ever. — To the Marquis on the contrary the name of Emily Lenox was a dear acknowledgment of his right in the little angel, and a ſure proof that no ſteps had been taken to annul the marriage, by which he yet hoped one day to claim all his rights, as well as his daughter. This only ſubject on which the pair did not think alike, was, however, by delicacy of mind, entirely ſunk between them, and they lived wholly iſolated from ſociety, (ſave of the poor and grateful ruſtics, whom they liberally aſſiſted) like the firſt pair in paradiſe, when they had only God to look up to.

Ah! what cannot an active and intelligent mind do when once it reſolutely adopts, and purſues, an idea? Never did Emily appear ſo intereſting as while regulating her little houſehold, and preparing, without one querulous word, for the hour that was to give her both a care, and

a pleaſure, in another dear babe.—The Marquis had now become almoſt as diligent, and expert as Croſby himſelf in boat-building; and promiſed Emily, on recovering, a moſt gallant little veſſel to ſail about the coaſt in: an indulgence ſhe much deſired.—The mornings were thus, by mutual conſent, paſſed ſeparately by the married lovers, ſave when Emily, fearing it was too hot, or too cold, would riſque alternately either danger herſelf, to walk to the river-ſide, and ſee whether the Marquis was taking proper care of himſelf; or he, finding a new moſs, ſhell, or plant, haſtened home to amuſe with the ſimple diverſification of objects the elegant pencil of Emily.—The evenings were beguiled now in muſic, and now in deep contemplation of thoſe unnumbered worlds hanging in majeſtic ſilence over the heads devoutly raiſed to view them; while a thouſand rich and ſolemn thoughts, chaſtened from the little cares, or hopes, of mortality,

tality, the beings who dared to look for happineſs beyond it.

Nor was winter without its peculiar pleaſures.—The ſtormy ocean had its ſublimity, the cheerful fire-ſide its indulgence.—Never did the hands of Emily look ſo white as when employed on the ſpinning wheel—never did her air ſeem ſo graceful as when ſhe was tuning the harp:—if the Marquis iſſued from his ſtudy impatient to ſhare with her the delight of a favourite paſſage in a favourite author, never would Emily recollect it; for the voice, and the taſte, ever made it new to her heart, melodious to her ear.

To fill up every thought, and moment, a ſon was born to the Marquis, and his Emily. A lovelier never fond parents contended to embrace: ſighing, yet rejoicing, they named the babe Edward.

Nor was the young ſtranger a joy to the parents alone. Beatrice, who had found a vague diſappointment in quitting a ſolitude at the foot of the Alps, for even a more ſequeſtered ſituation in Ireland, was inveſted with the office of nurſe, under Emily, and found a ſtrange kind of pride and fondneſs ſuddenly awakened; with a certain conſequence peculiar to thoſe new in office. Croſby ſaw her thus intruſted, with ſome regret that he was not a woman to conteſt for the employ with her; if, indeed, he could have conteſted any thing with the lively little Italian, whom he had vainly tried to teach Engliſh (totally unconſcious of the brogue that rendered it impoſſible), till he had learned another much more univerſal language of her — that of the eyes. Nor was Jack ſo bad a linguiſt but that Beatrice underſtood, and approved him. — She ſuddenly ceaſed to lament Italy; — forgot

forgot "her father's dear little dwelling at the foot of the Alps," and became of importance to herſelf. The Marquis, and Emily, ſaw with pleaſure the love that made the happineſs of their own lives, thus extending through their little houſehold.—A cabin near the timber-yard was beautified by Croſby, and furniſhed by his bountiful employers; who gave him all the profit of boat-building, though he was to appearance only a ſervant: to Beatrice they allotted the timber as a portion. Croſby ſoon carried his bride to his own little home; but as Beatrice could neither live without her miſtreſs, nor the little Edward, the latter paſſed his life pretty nearly in being carried from the houſe to the cabin, and from the cabin to the houſe.

Few young creatures born to wealth had ever reflected ſo deeply on human life as Emily. She was perſuaded that happineſs

was a good we often tread under our feet, while we look for it in the clouds;—that natural affections, early cheriſhed, and innocently indulged, bring with them natural duties, and buſy purſuits, which guard the heart from a coldneſs and languor, that, if it does not produce vice, engenders diſcontent—the worm that never dies;—the voluptuary cannot long find pleaſure unleſs he reſtricts his appetites;—the man of reaſon muſt bound his wiſhes to obtain that chaſte felicity which alone can be laſting. Thus did Emily think—thus did ſhe live—the happieſt of the happy.

It ſeemed as if heaven, to compenſate for the beauty it had taken from her, gave Emily a ſuperior power of beſtowing it.—Her little Edward was ſoon ſo ſtrikingly handſome that ſhe pronounced him the very image of his father; while that fond father ſaw in his darling boy the moſt marked reſemblance

ſemblance of his own mother, the beautiful Ducheſs of Aberdeen,

The pleaſure-bark was now built, and gaily ornamented. With her child, Beatrice, the Marquis, and Croſby, Emily ſpent a great part of her time on the ſea, of which ſhe grew very fond. Her huſband ſoon found that it is only to the indolent of body, and liſtleſs of mind, life ſtagnates. — When the affections have full play in the heart, and generous ſenſibilities call us frequently out of ourſelves, to aſſiſt others, while the general duties of exiſtence make incidental claims on our time, the year rounds almoſt before we know it — in ſuch happineſs has each day eſcaped us. Another lovely boy came, to record the progreſs of time. The fond parents baptized him Vincent; and while his hair, fair, and playful as Emily's own, curled over his roſy cheeks, his mother, with ſoft and voluntary error, would

ſighing

ſighing preſs him to her boſom, and call him Emily; in dear remembrance of the ſiſter he reſembled.

Not thus, alas! did Sir Edward Arden's years paſs on. Obliged to leave Italy without being able to trace the retreat of his nephew, a hope had ſprung up in his heart, that the Marquis had only out-travelled him, and he ſhould find the unfortunate beloved young man in London. — When, on the contrary, he was told that the Duke had never heard more of him than the letter he had tranſmitted to Rome, a deep though ſilent remorſe ſeized on Sir Edward that made ſociety inſupportable. — The guilty are often oppreſſed with the ſenſe of being haunted by the dead; perhaps the delicate mind hardly feels leſs, that is haunted by the living. — To know there exiſts a being to whom you are odious, whom you in a manner annihilate, yet whom your heart demands

demands inceſſantly, and languiſhes to ſoothe, and ſatisfy, is a refined, and exquiſite affliction beyond all complaint — beyond all comfort.

The Duke of Aberdeen, aſtoniſhed ever at what he called the ſtrange flights, and lofty fancies of Sir Edward, always compoſedly looked to his banker for news of his ſon; and, when year after year paſſed without a demand for money in his name, coolly concluded he had, in ſome Italian intrigue, got a ſtab with a ſtiletto, and been ſecretly interred, either to conceal his condition, or becauſe he was not known. — Lady Emily was now his heireſs, of whom he became dotingly fond. — The ſweet child was not leſs, though more rationally, endeared to her maternal grandfather; who, to protect her, and form her infant mind, conſtantly reſided at a ſeat on Windſor Foreſt. Here, day after day, year after year, did

did Sir Edward image to himſelf his nephew appearing in all ſhapes and forms; ſtill ſeeking, by boundleſs love to the early orphan, to win her father to avow himſelf, if within reach of his own family. —Sometimes he ſuppoſed that the Marquis, who had once deſired a commiſſion, had, in diſguſt to his own country, ſerved in a foreign one: yet this he hardly thought poſſible without his being diſcovered:—ſometimes, that he had ſailed for the Indies, and there married: —much oftener, that he was now almoſt his neighbour, though determined to be ever, to the man who would have murdered him, inviſible.—Thus were his days filled up with anxious ſurmiſes,—his nights with melancholy perſonifications; nor had he any probable termination for either but his life.

Croſby was in ſuch habits of intimacy with all the domeſtics at Bellarney, that the

the happineſs of the young Emily, in being ſo beloved by both her grandfathers, was well known to her parents. — A third boy being born to them, they now no longer hoped for another daughter. In careſſing her ſons the tender mother often felt a ſigh, and ſometimes a tear, follow the ſilent bleſſing ſhe morning and evening breathed for her girl; although ſhe was unable to add the kiſs that the boys contended for.

It is a happineſs in our nature that the common tie of offspring in ſome reſpects circumſcribes, while in others it dilates, our views. Even well-informed parents, anxious to fulfil their duties, have always much to learn; and ſweet is the ſtudy that has ſuch a motive. The Marquis miſſed no more the buſtle, or the pleaſures of the gay world, but was as buſy at five and twenty in acquiring the kind of knowledge which ſhould enable him to lighten the dear de-

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lightful taſk of Emily, in inſtructing their boys, as if he had reached his grand climacteric.

The mother had a quicker ſource of information in her own heart. She had been herſelf in early youth the victim, in turn, of each turbulent temper connected with her, and always concluded this was becauſe no maternal influence had been uſed to ſoften the bolder character of man. To her boys therefore in infancy ſhe ſuppoſed herſelf as important as their father would afterwards become. In her progreſs through life it had ſtruck her that equanimity of character is rarely attained after the ſeaſon of childhood is paſt: but, while the unripened mind, yet feeble and unpoiſed, is now putting forth, and now drawing in its uncertain powers, as paſſion, or caprice induces; the wife, and well-governed ſoul of a mother

ther has a full command over it, through the medium of the affections, ere example can operate; and all the regulated virtues, ſo important to ſociety, may be implanted, and confirmed with our growth into rational habit, till they rather aſſume the form of our pleaſures than our duties. So, when the tyrant paſſions preſs with deſtructive fury to the heart, they find it firmly guarded by temper, and by conſcience; who ſet limits to their ravages: and thus in the ſoul of her ſon, to his laſt hour, may live endeared the image of the mother, who loves him ſo wiſely, and rules his infancy ſo well.

Thus to employ the hours that fly ſo faſt, and never can return, was now the firſt object of Emily's life; and that, in giving this important bias, ſhe might be aſſured juſt modes of thinking regulated her own deciſions, ſhe began with a deep examination of herſelf,

ſelf, and a ſevere conſideration of all ſhe meant to inculcate. Juſtly is it ſaid, that,

" —— but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain."

Emily's own nature, at once refined and elevated by the ſoftening ſenſe of her duties, blending with the matron dignity of her mind, formed, even in youth, ſo rare a character, as rendered her to her huſband the object of a love ſo devoted, tender, and true, that to both ever bleſſed was the day when they withdrew from all other ties; ſince in no other way could their ſouls have ripened to ſuch corrected knowledge, ſuch ſimplicity of manners, ſuch hallowed endearment.

As the three lovely boys grew (for Emily, after an interval of four years, gave up the hope of ever being bleſt with another daughter), the tender mother ſaw ſhe had indeed judged rightly in thinking herſelf the beſt tutor of their early days. Edward, the elder,

elder, had, with ſtrong intellect, enchanting beauty, and grace, but impetuous paſſions, and that intuitive pride which marked the Arden family.

When his mother had fully impreſſed Edward with reverence for her underſtanding, and a due feeling of her boundleſs tenderneſs, ſhe would, by occaſionally yielding to him, with an air of coldneſs and compaſſion, make him painfully ſenſible of his own childiſh weakneſs, and violence of temper,—thus checking the gratification he would have found in indulging his paſſions, by making him know he was too unimportant to act on thoſe of any one around him,—the deſire of recovering his uſual influence taught him to ſubdue his temper. Vincent and Alleyne, though there was only a year between any of their ages, had, neither in mind nor body, a proportion of vigour like their elder brother. With exquiſite flexi-

bility, and a cherub ſweetneſs, theſe little charmers would climb the knees of either parent, and preſs their roſy lips on the ready cheek, whenever they had erred; while the melting heart, ſo addreſſed, ſanctified, by a ſilent bleſſing, the little fault, thus touchingly atoned.

Whole hours would theſe two little creatures ſtand at their mother's ſide, each claiming, as his own, the white hand neareſt to him; and fixing on her, with ſweet and ſilent ſerioufneſs, their beautiful eyes, imbibe her admonitions to love and reſpect their elder brother, as the immediate repreſentative of his father, and, even in infancy, their protector. Edward, to deſerve this pre-eminence, became in turn the organ of her will: often was he obliged to yield to his brothers the indulgence he moſt deſired, and practiſe the hardeſt, therefore the firſt of human virtues, ſelf-denial. By the magic

gic of mind, the Marquis ſaw, with dear delight the pureſt harmony, thus breathed early into the tenacious boſoms of mere babes, and owned his Emily wanted not yet his aſſiſtance. To give ſtrength and freedom to their limbs, a thouſand ſports were invented by Croſby, whoſe employment it became at thoſe hours to guide and guard them.

Reſting on the arm of her lord, the happy Emily often ſtood to contemplate, in their plays, the graceful children; who owed to a voluntary ſecluſion, advantages, which high rank, and unlimited fortune, far from giving, would infallibly have robbed them of; ſince a thouſand real or imaginary claims on the time of the parents, muſt then have driven out of their preſence the darlings, in whoſe improvement they were moſt intereſted, to whoſe failings they were moſt ſenſible.

When reflecting minds once ſeek in their children an exerciſe of their powers, it is aſtoniſhing to how great a degree thoſe powers can be engroſſed by them: and oh! how ſweet is the hallowed approbation of themſelves, parents ſo employed muſt ever feel! To become the organ through which the divinity ſpeaks wiſdom and virtue to thoſe little beings, who would otherwiſe owe to us only that coarſe and common exiſtence, which is almoſt as often a curſe as a bleſſing, is indeed, an employment worthy man; and the only one calculated to fill his whole heart: for all his other purſuits have no poſitive end, however great his attainments.

The three boys had juſt arrived at the turbulent ages of eight, ſeven, and ſix years, when an unexpected bleſſing was added to the family, in an infant daughter. — She became another happy means of impreſſing Emily's leſſons to her boys; and they ſoon

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vied with each other in tenderneſs to the little ſtranger.

On riſing in the morning, it was the cuſtom of Emily to fly to her chamber window, where a teleſcope had been fixed, through which ſhe could not only diſcern her ſons in the care of Croſby, playing in his ground, but their individual employments. In his cabin, Beatrice always ſuperintended the breakfaſt they earned and reliſhed, by activity. Pleaſant to the eyes of a fond mother, ever was the column of ſmoke that aſcended from the happy cot.—One morning, the Marquis having reſted very ill, Emily forbore to ſteal from his ſide till a much later hour than common, leſt ſhe ſhould break his ſlumbers: as uſual, ſhe immediately reſorted to the teleſcope. The ſun was high, and the column of ſmoke that announced the children's firſt meal, had now ſubſided.—The landſcape,

freſhened by a ſhower that ſpangled the leaves of the trees, revived the ſoul through the eyes. The tide was full in the river, and the two younger boys were poiſed at each end of a plank, in Croſby's yard, to which the elder now and then gave motion, and at intervals, threw himſelf into an attitude of grace Praxiteles might have borrowed. Beatrice, with the infant Mira in her arms, ſtood carefully by to guard them. Touched by this ſweet aſſemblage of intereſting objects, Emily ſtole to the bed-ſide of her huſband, to ſhare it with him by deſcription: but he was ſtill aſleep, and ſhe indulged, in ſilence, the ſoft and affectionate emotion.—Again ſhe returned to gaze through the teleſcope, when an object, unſeen before, aſtoniſhed her faculties — arreſted her attention — "Can it be?" — "yes!" — it was a ſmall veſſel moored in the creek of the caſtle, where none but thoſe of the family ever had harbour. — Its gay ſtreamers ſeem-

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ed all hoiſted, as in joy, and playfully dipt in the full tide. — To the entranced Emily it appeared to be the very one that bore her from Scotland, home again, when ſhe had been ſo cruelly overlooked by the Marquis. — Time ſtood ſtill while imagination acted; and hardly could ſight ſatisfy her that ſhe was in the room with her beloved, now a tried and faithful huſband; or that the graceful creatures ſhe beheld employed in chaſing each other on the ſands, were all his, no leſs than her own — the ſacred treaſures of their blended exiſtence. — Self, however, almoſt inſtantaneouſly gave way to a new, a complicated feeling. — That veſſel could no more bring home Emily Arden. — Ah! whom then had it brought? — Perhaps her daughter. — Sweet was the revulſion of ſoul that followed this idea. — Panting, ſpeechleſs, ſhe tottered to the bed, and waked the Marquis by the tears and kiſſes with which ſhe covered his hand. — He felt ſomething

extraordinary muſt have happened. — She pointed to the window, and ſinking on her knees, prayed heaven to bleſs with happineſs the ſurpriſe of the moment.—The Marquis, in turn, remained in deep ſilence at the teleſcope.—The ſaſhes thrown up in almoſt every room of the caſtle,—the ſailors buſily employed in landing baggage,—the air of hurry in the country people, beſpoke ſurpriſe and pleaſure. —In a moment he ſaw, though he could not ſtop, Croſby, who leaped into the ferry-boat with his youngeſt ſon in his arms; while the two elder joyfully ſprang after him: and Beatrice could hardly ſtill the cries of the little Mira, who wanted to be of the party. — A ſtrange impulſive conviction that their little ones were thus unconſciouſly ruſhing into the preſence of the only perſons to whom they themſelves could be dear, gave a ſuffocating throb to the hearts of both parents, that made them fall into each other's arms, as though their all were for ever

ſnatched

ſnatched from them.—The arrival of Beatrice ended their doubt—the veſſel in ſight, had indeed, on a ſudden, and without any notice, brought over the little Lady of Bellarney, with both her grandfathers. All the tenants were flocking to ſee them; and the whole neighbourhood, ſhe added, was in a joyful confuſion.

But who could be in ſuch a confuſion as the pair to whom Beatrice never turned her eyes?—Taken thus by ſurpriſe, the Marquis and Emily had no longer recollection enough to conſider the preſent, much leſs to ponder on the paſt, or regulate the future.—It was their utmoſt effort to endure the myſterious throbs of nature, now ſo powerfully drawn back to thoſe, to whom they owed their being, and now ſo fondly impelled towards thoſe to whom they had given it!—Oh! moments of rare and exquiſite enjoyment—when reaſon becomes almoſt viſionary, ſenſation almoſt ſublimed!

Neither

Neither father nor mother could have told how the intereſting interval paſſed ere the ferryman re-landed their precious boys; who, far outſtripping Croſby, flew panting into the arms of Emily.—As ſoon as they had regained breath, all with one voice exclaimed, that they had ſeen the little Lady of Bellarney, and ſhe was *ſo* good, and *ſo* pretty—and ſhe had given them theſe,—ſhewing in their hats, roſes of pink and white ribbon, in honour of the May-day. The parents, all eye, as they had been before all ear, now gazed on their own living roſes, theſe garlands ſo ſweetly embelliſhed; when Edward, well recollecting that it was his duty to ſhew his mother's leſſons had not been loſt on him, plucked the knot from his hat, and for a kiſs gave it to Mira.—Emily, more than recompenſed the dear ſelf-denying boy, in the embrace ſhe beſtowed on him.—The Marquis at length found voice to aſk faintly, "if they ſaw no one—no creature

creature elſe." — "Oh! yes," they cried, "they ſaw a great Duke ſo portly — but very good-natured notwithſtanding; and there was a pale, thin, grave old gentleman, who laid his hand on Edward's head, and bade them come, and their parents with them, to Lady Emily's feaſt to-morrow."

Was ever pleaſure like the pleaſure with which Emily and her lord recogniſed, in the innocent detail of their children, each a parent, and felt that they themſelves had thus, by repreſentation, ſtood once more in the preſence of thoſe who thought them long ſince inhabitants of another world? — The boys, who had vainly waited to know whether they were to accept the kind old gentleman's invitation, now impatiently cried out, "and ſhall we not go to the feaſt, mamma, and ſee the heireſs?" — "Yes, my precious children," ſighed Emily, folding them to her heart, with a ſmile of ſignificant tender-

tenderneſs to their father, "you ſhall ſee the heireſs — and go to the caſtle to-morrow."

At Bellarney all was rejoicing, hurry, and delight, while thoſe for whom the feaſt ſhould have been preparing, ſilent, agitated, and thoughtful, remained ſhut up at home. —The Marquis, ſtill fixed to have, in this inſtance, no will but Emily's, ſought through her ingenuous eyes to explore the meaning of her ſoul. — It had always been her intention to abſent herſelf, with her whole family, on the firſt intimation of the two fathers coming to Bellarney; but thus taken unawares, ſhe found that plan more likely to excite ſuſpicion, than remaining on the ſpot. Her ſons, the Duke, and Sir Edward, had already ſeen, nor was it poſſible, little creatures ſo gifted by nature, ſo poliſhed by care, ſhould eſcape a ſtrict obſervation. And then her Emily — her dear firſt-born, the child of many ſorrows — the lovely memo-

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rial of a thouſand, thouſand, affecting remembrances — could her mother fly her? — Ah no! the heart that gave her being, made ſuch a powerful claim in the boſom of Emily, that even the fear of Sir Edward gave way to the wiſh of once more embracing her daughter.

Thoughts like theſe made reſt that night almoſt unknown to Emily, and her lord. A ſlumber in the morning was neceſſary to enable them to undergo the probable agitations of the day. Again was the ſun high when Emily threw up her chamber window, and looked through the teleſcope.

What a proſpect awaited her there! — Croſby had, in honour of the heireſs, cleared out the little pleaſure-bark of his maſter, and gaily decked it with all its ſtreamers: he was putting it from ſhore when Emily looked; while holding the rudder, or rather leaning

leaning on it with infantine majeſty, ſtood her young Edward. Above among the ſhrouds playfully hung the two agile Cupids, his little brothers. On the deck ſat Lady Emily, unpacking a little baſket of fruit, to hand to the children:—while, oh! yet more impreſſive, by her were two gentlemen, in mute contemplation of the lovely ſea-boys.—In that ſmall ſpace, and the room ſhe ſtood in, was comprehended, to Emily's eyes, the whole world.—Sir Edward, ſhe ſaw, though time had a little bent him, ſtill preſerved the grace of his fine perſon; and the "pale caſt of thought" in his cheeks, took not even yet from the fire and intelligence of his black eyes; which, eagerly ſcanning the unknown charmers, every moment turned to conſult thoſe of the Duke.—That nobleman was not ſo unchanged;—coarſe and worldly in his ideas, a voluptuary in all his pleaſures, he was grown older than his years;—his face appeared

peared ſwoln, and red; — his figure corpulent, and gouty.

Again did Emily awaken her lord — but to how great a trial! — In the glow, as he yet was, of youth, and ever alive to the moſt pungent feelings — from a dead ſleep he ruſhed into a rapid torrent of tumultuous emotions. — Emily, in whom maternal fear was the moſt powerful of impulſes, in a moment implored him to let her again look if the young ones had been taken from their hazardous ſituation in the ſhrouds; and her huſband reſigned to her the teleſcope: the cherubs were ſtill ſwaying about, regardleſs of Croſby; and Emily forgot even her father; till, having ſeen them leap ſafely into the arms of their guardian, ſhe eagerly turned towards the Marquis — but he was no longer by her ſide: — the aſſemblage of affecting objects, that had ſo ſuddenly greeted his eyes, had been too trying to his heart;

heart; and he had plunged into the thick woods that ſpread ſo beautifully above the beach. He remained ſome hours there, ſtriving to maſter his highly-wrought ſenſibility, and unconſcious of that lapſe of time, which cruelly diſtreſſed his wife. — Alas! he was alike unconſcious that the fever of his brain was paſſing into his blood. When he returned, his wild and heavy eyes, inflamed cheeks, frequent ſhiverings, and continual thirſt, at once announced malady; and Emily ſoon ſadly convinced herſelf that his pulſe was beating even faſter than his heart: this he conſidered as the effect of agitation merely; but ſhe thought otherwiſe, and ſhe was right: the fever in a few hours roſe to an almoſt deſperate height, and the doctor ſent for, ordered every proceſs that could reduce it; ſtrictly enjoining that the chamber of the patient ſhould be kept quiet, and his mind entirely calm: — the firſt Emily could accompliſh by ſhutting out every

every creature ſave herſelf; but how, how could ſhe compoſe the mind, when in that the malady originated? On the contrary, the Marquis ſoon became delirious—fancifully imagined now her father by him, now his own; and ſometimes imploring from both a bleſſing on himſelf, and ſometimes in the moſt moving manner beſtowing one on his children, he would enjoin Emily to ſhut them all from that moment out, and allow him to expire in peace in her arms.

A thouſand times did the agonized wife meditate ſending for both their fathers, in the hope of giving even a temporary relief to the mind of the Marquis: but yet, the miſerable ſtate ſhe found herſelf in, and the dangerous one ſhe witneſſed, made it an effort almoſt beyond human ſtrength to venture the important diſcloſure.—Nay, might ſhe not by miſtaken tenderneſs ſurround the bed of her huſband with thoſe

whoſe importunate affection might aggravate the diſeaſe, and accelerate his death?—The injunctions of the phyſician were at each viſit repeated; and ſilence, with peace, the only chance, he inſiſted, that ſhe had for ſaving her beloved.

Shut up in a ſick chamber, watching with uncloſed eyes every painful breath the Marquis drew, did Emily paſs the days when all the country aſſembled to the feſtivities at Bellarney.

Croſby, with Beatrice, attired in their beſt, conducted, according to Sir Edward's invitation, the three ſweet boys to the caſtle; who, little innocents, were yet too young to ſhare their mother's tears, or judge of her cauſe for them. Emily had, alas! no longer leiſure to think of either parents, or children. Her huſband occupied her wholly.

Sir

Sir Edward Arden had with much reluctance reſolved to viſit Bellarney, on the letters of the ſteward having alarmed him, and the Duke, with the idea that the heirs at law were agitating, as a queſtion, their grand-daughter's right to poſſeſſion.—The ſight of a place where he once knew perfect felicity with Lady Emily, could not but reduce the ſpirits of Sir Edward; and the more immediate impreſſion of her lovely child, who ſtill ſeemed to embelliſh the ſcene, from which he thought her for ever vaniſhed, would have wholly dejected him, but for a vague and exquiſite pleaſure he ſuddenly felt on ſeeing the three little ſtrangers; in the elder of whom he could not be perſuaded that he did not trace a ſtrong likeneſs to the Ducheſs of Aberdeen, though the Duke was not ſtruck with it.—He became impatient to ſee their parents, and naturally expected them at the feaſt.

When the children, however, appeared, Sir Edward forgot he had wiſhed to ſee their parents, in the myſterious delight which melted his nature, and almoſt brought back the long-forgotten flows of youthful ſenſibility. — He enquired their degree — admired Edward with a fond diſtinction — ſpoke of offering to take, educate, and promote him, and wondered why Croſby ſhook his head, as implying that his father would not give him ſo great an advantage; ſince he ſeemed to be of a rank to make the offer flattering.

In the little plays of the younger party, invented to amuſe Lady Emily, ſhe was commanded to ſing, and inſtantly complied: commanding in her turn Edward to do the ſame. — The child pauſed a moment — ſaid he did not know a ſong — but having whiſpered with his brothers, they began a little Italian trio their fond mother had amuſed

herſelf

herſelf with teaching them during the ſummer days they ſailed about with her: when their father, ſoftly touching his flute, would fill up each little pauſe, and regulate the time. — It was only a trifle, but one that ſpoke refinement, — feeling, — fancy. — Sir Edward ſtarted — he thought his ſenſe deceived him — to hear three wild lovely Iriſh children breathe, in the niceſt harmony, a delicate piece of muſic, and in another language—it was abſolute enchantment!— He called them to him, and eagerly demanded who had taught them? They all, with one voice, cried, "their mother!" — "Their mother! — and who could that mother be, ſo exquiſitely accompliſhed?"— Again he thoughtfully traced the lineaments of Edward, who, with the intuitive ſkill of childhood, found himſelf a favourite, and adhered to his grandfather's ſide. — Again Sir Edward pondered on the poſſibility of his being the ſon of the Marquis, although,

alas! not of his daughter. — Yet to ſuppoſe his nephew ſhould fix on Ireland to conceal himſelf in, and, above all, the neighbourhood of Bellarney, ſeemed too extravagant an idea to be admitted. The Duke thought it ſo, and diſmiſſed it with a cool air, as one of the many romantic viſions he had often ſeen poor Sir Edward troubled with.

The three boys early in the evening took leave of the party at Bellarney — but never during the whole night did they quit Sir Edward: — every look, every motion, recurred to his memory; and, above all, their ſweet little muſical performance. He longed for the morning, that he again might ſee them; and the little Lady Emily, not leſs fond of her new companions, caught her grandfather going to take his early walk, and conjured him "to bring home the little Irwins."

On

On deſcending the hill, Sir Edward perceived thoſe he ſought catching the pure breath of the morning on the ſands: he then turned towards the poor home their parents inhabited. Nothing could be more improbable than that the only ſon of the Duke of Aberdeen ſhould have choſen ſuch a dwelling, or become for ſubſiſtence a boat-builder. —Yet he determined to ſee its maſter, and end all his doubts. — At the ferry the three delighted cherubs awaited him; and, while Edward readily agreed to be his guide to their houſe, the two younger ones playfully ran races before them.

In the diſtreſſed ſtate of Emily's mind, ſhe could only charge Croſby to take the tendereſt care of the children, without permitting them to approach the ſpot where their little innocent ſports might diſturb their ſuffering father. On ſuddenly hearing their voices cloſe to the door, ſhe felt offended at

Croſby's neglect, and abruptly appeared there.—To her aſtoniſhment, ſurrounded with her children, ſhe fixed her eyes on her own father. Unable to ſpeak, ſhe lifted a finger to quiet the two younger boys, and waving to the eldeſt to come to her, bent her trembling knees with reverence to Sir Edward, and, haſtily tottering into the parlour, fainted away.

Sir Edward, ſeeing in the mother of theſe intereſting children, a perſon quite a ſtranger to him, and, as her retiring curtſy ſhewed, willing ſtill to be ſo, had in politeneſs no choice but to return. Croſby met him by the ferry, and informed him of the ſudden and deſperate attack of Mr. Irwin, which had thrown his wife into deſpair, and the whole neighbourhood into a conſternation.—Sir Edward pardoned to an unhappy wife a want of civil regard, and bade Croſby haſten to offer her in his name any accommodation

dation Bellarney could afford the ſufferer; and to entreat that he might have charge there of the ſweet boys till her domeſtic anxieties ſhould be leſſened.

The agitated Emily had hardly recovered breath when Croſby arrived; and fearing another abrupt viſit from her father might render her as much an invalid as the Marquis, ſhe acceded to the invitation: only deſiring Croſby would bring her children to her once a day.

A thouſand diſmal thoughts filled up the tedious nights Emily watched by the bed of the Marquis.—It ſeemed to her as if again the preſence of her father were to annihilate her happineſs: and bitterly did ſhe regret the not having quitted the country with her young ones, the moment ſhe ſaw the veſſel moored at Bellarney.—The morning after ſhe had thus parted with her children,

dren, ſhe heard their little voices with that of Croſby, and flying down to bleſs them, claſped ſuddenly in her arms her Emily — her own dear little Emily—who had aſked to join the boys in the walk. — A guſh of tears ſweetly maternal fell from the cheeks of the elder Emily on thoſe of the other; who, fair as herſelf at the ſame age, ſoft and endearing, wept readily with her. — The mother now withdrew her arms, but it was only in fond admiration to ſurvey the well-known features, formed and improved by growth; — to mark the turn of her graceful perſon;— to delight in her gentle manners—her air of ſenſibility.—The boys, ſo very dear, ſuddenly found themſelves almoſt overlooked by their mother; but each caught a hand, their ſiſter, ſmiling through her tears, readily held out to them. —Edward told his mother, " Lady Emily *would* come to ſee her, and offer to nurſe papa; for ſhe could do it very well, as ſhe often nurſed her

her grandfather."—"And does thy tender heart act thus early, my little angel?" cried the fond mother, again careſſing her.—The young Emily kiſſed in ſoft ſilence the arms that enfolded her, and wondered why the preſſure was ſo ſweetly endearing,—ſo unlike Connor's.

In the precarious ſtate of the Marquis, Emily dared not allow him the exquiſite indulgence of ſeeing his daughter; who, ſomething ſurprized, though highly delighted, with her mother's tearful fondneſs, aſked why ſhe wept. Emily, in a faltering voice, uttered, though myſteriouſly, the ſimple truth, in ſaying the lovely ſtranger recalled to her mind a precious daughter ſhe had long loſt.—"And it is ſo long ſince I loſt my mamma," returned the engaging child, "that I have quite forgot her; but I ſhould like to be called your Emily, and have all theſe dear little boys for brothers."

—The

—The full heart of the mother allowed not one ſyllable in anſwer.

Lady Emily returned home, eager to tell the endearing reception ſhe had met with; and Sir Edward Arden, actuated by an unconquerable curioſity, or rather an unconſcious intereſt in the fate of the Irwin family, now interrogated the ſteward concerning them. He ſoon learned that they had long excited the ſame feeling in all around them; but, either from choice, or chance, were no more known, than on the firſt day of their arrival: that they certainly came from abroad, as they brought only a foreign maid-ſervant with them, who did not ſpeak Engliſh; — that they never mentioned any relations, nor were known, in many years, to write or to receive a letter. The employment of boat-building, the ſteward added, Mr. Irwin purſued for his own amuſement, the ſupport of Croſby and the accom-

accommodation of the poor fiſhermen, to whom on all other occaſions he and his wife were beneficent beyond what their own bounded expences would make probable;—that when they wanted money, Mr. Irwin drew for it, through the medium of himſelf; and he had made enquiry of the Dublin banker, but found he had no other knowledge of the ſtrangers than that his truſt gave him.

A pair ſo nobly-minded and exquiſitely accompliſhed, ſtanding thus alone in creation, muſt, Sir Edward thought, have ſome extraordinary reaſon for their conduct.—The time of their ſettling in Ireland, was very nearly that, when the Marquis diſappeared. To behold Mr. Irwin, though but for a moment, would have ended all his ſuſpence—yet how was he to preſs a viſit, when he had ſeen the miſtreſs of the houſe, without her thinking it neceſſary to invite him

him in?—He tried to buſy himſelf in the affairs of the eſtate; but only found reſt from the trouble of his own ſoul, when ſurrounded by all the dear, the playful children, who now brought him better accounts of their ſuffering father.

Sir Edward, however, was not the only ſurprized or inquiſitive perſon in the family. —Mrs. Connor, infirm and old, had loſt her hearing; but her ſight was ſtill good, and it told her that the babe, Beatrice brought in her arms one morning to the caſtle, was the very image of Lady Emily, when her lovely mother was carried, at Rome, into the chaiſe by the Marquis. After puzzling herſelf for a day or two, and then every one elſe, with enquiries, that brought no conviction, poor Connor reſolved to encounter Sir Edward's wrath, and diſcharge her conſcience of the treaſured ſecret.

How

How great was Sir Edward's aſtoniſhment—how extreme his indignation at the long ſilence, the late confeſſion of the poor woman! His Emily alive!—with the Marquis!—both hating—both ſhunning him alike—What a perpetual ſource of bitterneſs and ſorrow! Far from ſuppoſing the doting old woman right in turning his eyes to this ſecluded pair, he became aſſured by this information, that he had no intereſt in them: for the wife he had ſeen, and ſhe was not his Emily.—Thus to have approached a felicity that melted in his graſp, aggravated all his paſt griefs, and diſappointments, to poor Sir Edward Arden.

Connor, as decided in her opinions as Sir Edward himſelf, refuſed to credit any eyes but her own; and having aſtoniſhed the Duke with her ſtory, obtained his leave to go immediately and "ſee theſe Irwins."

Emily

Emily had waited impatiently, till the Marquis was enough recovered to be removed to a camp-bed ſhe had prepared for him in the ſtudy, as the largeſt and cooleſt room in the houſe. She had hardly ſeen him in this comfortable ſituation, when a moſt unuſual ſound, the approach of a carriage, cauſed her to haſten into the parlour, and ſhut the intermediate door. Emily perceived it to be the coach of the Duke. Perturbed as her mind muſt be, ſhe could not forbear ſmiling, to find it had brought poor Connor only; who had been growing ſo great a perſon while ſhe had herſelf been ſhrinking to a little one.

Connor immediately perceived ſhe greeted a ſtranger; and Emily, at the ſame moment, diſcovered that ſhe was not in danger of being known by her voice; which ſhe had always feared would betray her. Mrs. Connor was not too condeſcending, and

ſeemed

ſeemed to doubt whether ſhe ſhould, by ſitting down, authorize this obſcure perſon's doing ſo in her company. Cold thanks for her civilities to Lady Emily, with an invitation to Bellarney, terminated the viſit: and Connor aſcended her ſplendid conveyance in the full conviction, that it was not here the fugitives would be found; nor did ſhe fail to regret riſquing the diſlocation of her bones, by the execrable road ſhe had rumbled through to no purpoſe.

And here would have ended all enquiry, had only the Duke of Aberdeen and Mrs. Connor been concerned; but here it did not end with Sir Edward, in whoſe ſoul every powerful feeling was again afloat.—Hope, pleaſure, paſſion, throbbed there with all the energy of youth. Oh! might he be bleſt enough to find the two ſo long loved, ſo long lamented — to find them ſurrounded with ſuch a beautiful race of children—

at once to multiply treaſures ſo unhoped—it was a happineſs too exquiſite to truſt his imagination with—a thouſand times he execrated the fidelity of the old crone, and the connivance of Dr. Dalton. Had a word been dropt by either, he could inſtantly have followed, and ſhould certainly have traced the beloved fugitives, who would not then have known long years of comparative poverty; nor he of unremitting remorſe. In going over the paſt, it ſuddenly glanced acroſs his mind, that his Emily was ſaid to die of the ſmall-pox; and the mother of theſe intereſting boys was certainly much marked by it. It had then been his daughter he had greeted — ſhe ſhrunk from him! — Ah! why, if ſhe knew him not? — The ſweet perſuaſion played before his eyes, in all the forms eager affection could give it, till the morning, when Connor annihilated that fond belief, by aſſuring him, that the ſtory of the ſmall-pox had been wholly a fiction,

fiction, as her lady left Rome with the Marquis, in all the bloom of youth and beauty; and that Mrs. Irwin was not in the leaſt like her, "for ſhe had ſeen that perſon with her own eyes."

Again was Sir Edward in deſpair; yet he wandered down to the ferry; and croſſing the river, threw himſelf on a ruſtic ſeat near it, to meditate on the leaſt impolite means of gaining a view of the ſick Mr. Irwin.—Beatrice ſaw him from her cabin, and approached with Mira in her arms, to invite him to repoſe there as a ſafer place. Her foreign accent ſtruck him — he availed himſelf of the lucky chance that had brought her in his way, and ſpoke to her in Italian. Her native language ſhe delighted in, and he ſoon brought her to inform him where ſhe had firſt met with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin,—"Gracious! where ſhould ſhe meet with them, but at her father's?" —

"But where might her father's be?" — "Did he ſpeak Italian, and not know her father's, at the foot of the Alps?" She deſcribed, and Sir Edward remembered well, the inn — preſumptions grew ſtrong — hope again throbbed in wild pulſations at his heart. — As if to amuſe the child he had taken in his arms, he drew from his boſom a miniature of his daughter, ſet in the back of her mother's picture. — Beatrice looked ſharply at it, and croſſing herſelf, cried — "Santa Maria! kiſs it, Miſs—it is your own mamma's."—Sir Edward trembled, and could hardly avoid dropping the babe—"Yet, no it is not your mamma's either — but it was hers before that cruel ſmall-pox ſo altered her. — Ah! when ſhe ſtept out of the chaiſe at our door, ſhe was as like it as two peas — but we muſt think it a mercy ſhe ever left the houſe alive."

And now what a torrent of emotions convulſed

vulſed the boſom of Sir Edward Arden!—It was more than happineſs obtained—it was happineſs recovered—it was a fullneſs of ſatisfaction, that made him exult in ſo reſigning the life he felt in a manner fleeting from him.—Beatrice ran for water, and offered him ſalts—he feebly and ſilently aroſe—preſſed her hand, and tottered towards the retreat, where he was, as by reſurrection, to find his long-loſt ſon and daughter.

The weather was ſtill ſo warm, and the Marquis ſo ſenſible of the additional oppreſſion, that not only the door of the room, but that of the houſe, had been ſet open, to circulate the air. The poor Emily, worn out with intenſe fatigue and fearful tenderneſs, having diſpoſed all things for the Marquis to take a little repoſe, ſat down in the adjoining parlour, and reſting her head on her hand, fell into a languid ſlumber herſelf. There was a deſolation in her ap-

pearance, an utter diſregard of ſelf, that, when the effect of true ſenſibility, affects the heart beyond the moſt delicate attire.—Her fair hair, which ſtill remained in all its beauty, had almoſt eſcaped from the cap that was meant to confine it.—Her wrapping-gown ſhewed the unaltered grace of her form; and on her left arm, which hung down as ſhe ſlept, were three ſmall moles, that would as fully have identified her to her father, as all the charms ſhe had loſt.

Fancy carried the weary ſleeper to Freſcati —dreaming ſhe was in the cool ſhade by the fountain, ſhe ſuddenly found the marble Faun was breathing forth ſtrains as ſweet as thoſe of the Marquis.—While liſtening with entranced delight, by a ſtrange extravagance, common to the diſturbed ſlumbers of the unhappy, ſhe thought the ſtatue leaped from its pedeſtal, and came towards her—ſhe faintly ſtruggled—half groaned—opened her

her eyes, and—fixed them on her father.—Yes! it was Sir Edward himſelf, hanging paſſionately over her—his wan countenance expreſſing the tendereſt emotions, and a full conviction of the truth. She claſped her hands piteouſly, but had neither power nor time to utter one word, for her cry had awakened the Marquis, who called to her in a voice of agony, to come and let him ſee her.—That voice, that well-known voice, more dear than any thing on earth to Sir Edward, ſeemed to ariſe from the grave—he ruſhed impetuouſly to the inner room—made but one ſtep from the door to the bed, and falling on it, faltered out—"Now let me die, ſince I have ſeen thy face, becauſe thou art yet alive."

Already Emily felt all the ſoftneſs of a daughter, blending with that of a wife;—already was ſhe at the feet of Sir Edward;—and conjuring the Marquis to ſupport him-

ſelf under a trial, to which he was ſo unequal, ſhe took a hand of each, — uniting them with kiſſes and tears, ſhe preſſed them to her boſom. Oh! what an embrace was that which her father gave her! — it ſeemed to inter for ever all remembrance of ſuffering and of ſorrow. — To the Marquis he was even more tender, for to him he ſtruggled to ſubdue his feelings—never had he ſeen that much loved face ſince he left it convulſed in death in the convent garden. Still was it pale, but no longer lived there the traces of miſery. Affection, gratitude, a thouſand complicated ſoftneſſes wandered through each feature. Sir Edward ſunk on his knees by the ſide of his nephew, and the tears that he then dropt, ſealed in heaven, and on earth, his pardon.

Theſe are the pure and elevating points of being, when even the paſſions, ſublimed by

by virtue, ſeem to partake of immortality. Precious white-winged moments! which, ſoaring out of the dark wreck of human exiſtence, ſtill hover over, and illumine it with celeſtial glory, even as it ſinks into eternity!

A ſilence ſo exquiſite followed the transport, that it ſeemed as if the happy three lived by looking: — it was interrupted by the lovely head of Edward ſhewing itſelf at the door. On ſeeing his father awake, he crept ſoftly to the bed-ſide, and kneeling, kiſſed his hand. Sir Edward fondly preſſed the tender boy to his boſom, energetically repeating "my own!" — The aſtoniſhed child turned to his mother, who bade him honour, in the kind ſtranger, her father. Croſby, who was within hearing, caught the news, and was ordered to convey it to the Duke. Fleeter than the wind, with all the train of lovely boys, ran Croſby towards Bellar-

Bellarney: but, unable to controul his own tranſport, he loſt the merit, perhaps the reward, of firſt imparting the diſcovery. The ferrymen, the fiſhermen, the gardeners, the grooms, all had caught the news from the eager meſſenger; and twenty voices at once proclaimed to the Duke, that Sir Edward had found the Marquis of Lenox, and the Lady of Bellarney!

Croſby, again as rapidly on the wing to return, meeting Lady Emily, caught her up, and, ſtill accompanied by her brothers, bore her in triumph over the ferry. — At ſight of his daughter, the Marquis indeed revived: — a thouſand, thouſand times, he kiſſed, and bleſt her. — To ſee her encircled in the arms of her mother, appeared to the father the ſummit of human felicity. — The tender little Emily fondly claſped by turns her lovely brothers; while their roſy cheeks were doubly ſuffuſed, thus to be careſſed

reſſed by the heireſs, whom they had never dared to treat with the leaſt familiarity.

Hardly crediting the extravagant tale, came more ſlowly the Duke of Aberdeen; and, not without ſome diſpleaſure, greeted his ſon: — examined with indelicate attention the altered face of Emily: — acknowledged the race of lovely children; and immediately aſſured Lady Emily, that, ſhould there be twenty more, he would never love one as well as he did her. — He then with contempt ſurveyed the humble home love alone could have embelliſhed, and remained aſtoniſhed at its having been the choice of his only ſon, and Sir Edward Arden's only daughter, to paſs the beſt years of their lives in this diſmal dwelling, when the ſumptuous one of Bellarney was quite unoccupied.

To the blind of body, human art can ſome-

ſometimes give perception: to the blind of ſoul, it never yet was given. The Marquis and Emily therefore attempted not to explain the motives of their conduct to the Duke; and it is poſſible Sir Edward Arden would not have been better underſtood, had he told that nobleman why he requeſted the Marquis to remove neither buſh, nor ſtone, table, nor chair, from this bleſſed little home, when the lovers ſhould quit it for Bellarney: ſince "where he had firſt found the happineſs he had vainly ſought for many years, he was determined henceforward to live, and to die; chaſtening thus in his own ſoul its pride, and its paſſions, and preparing it for the better world he muſt be now faſt approaching: till, on that very bed where now lay his beloved ſon, and in the dear arms of thoſe who encircled it, he ſhould breathe his laſt."—The Duke ſhrugged his ſhoulders at this flight:—that two young people might fancy an Arcadia of their own mak-

ing.

ing, he thought among the ſtrange poſſibilities of life; but for Sir Edward, in his old age, to turn a grey-headed ſhepherd, and ſolicit the reverſion of this delectable poſſeſſion, appeared to him curious enough!—too much ſo for diſcuſſion.

Bold in character, impetuous of ſoul, the Iriſh find pleaſure always tranſport, anger fury. The romantic ſtory of the Lady of Bellarney, interred alive on her own eſtate, circulated rapidly, and cauſed a commotion of joy in the country. All ranks and deſcriptions of people waited impatiently to hail the reſurrection of the married lovers: and as only Croſby and his wife knew even the outline of their hiſtory, they, and their cabin, ſoon grew into great notoriety.—Feaſts and viſitations occupied the Duke, and the dwellers at the caſtle, whither all the world reſorted.—To Sir Edward, and his daughter, that world was compriſed in

the

the ſick chamber of the Marquis: which the father would no more leave than the wife. In the fond jealouſy of an equal affection, they contended who ſhould moſt anxiouſly attend on him; yet ſweet was it to Sir Edward to ſee that it was Emily his nephew would ever have — Emily he always looked for, with eyes full of tenderneſs, and gratitude.—When ſighing over the ruin of her beauty himſelf, how could a fond father fail to adore the huſband who found it all in her heart?

It was at length ſafe to remove the Marquis, and at Bellarney he now took poſſeſſion, with the rightful Lady. The next ſunday, ſervice was ordered in the chapel of that manſion; where the lovers prepared to offer up their grateful effuſions for the protection of that God, who thus, the ſtorms of life overblown, aſſembled themſelves, their parents, and their children, in their happy

happy home. — Had the little chapel been a cathedral, it would have been filled. — Emily, ſimply attired, with her fair locks, ſo long hid, once more flowing over her graceful ſhoulders, was led to the ſeat ſhe had always occupied by the Duke of Aberdeen. The Marquis, yet feeble and intereſting, followed; holding, in his right hand, his elder daughter; and, in the other, his ſon Edward. His uncle, in ſpeechleſs exultation, came behind, with the younger boys; who gazed, now on him, and now on each other, as if they knew not yet how they had gained this ſudden grandeur. Beatrice, though a Catholic, ſhared, with the faithful Croſby, the happineſs of that day; and truer prayers never aſcended to heaven than thoſe offered up in the chapel of Bellarney.

The return of Emily with her lord, and her children, terminated the enquiries of the heirs to her eſtates; and ſhe reſided there

there a while to make arrangements on her own domains, ere she could accompany the Duke to visit his. — The parade of being presented at court, and all the vain shews of life, Emily never delighted in, and now retired from; as wholly incompatible with the great duties of a wife, and a mother. Yet she already found how difficult it would be, in re-assuming her rank, to act up to her own sense of right, in watching over her young ones; and once to withdraw from that important employ, was to make vain the labour of her life. — She felt nevertheless that the Duke had a right to claim his son for a while, and it was a point of respect, for her to follow with her family.

In Scotland new festivities succeeded; and, to the happy children, life seemed all holiday. — Their parents found it not wholly so. The Duke had discussed with the Marquis

quis his ſtrange indifference to the buſineſs, and the honours of the great world: urging ſo ſtrongly his appearance in London that he knew not how to refuſe. — Emily would not influence him, but decided for herſelf; and entreated ſhe might ſtay with her family.

If it was a trial to the Marquis to quit for a ſhort time the dear domeſtic circle in which for ten years he had wholly moved, what muſt it be to his wife to ſee him depart?—He who muſt ever be, to her, happineſs or miſery, was now aſſociated with a libertine father, and going to be impreſſed with a high ſenſe of his own advantages: even if his heart ſhould ſtand the teſt, and remain wholly uncorrupted, and unalienated, how could ſhe be ſure that ambition would not ſeize on him? She had learnt to dread thoſe dangerous enchantments, — power, and politics. — Yet muſt ſhe boldly venture

all: for never can we call the bleſſing our own, we are in daily fear of loſing. — One only good did ſhe ſolicit her lord to add to that he would bring back in himſelf: — a wiſe and well-governed mind, to take from them both the charge of their ſons' actual tuition. — Croſby was ſtill to continue the inventor, the guardian, of their ſports.

It is much more difficult to change our taſtes than to fix them; and this it is makes right habits of ſuch importance in youth. — Circumſtances had early guided the heart of the Marquis of Lenox to true and tender feelings; buſy and pleaſant duties. Thus the delights he could not ſhare with Emily, and his children, faded before the recollection of thoſe he daily loſt in his painful, but neceſſary, abſence from them. Nor was it in the houſe, or circle, of his father, he could ever become indifferent to the virtuous, or rational happineſs his own afford-

ed.

ed. An expenſive eſtabliſhment formed of perſons who cared not whether the prodigal maſter lived, or died,—a luxurious table, no faithful, or ſcientific friends ſurrounded, —a licentious arrangement with ſome painted nymph of St. James's Street, who came into, and went out of, the houſe, with the faſhion, was not likely to win to the corrupt modes of polite life a man, who ſaw he could always maintain there his natural conſequence, while in his purer conduct, and ſimpler manners, he muſt ever rank higher in the ſcale of ſociety.—The trial was over.—The Duke gladly eſcaped the obſerving eye of his ſon, and Emily found herſelf again in the arms of the huſband ſhe adored; who vowed never more to undergo the penance of living without her, and the dear young ones now contending for the "envied kiſs."

Sir Edward Arden had not been inſenſi-

ble to the danger that might ariſe to his daughter's happineſs from the Duke having full power to act on his ſon, yet he applauded in his heart the magnanimity of mind, and ſacred conſciouſneſs of deſert, which induced Emily to riſque the trial. By remaining with her, and her children, he at once gave her due protection, and the Marquis boundleſs freedom.—How fully did he ſhare the delight of that re-union, which made the endeared circle his own for life!

And now the Marquis prepared to conduct his whole family to Bellarney, where they purpoſed chiefly to reſide. It was an unexpected gratification to find the Duke meant to be for a time of their party. The fond mother naturally imputed the diſtinction to his partiality for her Emily, as it was with much reluctance he had reſigned her to the Marchioneſs, who would not allow any other

woman

woman to form the mind of her daughter. Had the Marquis conſidered his father's character, he might have better underſtood the cauſe of the compliment: for he alone knew, that the Duke on leaving town had diſmiſſed a worthleſs extravagant miſtreſs; whoſe place he ſecretly meditated to fill with the innocent wife of Croſby.—To the ſon, Beatrice had only appeared a worthy good girl, devoted to his Emily, and tender of his children—it remained for the father to diſcover that ſhe had expreſſive black eyes, a ſmart figure, and a little Italian coquetry, with which ſhe often contrived to keep Croſby on the fret; though hardly to himſelf would he own that he was jealous.—From the moment the Duke firſt ſaw Beatrice, he had taken this idea into his head; and in conſequence made her occaſional preſents, ſo ſuited to her wants, or her wiſhes, that ſhe had not the prudence ſtrictly to ſcrutinize his motive for offering them.—The tender

billets with which they were accompanied, he always had the addreſs to write in Italian, thus making poor Croſby bear his own ſentence, without being able to decipher one word of it. With this baſe and ſelfiſh intention did the Duke accompany a pure and virtuous pair, rejoicing in the ripening age of their young ones, to whom they had promiſed a laſt gala on the day which ſhould make Emily eleven years old.

However happy the return of the day, that memorable one which actually called the child into exiſtence, was too deeply impreſſed on the mind of the Marchioneſs not to make her mingle ſerioufneſs with endearment, when ſhe gave the bleſſing, and embrace of the morning.—The gravity, however, was ſoon forgotten, and the gay innocents engroſſed every thought of the happy elders.

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In ſitting down to dinner, Emily caſt her ſmiling eyes over the table, and ſaw it encircled with every being in creation that intereſted her heart. — On her right hand ſat the father of the Marquis — on her left, her own: oppoſite to her, the huſband ſo beloved, and on his right hand Emily, the lady of the day. — The dear boys made their claim; and even Mira was for once allowed a place, while Beatrice entreated to attend on the leaſt of her ladies. During the deſſert Sir Edward called on the three boys for their ſweet Italian trio; and the pleaſed Marquis had ordered his flute, to guide their little voices juſtly, and fill up each pauſe, when Croſby coming haſtily in, ſpoke in a low voice to the Marchioneſs: — a deadly paleneſs came over her — ſhe ſtruggled to ſpeak — could not utter a word, but reaching out her hand, at once ſilenced the children and ſummoned their father. No ſooner however did his arms enfold her,

than with a groan, as if her ſoul were ſeparating from her body, ſhe ſunk into a ſwoon. — The whole aſtoniſhed circle environed her in a moment. — The Marquis was too intent on her recovery, to enquire what had cauſed her fainting: but Sir Edward angrily turned to Croſby, who ſtood like a culprit thoughunconſcious of a fault, and commanded him to repeat whatever he had ſaid to his lady — "*Lord, Sir,*" cried he, "it could not be what I ſaid that ſtruck my lady for death, as it were. I wiſh I had let the poor dying creature die outright, rather than ſee ſuch a frightful conſternation on Lady Emily's birth-day. — I only came to humour a ſick body the houſekeeper took in from pure compaſſion; juſt to enquire of my lady if ſhe pleaſed we ſhould let her have an old coffer, ſhe ſays is in the belfry — Lord knows ſhe may be light-headed, and I ſhould not wonder if there is no old coffer there at all. —

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It is not likely a poor vagabond ſhould have any trunk in our houſe."—A tale ſo wholly trifling, and unintereſting, engroſſed not any ear. The Duke, and Sir Edward, imputed the attack to the powerful ſcent of a melon that had ſtood very near Emily. The anxious ſoul of the Marquis told him ſhe had never ſo yielded to mere conſtitutional weakneſs, and that the groan ſhe gave could have no common cauſe.—When life returned, Emily indulged a guſh of tears ſo profuſe, and ſo bitter, that all around her remained in diſmayed ſilence.—Her huſband, preſſing her yet more tenderly in his arms, ventured to draw aſide the handkerchief from her eyes; but ſaw ſuch an expreſſion of agony, and terror, that eagerly he hid her face on his boſom.—As ſoon as ſhe could muſter ſtrength, ſhe aroſe, and leaning through feebleneſs, as well as fondneſs, on the arm of the Marquis, waved from her both their fathers; while,

while, with a ſweet maternal grace, ſhe invited towards her, the whole affrighted race of little ones, who gladly flew to claſp her knees, and thoſe of their father.—"Come to me, my precious babes," ſighed ſhe, ſtriving to encircle them all—"It is yours early to embark in the ſorrows of your parents—Oh! Edward, the hour is come—the fearful heavy hour of renewed perſecution—the *avenging fiend* yet haunts us, and our innocent children. The viſitation comes too in the moment of ſecurity.—But my mind has now claims upon its fortitude that will enable it to meet my fate.—Feel not thus fearfully my pulſe, my father—*that* may fluctuate, but my mind is ſteady.—Poor Croſby! he knew not what he aſked for! I, only I, could tell, that the coffer demanded is the property of Emily Fitzallen; and no human being, ſave herſelf, could have known ſuch a truſt remained in this houſe."—"You ſhall not

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ſee her, Emily," cried Sir Edward fiercely:— "Pardon me, my father," meekly returned the Marchioneſs, "if a greater duty than the one due to you makes me break through that.—Encompaſſed thus by my children, protected by my huſband—ſanctioned by our parents, and ſupported by my God, I feel it becomes not me to falter, and I will know now—even now, the end of all my miſeries."—The meek and matron dignity of his daughter ſilenced, and awed, Sir Edward:—to the Marquis ſhe clung, that no tranſport of his might interfere with her purpoſe; and having deſired Croſby would guide them all to the ſtranger, Emily and her lord led the whole family through long galleries, to a remote apartment adjoining the nurſeries.

At the electrifying ſound of Emily Fitzallen's name, imagination had preſented her to the whole group, in the very form in which they

they laſt beheld her — gay, glowing, beautiful, imperious, ſavagely exulting in her power over the unfortunate, and appearing only to torment. The daughter of Sir Edward felt ſhe was now come with the ſame invincible malignity, to wreſt from her, if poſſible, a title doubly endeared, and hallowed, by its importance to her children. But what a revulſion of ſoul did the whole family experience, when they ſuddenly ſurveyed a miſerable object, in whom they were hardly able to trace the vindictive beauty, who had poiſoned the promiſed happineſs of their former years. Almoſt without power to move, ghaſtly, and livid, as if already in the grave; a ſurgical and bloody bandage encircling her temples, lay the living ſpectre of Emily Fitzallen — opening her hollow eyes, upon which ſeemed to hang the films of death, they wandered, without recollection, over the whole company, who remained ſilent and horror-ſtruck.

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The gentle and generous Marchioneſs felt all ſenſe of her own ſufferings evaporate from her mind, on thus beholding the companion of her childhood, the miſery of her youth, the victim of the world! — by ſome incomprehenſible means thus brought back to the roof that firſt ſheltered her, and the circle ſhe had injured, to repent, as it ſhould ſeem, and die. The expiring wretch, having tried to clear her dim ſight, demanded of the ſervant nurſing her, who all theſe perſons were. — "This, infamous woman," cried the Marquis, in a voice almoſt inarticulate through paſſion, and preſſing the hand of Emily to his heart, "is my wife; and all theſe little ones our children." — Her deep-ſunk eyes glared yet more horribly — ſhe turned appalled from him ſhe had ſo baſely injured, and ſeemed as though ſhe would, if poſſible, have ceaſed to hear. — "Oh! dear mamma," cried the young Emily, who ſtood neareſt to the bed, "pray

ſend

ſend for another doctor; I am afraid this poor woman will bleed to death, and you will not let any one die on my birth-day, ſurely."—"You are then another Emily Arden," cried the expiring wretch, abruptly turning to gaze on the tender child, who ſhrunk from her: "you have her every feature—and would *you* ſave my life? poor child!—I came here only to diſgrace you—but who ſtands by your *ſide?*"—"Her mother," anſwered the Marchioneſs firmly, "who, though changed in features, has ſtill a heart ready to forgive the penitent—a hand ready to aſſiſt the wretched. A juſt and powerful God has, by ſome ſtrange ordination, brought you, at this awful hour, and in this fearful ſituation, to the very houſe, nay to the very chamber, where you firſt knew recollection; to awaken in your own breaſt, compunction for your ſins—in ours, compaſſion for your ſufferings. I bleſs the power he has given me of forgiving you, as only

by

by that means, could you implore his pardon." —"And can you, even you, breathe thus a bleſſing on me," groaned the wretch, in a hollow tone, "cut off, as I am, in the moment of a new ſin meditated againſt your little one? for I knew not you yet exiſted.— An hour ago, to ſteal into the grave unknown, as I too ſurely muſt unlamented, was all I wiſhed; — for could I hope ſuch angelic goodneſs was to be found on earth? How I have injured you both, needs not be told—how God has avenged you, I would have you ſee;" ſhe lifted a gown that was lightly laid over her neck and arms, and ſhewed the ſkin, once ſo exquiſitely white and delicate, now frightfully diſcoloured with bruiſes, and black with mortification. This, and the bloody bandage on her forehead, marked, too plainly, the premature death that had overtaken her. Emily, ſickening, turned to weep in the arms of her huſband, who, even yet, could hardly

hardly deign a look towards the wretch who had deſtroyed his early happineſs; nor would he have endured to ſtay, had he not felt his preſence a ſupport to his trembling wife.

"I ſhall not have life, nor perhaps intellect," reſumed, after a pauſe, the dying Miſs Fitzallen, "to relate my whole ſtory — nor need I ſhock the pure beings, who thus deign to ſpeak comfort to my ſoul, with a repetition of all my errors:—that they have not been as fatal as I ſuppoſed, alleviates a little my ſufferings: — to the weak, yet bountiful Lady Bellarney, I owe my firſt fault. — She encouraged me to be vain of my natural advantages: yet every hour told me I muſt never rank with her grand-daughter. Envy thus became my firſt ſin, and malice ſoon grew out of it.—I began to over-rate my own underſtanding, when I found myſelf able to play on the weaker one of my benefactreſs, and overbear the meek

meek nature of Miſs Arden: till, in the inſolence of limited power, I invented a diabolical amuſement, in practiſing on the temper, and undermining the comfort, of the rich heireſs others ſuppoſed I was born to yield to.—As my reflexion ripened, I became yet more alive to the importance of thoſe external goods I fancied Miſs Arden's only advantages over me. While conſcious of boundleſs influence with Lady Bellarney, and aſſured I was to be her heireſs, I ſuffered not my evil views to go further: but when at her death I found a youth of ſervility had been loſt, I became yet more deſperate in my projects—yet more inveterate towards Miſs Arden. I knew ſhe had ſought her couſin—I knew he had ſlighted her;—to rob her of this plighted and admired lover, and croſs Sir Edward Arden's views, became the firſt object of my heart. I thus launched into life an unprincipled adventurer; reſolved on vengeance, wealth, and rank, if human art, or any

ſacrifice, could attain them; — to fortify my reſolution, I ran over, in my brain, the many of my ſex, whom the ſame boldneſs had exalted to the higheſt ſituation. I traced the ſteps of Miſs Arden,—underſtood the delicate motive of her diſguiſe, and inſtantly availed myſelf of the hint. In the one I aſſumed, I was not actuated by love for the Marquis.—A handſome Italian friend of his, however, ſoon won my *heart*; yet would I marry Sir Edward's nephew, and him only.—My ſex was gueſſed at by all around me, but thoſe two who were moſt likely to ſuſpect it.—Signor Gheraldi, to ſatisfy his doubts, ordered ſome men to attack me, when he was my companion; and without attempting to draw my ſword, I fainted away.—My fears, on recovering, for his ſafety, ſhewed him he was not only maſter of my ſecret, but my heart; and he urged me to quit the Marquis. Finding I was fixed on ſome project that concerned him, not all my proteſta-

teſtations could convince Gheraldi love was not my inducement. At a moment when I had almoſt reſolved to give up the Marquis, fortuitous circumſtances made him in my power for ever. Hardly had we pledged the fatal vow, when the news of Sir Edward's ſudden return agitated and perplexed me. In a week he had been moſt welcome.—Hoping he would not yet arrive, I reſolved to aſſume the habit of my ſex, and hardly had dreſſed myſelf, ere Gheraldi, in a tranſport of jealouſy, ruſhed in, determined to tear me from the Marquis for ever. My refuſal, and the flutter ſo complicated a ſituation muſt cauſe, confirmed him in his purpoſe; he ſolemnly vowed reluctance or delay would coſt the lover who induced it, his life: two truſty villains being now in waiting either to eſcort me and my baggage to the bark, ready to put to ſea; or, if the Marquis ſhould croſs the threſhold while I was deliberating, to ſtrike their ſtilettos into his

heart, and lay him a corpſe at my feet.—As the leaſt of two horrible evils, and not at that moment the act of my choice, I yielded to my frantic lover, and embarked for Baia, where Gheraldi had a beautiful villa. The ſavage looks of my conductors chilled my blood; but all other fears ſoon gave way to that of the earthquake. I ſaw I had, by a ſtrangeneſs in my fate, owed my life to my jealous lover; nor could hope the Marquis ſurvived the wreck of Meſſina. Yet, even at that moment, I exulted in the triumph I ſhould have over Sir Edward and his daughter, in the certificate I treaſured in my boſom, which I had taken care ſhould be ample and unqueſtionable. Arrived at the villa, Gheraldi bade me be miſtreſs alike over that and his heart: but alas! I ſoon found what it was to throw myſelf wholly into the power of a man I ſo little knew. I ſaw him the victim, by turns, of every paſſion, yet uniformly jealous, revengeful, and implacable:

no kindneſs could ſoothe, no proteſtation ſatisfy him. By a ſingularity in my fortune, the only man I ever really loved, was the only one I could not perſuade of my tenderneſs.—Even the ſolitude and ſecreſy Gheraldi kept me in, could not convince him I was wholly his own. He ſaw lovers and letters in every look; plots and elopements in every geſture. The verieſt wretch who ever bathed in tears the chain of matrimony, was not more completely enſlaved than that high ſpirit which had broken all the laws of religion and morality, only to remain free. Every extravagance of every paſſion, he nevertheleſs expected me to impute, as he did, to love; and if he deigned to offer this excuſe, I was neither permitted to revert to the paſt, nor to guard againſt the future. Yet, thus circumſtanced, I found I was not forgotten. More than one lover diſcovered means to offer me liberty; and perhaps only my own fears prevented my

ſcaping the tyrant: but I had not, for ſome time, raiſed a cup to my lips without the idea that it might be poiſoned; or dropt into a ſlumber, I did not expect to be rouſed from by the ſtab of a dagger; and that my next breath would be my laſt. In thoſe beautiful eyes, where I had looked away the quiet of my life, I now ſaw only a mean and ſiniſter expreſſion. My tenderneſs changed to horror and diſguſt. To have been diſcovered in attempting to eſcape, would have enſured my death; for no human eloquence would have convinced my tyrant, it was his own vile temper that reduced me to the neceſſity. That temper, however, gave me a ſudden releaſe. A fit of paſſion, at a gaming-table, left the beautiful Gheraldi a dead man, and Count Montalvo haſtened to protect and conduct me to Naples. I had many rich preſents from my tyrant, his brother did not diſpute with me, and I inſiſted on inhabiting a hired hotel at Villa Reale.

Reale. To my aſtoniſhment, I there learnt that the Marquis of Lenox not only ſurvived the earthquake, but was to be married in great ſplendour to Miſs Arden. The ſtep I took, I will not dwell upon. When I afterwards knew the Marquis in my power, by the intereſting ſituation of his wife, I uſed that power moſt baſely. But the love of evil is as apt to grow into habit as the love of good; and even when I thought the parents dead, I meditated to diſgrace their innocent child.

"From the moment I had reigned, by the weak indulgence of my benefactreſs, in Bellarney, I had ſet my heart on poſſeſſing it. The many palaces I have dwelt in ſince, never had the ſame charm; and making it my object to amaſs wealth enough for the purchaſe, I knew I could condition with the heirs at law, ere I ſupplied them the proofs that might baſtardize the grand-daughter of

Sir Edward Arden, who, thus circumſtanced, muſt evacuate the eſtate.

"I will not detail ſcenes of vice and extravagance, painful to remembrance; yet, keeping my object ever in view, I had ſecured wealth enough to hint a year ago my intention, and my power of purchaſing, to the heirs of Emily Arden. I was courted, immediately, to viſit Ireland, and aſſured of all I wiſhed here. I ſet out with immenſe property; and reſolving to land on the eſtate I already appropriated, engaged a veſſel to myſelf and ſervants. It is only four days ago that the veſſel caſt anchor in ſight of this well-known manſion; and while the ſailors were getting a boat out to land me, I ſtood on the deck, ſurveying, with delight, the remembered ſcenes of many a childiſh pleaſure. Through my mind paſſed the painful recollection, that I had quitted this ſpot an inſulted beggar. It gave place to the haugh-

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ty conſciouſneſs, that I now returned in the bloom of life and of beauty—with wealth enough to command my wiſhes, and power to expel, with contempt, the young heireſs of Bellarney.—Alas! even in this moment of full-blown arrogance and guilt, the hand of heaven impended inviſibly over me, and a ſingle ſtroke laid me once more on the threſhold of that manſion, as very a beggar, and a wretch, as I left it!

" Accuſtomed to command, and unuſed to the common concerns, or meaner intereſts of life, it had never occurred to me, that, in chuſing to have a veſſel to myſelf, I ſhould be totally in the power of thoſe I hired. My valet and two female ſervants had been about me for years; nor had I a doubt of their attachment: but how little can we depend on any tie virtue forms not? Theſe wretches, apprized of the value of my baggage, in which, beſides other riches, I had brought

brought the magnificent jewels I wrefted from the Marquis at Naples, with many more equally valuable, leagued together at once to plunder me. When the boat was declared to be ready, I ſaw with ſurprize, it was empty; and ordered my baggage to be put in, ere I would deſcend. What was my aſtoniſhment and rage, to hear all my ſervants declare, every thing on board was their own, ſave a ſmall portmanteau with a little raiment! The maſter, four ſailors, and a boy, were, probably by confederacy, ſtanding near me. Incenſed at a fraud ſo groſs, I forgot my danger, and threatened, not only my baſe domeſtics with puniſhment, but the crew. This imprudent paſſion, perhaps, firſt determined them on brutality: but with a torrent of oaths, they ſwore to throw me overboard; and finding my reſiſtance violent, they beat and bruiſed me as you have ſeen, nor could all my efforts prevent their lifting me, at laſt, over the ſide

of

of the veſſel. In lowering after me the little portmanteau, either by accident or deſign, they let it fall, and with ſo good an aim, that it ſtruck me this mortal blow on the temple. I ſunk into the bottom of the boat, nor ever recovered recollection till I opened my eyes in the very chamber in which they firſt opened. The villains landed me, I was told, at a fiſherman's cabin below, inhabited only by a woman and ſome children, then haſtily rowed off, to fetch, as they told her, aſſiſtance, but in reality, never to return. The charity of your ſteward induced him to order me to be brought up to Bellarney, where a ſurgeon was ſummoned, who dreſſed my fractured head, and applied emollients to this mortifying fleſh.

"When lonelineſs, and miſery, obliged me to ponder upon the awful and extraordinary incident that thus concludes my worldly career, my nature, hard as it has long been, felt

felt it: but I had neither power, nor will, to make a right uſe of the infliction. Pride ſurvives every other paſſion. It was ſome relief to find I knew not one of the ſurrounding ſervants; nor did they recollect me. I might therefore ſteal into the grave unknown; as, too ſurely, I ſhould otherwiſe be unpitied. The ſurgeon, yeſterday morning, tenderly hinted to me that I could not ſurvive; and requeſted to be informed who I was, and what friends of mine he ſhould addreſs.—I anſwered, with a bitter ſullenneſs, that I never knew who I was myſelf,—never belonged to any human being,—nor had one friend in the whole world:—all I requeſted was to be left to die.

"When the joy of the ſervants, in the evening, announced the return of the family, I ſhrunk into myſelf, but ventured not an enquiry. In my lonely ruminations I called

called to mind a coffer Lady Bellarney once told me contained her account of my birth; but which I had never demanded, as ſhe herſelf had often related the ſtory to me. That no memorial of me might remain, I aſked for it, as a thing without value; meaning to deſtroy only the writing.—Ah! how could I foreſee the bleſſed conſequence of this requeſt?—I knew not that the Marquis, and his Emily, lived at all: ſtill leſs could ſuppoſe they lived at Bellarney:—lived to commiſerate a dying ſinner, to whom heaven, at their interceſſion, may yet, perhaps, extend its mercy. With an almoſt purifying power, the meltings of humanity ruſhed even now into my guilty heart, when that miniſtering angel ſo ſweetly ſaid it was yet poſſible ſhe might forgive me."

The wretched woman now made an effort to raiſe her hands to heaven, and thoſe around her, but ſunk back as helpleſs:—an awful

awful example that human charms, and powers, even in their extent, may fail to accompliſh the views of the wicked in this life;—the hardeſt nature be unable to reſiſt the horrors of that which is to come.

The pious and gentle Emily, drawing the Marquis after her, and every little innocent intuitively following the bleſſed example, knelt round the bed of the penitent ſinner; where ſhe offered up prayers ſo fervent, and benignant, that no eye could withhold thoſe drops, which, while they prove the weakneſs of our nature, ſanctify it.—Then preſſing the hand of the Marquis to her heart, ſhe made him a party in the ſolemn forgiveneſs ſhe audibly pronounced. Sir Edward, hanging over his angel daughter, anſwered her imploring eye by an imperfect Amen.

The Duke of Aberdeen, who had been a

ſurprized

ſurprized ſpectator of this memorable ſcene, only becauſe he felt it impoſſible to retreat, now approached Emily; and, being ſeconded by her father, would have led her out of the room; when, throwing the door ſuddenly open, Croſby appeared, with another man, carrying the coffer demanded, covered with duſt, and cobwebs.—The languid ſufferer, loſt in more momentous conſiderations, bade them take it away again; but recollecting herſelf,—"no", cried ſhe,—"open it.—I ought to have no pride if I am truly penitent:—let then all who thus witneſs the manner of my death, know too the extraordinary manner of my birth."—Croſby, who was burning with impatience to ſee what this coffer could poſſibly contain, had brought a hammer in his hand, and ſtruck off at once the old lock. A written packet lay on the top, which he handed to the lady, while he haſtily drew forth the faded, but valuable, garments of a woman; which would

have

have engroſſed the attention of all the ſervants, had not the fall of the Duke, in a kind of fit, obliged them to raiſe and recover him. Sir Edward Arden, too, abruptly wrung the hand, and threw himſelf faintly on the ſhoulder, of the Marquis; which made Emily utterly regardleſs of the ſervants, who were unfolding for her notice a rich, and remarkable Indian ſhawl. Her father again glancing his eye fearfully on it, as haſtily turned away. "Put it out of my ſight," cried he, in a low, ſhocked voice, to his nephew: "that ſhawl unfolds a tale, my ſon, beſt underſtood by the Duke, and myſelf. — By the myſterious ordination of heaven, I am deeply involved in the guilt of that creature — and now can account for the ſevere viſitation on me, and mine. — Wretched libertine!" added he, gazing contemptuouſly on the yet inſenſible Duke — "is the hour then come for thee to feel?" — Graſping the Marquis yet cloſer, he whiſpered,

pered, "Let your father be taken out of the room: — that wretch is his daughter — his own child — by Miſs Archer. — Oh! Lenox, ſhe is your ſiſter: — and even earthquakes, in the wonder-working hand of heaven, can, to individuals, become mercy!"

Sir Edward now eagerly led his daughter away; and the Marquis accompanied his father. The dying ſufferer requeſted the chaplain to ſatisfy all around, by reading aloud a letter, inſcribed — "To be opened by my god-daughter, Emily Fitzallen, whenever ſhe reaches woman's eſtate."

"Our days being all numbered, I may "never live, my dear girl, to ſee you the "good, and accompliſhed, woman, I hope "you will be. As, however, rich, or poor, "we all like to know who we belong to, "I will give you what account I can of

" your parentage; though that, God knows,
" is not much.

" After the untimely death of my poor
" dear daughter, I found myſelf very ſad,
" and lonely, at Bellarney: ſo all my kind-
" red made it a point to have me a viſiting
" among them. Poor Emily Arden was ſo
" little a baby, that I was of no uſe to her,
" nor ſhe company for me. I ſtaid a while
" at Sir Arthur Gore's ſeat; where you, I
" remember, ſo admired, and drew, the
" rocks. Poor child! you little knew how
" dear they had coſt you.

" Lady Gore had many good qualities,
" but was a woeful manager of children.
" Four ſuch rude boys, as her's, I never
" met with in my whole life. They were
" always in ſome miſchief, or other:—now
" ſcouring the country on unbroken horſes:

" —now

" —now floating out to ſea in little ſkim-
" ming pleaſure-boats: — for my part, I
" thought they would all be, ſooner or later,
" brought home with broken bones, or
" drowned carcaſes: but children, and
" fools, they ſay, are the care of provi-
" dence; and, when I think how theſe
" young tigers became the means of ſav-
" ing your little life, I cannot but think ſo.

" One windy October there came, on a
" ſudden, ſuch a tempeſt as I never ſaw.
" I really thought the crazy old houſe of
" Kirkalty would have been blown about
" our ears; while the ſea rolled on moun-
" tains high, and laſhed the ſhore with
" fearful roarings: — but all the ſtorm
" without, was nothing to that we had
" within doors, as ſoon as Lady Gore
" found her ungovernable boys had put off
" at early tide with an old fiſherman they
" paid handſomely. All night, and all

" day, the tempeſt raged; and my poor
" couſin's grief would have melted a heart
" of ſtone. We all gave the boys up for loſt,
" though we did not tell her ſo; and the
" fiſherman's wife made as bad an outcry
" in the kitchen, at Kirkalty, as ever we
" had in the parlour. At noon, next day,
" the wind fell, and the ſky cleared; but
" no ſign of the boat could we eſpy;
" though we looked, and looked, as long
" as there was a blink of light. At mid-
" night, lo! the tide brought in the boat;
" and the voices of the boys reſounded, as
" uſual, through the houſe, and now almoſt
" killed their poor mother with joy. Such
" chafing, as we had, of their chilled limbs;
" —ſuch cramming of their empty ſto-
" mach's; for they had had a ſtarving,
" and a perilous, time of it, you may ea-
" ſily imagine. Arthur, who had the moſt
" feeling, and ſenſe, of the four, ſtaid at
" home all next day; and kept looking,

" and

" and looking at me, as if he had ſome-
" thing on his mind. Lady Gore, between
" anger and joy, fell ſick, and took to her
" chamber. Well, in the evening, Maſter
" Arthur taps at mine, and muttered ſome-
" thing of a ſecret, if I would hear him
" with patience: and ſuch a ſurprizing ſe-
" cret did it prove, that I thought the boy
" was romancing; which, to ſay truth,
" they all could to perfection.

" It ſeems the ſtorm had driven them
" very far out to ſea; and the two men ſaid
" if the boat had been either bigger, or
" heavier, they ſhould never have weather-
" ed it. They were all employed in emp-
" tying the water, that every moment
" broke over their heads: — thus they
" paſſed the night. At peep of day the
" men found they were driving faſt to St.
" Peter's Noſe, a famous, and dangerous
" rock. Again they gladly got out to ſea;

" for, if it had been dark half an hour
" longer, the men ſwore they could never
" have eſcaped the rock. About noon,
" fortunately, the weather changed; and
" now they were as glad to get to St. Peter's
" Noſe, as they before were to ſhun it. As
" they neared, they ſaw a wreck ſtuck faſt,
" and ready every moment to go to pieces:
" they hailed her, but not a ſoul anſwered;
" and, after *going* round, as doubting what
" they ſhould do, they boarded her. She
" proved, by their account, a poor little
" veſſel, with a cabin they could hardly
" ſtand up in. Having removed the dead
" lights, they ſaw that every thing had
" been rummaged, and all the cheſts and
" lockers were wide open, and moſtly emp-
" ty; ſo they agreed the poor men had
" taken for ſafety to the boat, and were all
" returning to their own, when the cry of
" a baby amazed them: — they at laſt
" looked into a bed, where they ſaw a wo-
" man

" man in a dying ſtate, with a young child
" in her arms:—ſhe ſeemed like one new-
" ly lain in:—mighty weak, and quite
" ſpeechleſs. Nothing but cold water had
" they to give her, but they hoped ſhe
" would revive with that, and tell them who
" ſhe was, and how ſhe came to be left in
" this melancholy way; though that, they
" gueſſed, was only becauſe ſhe could not
" bear moving, as all her cloaths were ly-
" ing by her, and the baby very well dreſt:
" —how they managed the poor ſoul I
" cannot tell:—whether they killed her
" with their cold water, or ſhe was dying
" before:—but die ſhe did, in half an
" hour, and without power to utter a word;
" but claſping you, my poor child, for you
" was this unfortunate baby, to her boſom
" to the very laſt. The fiſherman, God
" forgive him, wanted to leave you behind,
" but the boys would not conſent to that,
" bad as they were. You muſt have been

" rarely nurſed among them all the reſt of
" the day; however, as they came home,
" they dropt you at the fiſherman's cabin,
" till they had conſulted what ſhould be
" done with you. I muſt confeſs I was
" ſtudying, while Maſter Arthur told me
" this ſtory, which of his companions (for
" my couſins were too young for me to
" impute ſuch a fault to them) had ſet him
" on to get his child taken care of by me;
" but I could not fix on any body, and all
" four boys told exactly one tale: ſo in the
" morning I walked with them down to the
" fiſherman's cabin, and there firſt ſaw
" you; as thriving a little laſs as I ever ſet
" my eyes on. The man told the ſame ſtory
" with the boys; but I was ſo uneaſy at
" their having left the poor woman, that I
" offered the men money, if they would
" fetch her, and the empty trunks, in
" hopes either the directions, or ſome let-
" ters, might inform me of your parentage;

" but

" but they returned with the melancholy
" news that there was no ſign of the wreck
" now:—ſo your wretched mother (though,
" I doubt, ſhe was an ill one, or God, and
" man, would not ſo have forſaken her)
" had found, in the interim, a watery
" grave. My anxiety made the fiſherman's
" wife come, and bargain to let me have
" the poor woman's cloaths, which, it
" ſeems, her huſband had bundled up for
" himſelf, while the boys were ſtaring at
" you, if I would give her more than their
" value. I was willing to have them on
" any terms; and, muſt ſay, when I ſaw
" them, I found the unhappy creature muſt
" have been above the common degree:—
" all I got I have had packed up with this
" letter, not that I could hope ſuch mere
" trifles would ever lead you to any diſco-
" very, but only I thought it might be a
" melancholy ſatisfaction one day to you to
" have all I could ſave for you.

" A few

" A few days after, we heard that the " bodies of ſeveral ſailors, and one woman, " had been waſhed aſhore, and buried at " a village ſome miles on: moſt likely " thoſe who took to the boat, and left your " poor mother to expire alone.

" I would not leave a poor babe to " periſh, or depend on the charity of " ſchool-boys; ſo I ſent you privately, " with one of my own maids, to Bellar- " ney, and forbade her ever ſaying how I " came by you. I told my inquiſitive " little couſins you was dead.—When, " ſome months after, I returned, I found " you a brave girl, and much ſtouter than " Emily Arden, who doated on you. I " then had you chriſtened by my own " name, and have always loved you both " alike. May you deſerve that love, is the " prayer of your unfailing friend,

" E. BELLARNEY."

The

The ſpectators ſatisfied, though not by this letter informed, joined in ſolemn prayers for the departing ſpirit.

To the only perſon it could inform, the chaplain afterwards conveyed it. Sir Edward Arden, however, wanted not this ſimple proof of the parentage of Emily Fitzallen, which the ſhawl had at once aſcertained. Rich, and very remarkable in pattern, it had been among the coſtly preſents of Governor Selwyn to his bride; who, when Ducheſs of Aberdeen, beſtowed it on Miſs Archer. Well did Sir Edward remember ſeeing it wrapped round her, to conceal her enlarged figure, as ſhe feebly tottered through the garden, to a bark that became her tomb.

Softened by this recollection, to a full forgiveneſs of the wretched woman's guilty daughter, Sir Edward now returned to her cham-

chamber, leſt the agitation they had all been in, might have added to the horrors of her mind: but he no ſooner caſt his eyes on her, than he ſaw that human joy, or ſorrow, would never more affect her. Delirium and ſtupefaction had come rapidly on, from the moment they retired; and only the glorious benignity, and firmneſs of Emily's mind, had given the erring wretch the poor chance of a death-bed repentance and pardon.

But if Sir Edward thus accuſed himſelf, how did the Duke ſettle with his own conſcience; ſince it was plain the ſhawl explained the painful truth, no leſs to him than to his brother. The frank and liberal ſoul of the latter induced him to ſeek the father of this miſerable woman; and diſdaining to conceal his own ſhare in the well-meant plan, the Duke had no ſooner peruſed the authentic memorial of the old

Coun-

Counteſs, than Sir Edward avowed the ſhare he had taken in the removal of Miſs Archer, and the wounding reproaches his own ſoul had long made him, when he found the unhappy woman had been by ſome ſtrange means loſt. A generous or feeling mind, would have ſilenced the man who thus imputed to himſelf a ſin, white in compariſon with the one that led to it; but the Duke was incapable of ſo delicate a ſenſation; and relieved from the ſenſe of his paſt fault, by viewing Sir Edward's through the magnifying medium of his own repreſentation, he made the Marquis painfully ſenſible of the difference between his father and his uncle. The *eclairciſſement*, however, put the Duke on good terms again with himſelf; and had any other perſon in the houſe been able to be at eaſe, he would not have found himſelf otherwiſe.

To

To recover a little from the horror of theſe exhauſting ſcenes, Emily, and her Lord, with their race of little ones, wandered to a ruſtic ſeat, on a brow commanding the river, and the boat-builder's houſe. There, with endeared remembrance, they reviewed their paſt lives, and the happy years they had ſpent in that ſweet ſequeſtered home: then worſhipped the heaven which hallowed, even from the hour it had taken place, their marriage, by the affinity of the Marquis and the other Emily: thus leaving not a doubt of the legitimacy of their children. Without a care but for thoſe around them, the married lovers, as evening cloſed, wandered home; when the Marchioneſs anxiouſly enquired if the wretched woman had yet recovered her ſenſes. The ſurgeon ventured to inform her he never hoped it, and rather thought it a miracle that they had remained at all.

They

They found Sir Edward traverſing the ſaloon; ſtill exquiſitely alive to the pang of the moment; and always picturing to himſelf Miſs Archer trepanned by his emiſſary, and both conſigning themſelves to a watery grave. The Duke, on the contrary, was ſitting, coolly anſwering his letters from London;—regretting the purgatory he was enduring, and aſſuring his friends that he ſhould haſten to join them at ſome public meetings now approaching. On ſupper being announced, Sir Edward retired, on the plea of indiſpoſition. The Marquis and his Lady ſat down to table, but the Duke alone could enjoy the ſplendid entertainment Emily had almoſt forgot having ordered in honour of the birth-day of her daughter. Her grandfather, however, made a voluptuous meal; and the lovers haſtened, as ſoon as they decently could, to the bed-ſide of Sir Edward; whom they

they found ſo nervous, that both inſiſted on ſitting by him.

The Duke, now neceſſarily alone, and obliged to reflect, uſed all his cuſtomary addreſs to veil from a heart always ſelfiſh, and by his vicious intercourſe with the world, now almoſt callous, an uneaſy ſenſe of error the refined Sir Edward had left there. Ingenious in palliating his own faults, he ſoon almoſt fancied his brother the only culpable perſon, and himſelf the moſt aggrieved one. What had Sir Edward Arden to do with his little gallantries?—he ſhould have taken good care both of the mother and the child, without any ſentimental interference. As to this girl, it was not very likely ſhe ſhould recover; but if ſhe did, he would give her a handſome annuity. Above all, he would get out of the dungeon of Bellarney, the moment he could make his little arrangement with Beatrice. Under this agreeable impreſſion,

preſſion, the Duke fell into as ſound a ſleep as if the wretched being he had called into exiſtence, and who was now dying within a hundred yards of him, had never been born at all.

But though the extraordinary events of the day had not acted very ſenſibly on the heart of the Duke, they had ſeized on his conſtitution; and the blood had ſtrangely ebbed and flowed in his veins, without his obſerving it. Repletion was at ſuch a moment dangerous, and his profound ſleep very far from a wholeſome one. Suddenly he dreamt that Miſs Archer, wrapt in the ſhawl ſo lately diſplayed before his eyes, and holding in her hand her daughter, changed to a negro blackneſs, ſtood at his bed-ſide. The ſhock of ſeeing them was doubled, when the mother, in a voice of thunder, told him they were come to claim their own; and gaſhing, with a ſingle ſtroke, his boſom, they

joined to pluck forth his heart, yet ſpouting with blood, and quivering with life. The exquiſite torture of mind and body waked him; or rather, perhaps, corporeal agony cauſed the mental deluſion: for he felt the gout had flown into his ſtomach, and the rack of pain was inſupportable. From the chamber of Sir Edward, whom they had ſoothed into a ſweet ſlumber, Emily and her lord were haſtily ſummoned to that of one, who never was to ſleep more. Short but intolerable was the torture of the Duke; attended with a delirium which realized his dream, and preſented the tremendous phantom of Miſs Archer for ever to his eyes. — At the very hour, nay, almoſt at the very moment, under the ſame roof, expired the Duke of Aberdeen, and his guilty, but unfortunate daughter — an awful warning to all the ſurvivors.

Miſs Fitzallen was, by the orders of Emily,

mily, privately interred at the feet of Lady Bellarney, and the ſecret of her affinity to the Marquis never circulated.

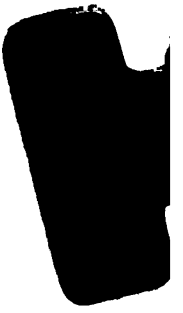
The remains of the Duke were ſent to Scotland, to join thoſe of his anceſtors.

Sir Edward Arden, purified from his only fault, and eminent for his many virtues, by the temperance of his habits, and the unremitting cares and tenderneſs of his children and grand-children, had the peculiar happineſs to reach a very late period of life, without ſuffering, in any great degree, its infirmities.

Virtue and ſweetneſs, perſonified in Emily, formed the centre of a wide circle—their mingled beams diffuſing a glowing happineſs over her own immediate family—a warm intereſt towards her friends,—and an affecting benevolence among her dependants;

dants; while ſupplying, in her regulated mind, now an example to her father and huſband, and now to her children, ſhe had the rare felicity of ſeeing not one of the many was ever tempted, through the courſe of her long life, to diverge from the ſphere of ſo dear an attraction.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

ERRATUM.

P. 352, line firſt: for "*the heart*" read "*their hearts.*"